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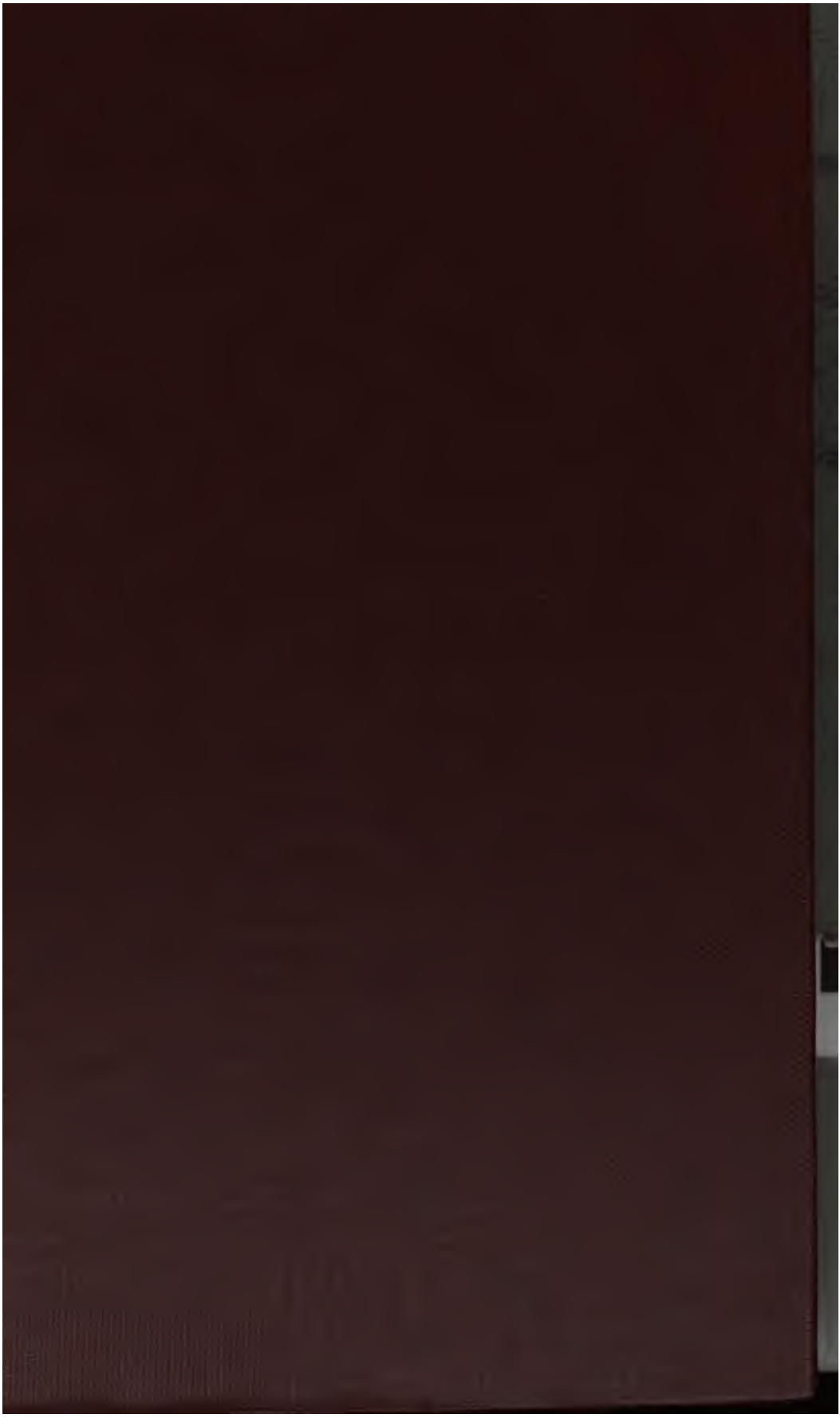

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DIARY

OF THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

FROM

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BY

FRANK MOORE.

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DIARY

OF THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

FROM

NEWSPAPERS AND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS.

BY

FRANK MOORE.

VOL. II.

NEW YORK:
CHARLES SCRIBNER, GRAND STREET.
LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW, SON & COMPANY.
MDCCCLIX.

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1874. April 28.
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DIARY OF THE REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

JANUARY 1.—AT the opening of the last year, the American cause wore a sickly aspect. The Continental army, reduced to an inconsiderable body, retired as fast as the enemy advanced; and a vast tract of country, from the Hudson River to the Delaware, lay exposed to the ravages of an insulting foe. Roused at length from the lethargy which at first seemed to seize them, the militia poured in to the assistance of General Washington, and gave his little army an appearance of numbers. The fortunate surprisal of the Hessians, and the brilliant manœuvre at Princeton, first checked the current of misfortune, and gave the tide of affairs a contrary direction. General Howe, confining himself to the narrow limits of Brunswick and Amboy, suffered us to invest him with a handful of militia. The States wisely improved the breathing spell which Heaven lent them; and such were the exertions of the winter, that, before the British army took the field, we had a respectable force on foot. A force, part of which, assisted by the gallant militia of New York and New England, hath destroyed their northern army; while the residue, though unable to stop the progress of General Howe, hath nevertheless fought him bravely, and even now limits his conquests to "just so much territory as he can command with the mouths of his cannon." It is true the British are in possession of the first city on the continent; the loss is deeply felt by the unhappy citizens. But America disdains to say *she* suffers by the event. State of Affairs in America.

Thus the new year opens favorably upon us, but what its

future complexion will be, depends upon the manner in which we employ the present winter. Heaven hath indeed smiled upon us; but some drops of bitterness hath been kindly mingled in the cup of joy, lest the draught should intoxicate and lull us to sleep. Our successes encourage the most sanguine hopes; our losses forbid the least presumption. The power of the enemy, and the resources of Britain, are not to be despised; and if prosperity betrays us into security, if we think the work is done, and become remiss in our exertions, our successes have only smoothed the way to destruction, and the laurels which entwine our brows serve but as ornaments to deck us for the sacrifice.

Hitherto the regular force which we have kept on foot hath been no ways proportionate to the strength of the States, or the importance of the object it was raised to secure. It would have been useless to have had more men in the field than we could supply with arms, ammunition, and other military stores; hence our operations against the enemy's main army have been feeble and indecisive; and the general, checking the impulses of his own gallant and enterprising spirit, has been obliged to consult the safety of America by protraction and delay. But, through the blessing of Heaven, we can now arm thousands with muskets of the best kind, and of one calibre; we have artillery, ammunition, and camp equipage in abundance, and can feed and pay our troops without difficulty. The period is therefore arrived, when, by arming our beloved general with the united force of the States, we shall enable him to take the field with a superiority of strength, and which will insure him all those advantages (and they are neither few nor small) which assailants ever have over those who act on the defensive.

This can only be done by immediately filling up the Continental regiments, and whatever mode the States devise for raising men, it is of the highest importance that it be speedily adopted and vigorously pursued. The present winter is worth millions to America, and if she idles it away, her folly will be without a parallel. We have every argument that can work upon our hopes and fears, to excite us to the most stren-

nous exertions. Peace, liberty, and safety, lie before us as the reward of our exertions. Infamy, distress, and all that we have felt and feared from the tyranny of Britain, may be the consequence of supineness and inaction. The main army of the enemy is in our country, and still formidable. Britain, enraged at the loss of her northern army, will exert her utmost power, and having no troops in Canada to reinforce, will direct her undivided strength against the Middle States. We, too, thank Heaven, can meet them with an undivided army; but we must increase its numbers to insure its success.

Let us, then, make one general and mighty effort; and if we can but rouse the unwieldy strength of these States, and bring their united force against the enemy, the contest will at once be over, and the footsteps of tyranny shall never mark this land of freedom more.[1]

A late London paper has the following article, which may perhaps account for Silas Deane's unexpected arrival from France, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire:—"They write from Paris, that Silas Deane meets with repeated insults every time he goes through the streets of that city, and is pointed at by the populace as one of the wretches who meditated the ruin of his country, by the basest stratagems. The old fox, Franklin, secures himself from similar treatment, by silence and seclusion."[2]

January 6.—Philadelphia has been entertained with a most astonishing instance of the activity, bravery, and military skill of the royal navy of Great Britain. The affair is somewhat particular, and deserves notice. Some time last week, two boys observed a keg of a singular construction, floating in the river opposite to the city; they got into a small boat, and attempting to take up the keg, it burst with a great explosion, and blew up the unfortunate boys. Yesterday, several kegs of a like construction made their appearance. An alarm was immediately spread through the city; various reports prevailed, filling the city and the royal

Battle of the Kegs.

[1] "Adolphus," in the New Jersey Gazette, January 21.

[2] Pennsylvania Ledger, January 3.

troops with consternation. Some reported that the kegs were filled with armed rebels, who were to issue forth in the dead of night, as the Grecians did of old from their wooden horse at the siege of Troy, and take the city by surprise; asserting that they had seen the points of their bayonets through the bung-holes of the kegs. Others said they were charged with the most inveterate combustibles, to be kindled by secret machinery, and setting the whole Delaware in flames, were to consume all the shipping in the harbor; whilst others asserted that they were constructed by art magic, would of themselves ascend the wharves in the night time, and roll all flaming through the streets of the city, destroying every thing in their way. Be this as it may, certain it is that the shipping in the harbor, and all the wharves in the city were fully manned, the battle began, and it was surprising to behold the incessant blaze that was kept up against the enemy, the kegs. Both officers and men exhibited the most unparalleled skill and bravery on the occasion; whilst the citizens stood gazing as solemn witnesses of their prowess. From the Roebuck and other ships of war, whole broadsides were poured into the Delaware. In short, not a wandering ship, stick, or drift log, but felt the vigor of the British arms. The action began about sunrise, and would have been completed with great success by noon, had not an old market woman coming down the river with provisions, unfortunately let a small keg of butter fall overboard, which (as it was then ebb) floated down to the scene of action. At sight of this unexpected reinforcement of the enemy, the battle was renewed with fresh fury, and the firing was incessant till the evening closed the affair. The kegs were either totally demolished or obliged to fly, as none of them have shown their *heads* since. It is said his Excellency, Lord Howe, has despatched a swift sailing packet with an account of this victory to the court of London. In a word, Monday, the fifth of January, 1778, must ever be distinguished in history for the memorable Battle of the Kegs.[1]

[1] Extract of a letter from Philadelphia in the New Jersey Gazette, January 21. A writer in the Pennsylvania Ledger, of February 11, says, in reference to this event:—"The town of Philadelphia not being as fully acquainted with the subject

A CORRESPONDENT, who wishes to have a spirit of activity and enterprise encouraged in the American army, has furnished us with the following anecdote, which may be depended upon: "A troop of dragoons in Colonel Bland's regiment, seldom having more than twenty-five men and horses fit for duty, has, since the first of August last, taken one hundred and twenty-four British and Hessian privates, besides four commissioned officers, with the loss of only one horse. This gallant corps is under the command of Captain Lee, Lieutenant Lindsay, and Cornet Peyton, whose merits and services, it is hoped, will not be passed unnoticed or unrewarded."[1]

AN irreconcilable difference has certainly taken place betwixt those *eminent worthies*, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, *Esquires*. Fortune, in one of her highest frolics, elevated those malignant stars to the zenith of power. The baneful influence of their conjunction in the western political hemisphere has produced direful effects; but when the lunacy of the former is separated from the villanies of the latter, the deluge of destruction that was certainly, though slowly, rolling after them, will rapidly come on and overwhelm them and their infatuated votaries in prodigious ruin.[2]

WE are told in the Philadelphia papers, that *General Lord*

of the letter taken from a Burlington paper, as the ingenious author would have his readers believe them to be, it may be necessary to relate to them the fact. At the time it happened it was so trifling as not to be thought worthy of notice in this paper; and we do not doubt but our readers will allow this letter-writer full credit for the fertility of his invention. The case was, that on the fifth of January last, a barrel of an odd appearance came floating down the Delaware, opposite the town, and attracted the attention of some boys, who went in pursuit of it, and had scarcely got possession of it when it blew up, and either killed or injured one or more of them. So far the matter was serious, and the fellow who invented the mischief may quit his conscience of the murder or injury done the lads, as well as he can. Some days after, a few others of much the same appearance, and some in the form of buoys, came floating in like manner, and a few guns were, we believe, fired at them from some of the transports lying along the wharves. Other than this no notice was taken of them, except, indeed, by our author, whose imagination, perhaps, as fertile as his invention, realized to himself in the frenzy of his enthusiasm the matters he has set forth."

[1] New Jersey Gazette, January 14. [2] Pennsylvania Ledger, March 7.

Cornwallis embarked for England. "It is an undoubted fact," says a correspondent, "that he has embarked for England in a leaden coffin, a sample of the vigor of the American arms. We hope to pay off all our English debts by the like remittances."[1]

JANUARY 20.—YESTERDAY, died, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, Francis Furgler, the hermit, who existed alone twenty-five years, in a thick wood about four miles from Burlington, in New Jersey, through all the inclemencies of the season, without fire, in a cell made by the side of an old log in form of a small oven, not high or long enough to stand upright in or lie extended. His recluse manner of living excited the curiosity of strangers, by whom he was often visited. His reasons for thus excluding himself from human society we believe he never communicated to any person in these parts; but it is thought he meant by it to do penance for crimes committed in his own country, for he was a man subject to violent passions. He subsisted upon nuts, and the charity of people in the neighborhood. From whence he came, or who he was, nobody could find out; but appeared to be, by his dialect, a German: yet he spoke that language imperfectly, either through design, or from a defect in his intellect. Just before his death a friend carried him a little nourishment, of which he partook, earnestly praying for his dissolution, and would not suffer himself to be removed to a more comfortable dwelling. Next morning he was found dead in his cell, with a crucifix and a brass fish by his side; and today he was decently interred in Friend's burying place at Mount Holly.[2]

Furgler the Hermit.

YESTERDAY, being the anniversary of the birth of her royal Majesty, the queen, the same was celebrated with great rejoicing in New York. A correspondent in Rivington's Gazette,

[1] New Jersey Gazette, January 14. We hear that on Friday last, Lord Cornwallis, General Cliveland, Sir George Osborne, and the Reverend Jacob Duché, sailed from Philadelphia for England.—*New Jersey Gazette*, December 24, 1777.

[2] New Jersey Gazette, January 28.

gives the following account of the evening's entertainment: "As the loyalty even of individuals ought at this time to be properly encouraged, you will infinitely oblige the public and a number of your readers, by inserting a description of the grand and elegant illuminations at the King's Head Tavern, on last evening, in honor of her Majesty's birthday; and it is the desire of the public, as Messrs. Loosely and Elms have ever shown their attachment to the British government, and a detestation of the present rebellion, that through the channel of your much esteemed paper their conduct may be known and approved of in Europe, as well as by the loyalists in New York. The tavern was illuminated with upwards of two hundred wax lights. In the centre were the royal arms of Great Britain, and above it, statues of the present King and Queen under a canopy of state elegantly decorated, which shone like their Majesties' virtues—conspicuous to the world. The view of the reduction of Mud Fort (on one side) by his Majesty's ships, Roebuck and Vigilant, gave that joy which Britons always feel on the success and honor of their country. On the other side, their generous indignation was roused by a view of those men (the Congress) whose ambition has almost ruined this once happy country, and reduced its inhabitants to the greatest distress. It was very *apropos* of the painter to place the devil at the president's elbow, who tells him to persevere with so significant a grin as seems to indicate his having no manner of doubt of their making his house their home in the infernal regions. The statue of Mr. Pitt, without its head, was placed near the Congress, as being one of their kidney, and gave a hint of what ought long ago to have been done. The verses over the tavern door were very proper on the occasion, and well illuminated. In short, every thing was well conducted, and the *tout ensemble* had really a fine effect; much is due to Messrs. Loosely and Elms for their patriotic spirit, which merits the approbation of every man who is a friend to his King and country."[1]

Queen's Birthday celebrated in New York.

[1] Rivington's Gazette, January 24.

JANUARY 21.—CAPTAIN LEE,[1] who has for some time past been posted at Valley Forge with his troops, has added another cubit to his fame. General Howe, longing to rob the Americans of this gallant young officer, whose attention in observing his motions, and address in surprising his parties perplexed him so much the last campaign, detached a large body of horse (said to be two hundred) to surprise him yesterday morning. By the assistance of a guide, who conducted them through by-roads, they avoided the videts, and surrounded the house where Captain Lee lay so suddenly that he had scarcely time to bolt the doors before they began a smart firing into the windows, and demanded the immediate surrender of the house. Major Jemmason, (of the same regiment with Captain Lee, and who lodged with him that night,) Lieutenant Lindsay, and five private troopers, were all that were with Lee at that time; the rest of the troops being quartered in a neighboring house. They returned the fire from the windows with spirit; and, by showing themselves at different places, made as great an appearance of numbers as possible. The enemy, after firing and threatening about twenty-five minutes, finding so gallant and determined a resistance, and having several of their men badly wounded, gave over their attempt and rode off full speed for Philadelphia. They made prisoners of four of the troop who happened to be out of the house when they surrounded it, and Major Jemmason and Lieutenant Lindsay were both slightly wounded. Thus this handful of brave officers and men, "by their infinite address and gallantry," repulsed a formidable body of horse sent on purpose to take them.[2]

Attempt to surprise Captain Lee.

[1] Henry Lee.

[2] New Jersey Gazette, January 28. General Washington's sense of the spirited conduct of Captain Lee and his troops, appears in the following words:—"The Commander-in-chief returns his warmest thanks to Captain Lee and the officers and men in his troop, for the victory which their superior bravery and address gained over a party of the enemy's dragoons, who, trusting in their numbers, and concealing their march in a circuitous route, attempted to surprise them in their quarters. He has the satisfaction of informing the army that Captain Lee's vigilance baffled the enemy's design; that by judiciously posting his men in quarters, although he had not a sufficient number to allow one to each window, he obliged

WHEN Colonel Webb, with some others, were taken in a late expedition to Long Island, a little fifer of the smallest size, belonging to the State of Connecticut, was made prisoner with them, and carried into Rhode Island. The colonel being called before the British general, the little fifer fondly followed close at his heels, as anxious to know his fate. Says the general to him, "Who are you?" "I am," answered the boy, "one of King *Hancock's* men." The general asks, "Can you fight?" The boy replies, "Yes, sir; I can." Upon this the general calls in one of his fifers, and asks our stripling whether he dare fight him? He answers, "Yes, sir." The general orders his fifer to strip and give him battle. The boy stripped as fast, and fell on with such fury that in a few moments the British fifer was so beaten that it was thought our little hero would soon have finished him, had he not been rescued. The British general, with a generosity natural to great minds, but seldom displayed by modern Britons, ordered him to be set at liberty for his valor, and he is since returned home.[1]

The Connecticut Fifer Boy.

JANUARY 29.—A GENTLEMAN from the eastward says—"That John Hancock, of Boston, appears in public with all the pageantry and state of an Oriental prince; he rides in an elegant chariot, which was taken in a prize to the Civil Usage pirate vessel,[2] and by the owners presented to him. He is attended by four servants, dressed in superb livery, mounted on fine horses, richly caparisoned, and escorted by fifty horsemen, with drawn sabres, the one-half of whom pre-

John Hancock.

the party, consisting of two hundred men, *disgracefully* to retire, after repeated, but fruitless attempts to force their way into the house, leaving behind two dead and four wounded, without receiving any damage on his part, save only his lieutenant, Mr. Lindsay, wounded, unless any of his out-patroles should have been unfortunately surrounded and taken, which is not yet known."—*New Jersey Gazette*, February 4, 1778.

[1] New Jersey Gazette, January 21.

[2] The owners of the privateer, Civil Usage, of Newburyport, have made a present to the Honorable John Hancock, Esq., of an elegant coach which was lately taken in one of their prizes, as a token of their respect for that gentleman, who has so nobly distinguished himself in the present contest with Great Britain, as the friend of his country.—*New Jersey Gazette*, January 21.

cede and the other follow his carriage." [So at present figures the man who owes his greatness to his country's ruin.]

"Among other detestable pretexts fabricated by the infamous rebels to justify the detention of Lieutenant-General Burgoyne and the troops under his command, the equivocal revolted Yankees pretend a discovery of several stands of colors, belonging to British regiments, secreted by him, which they vow is a violation of the treaty concluded between him and General Gates." [By such villanous assertions, which have no foundation in truth, they mask their infernal perfidy, which is of so enormous a magnitude that it absorbs every idea of punic faith.][1]

Proposal for Burgoyne's Exchange.

Should the report of General Burgoyne's having infringed the capitulation between Major-General Gates and himself, prove to be true, our superiors will doubtless take proper care to prevent his reaping any benefit from it; and should he be detained as a prisoner for his infraction of any of the articles, I would humbly propose to exchange him in such manner as will at the same time flatter his vanity, and redound to the greatest emolument of America. To evince the reasonableness of my proposal, I would observe that by the same parity of reason that a General is exchanged for a General, a Colonel for a Colonel, and so on with respect to other officers of equal rank, we ought to have for one and the same gentleman, who shall happen to hold both those offices, both a general and a colonel. This will appear evident from the consideration that those exchanges are never regulated by viewing the persons exchanged in the light of men, but as officers; since otherwise a colonel might as well be exchanged for a sergeant, as for an officer of his own rank, a sergeant being undoubtedly equally a man, and as the case sometimes happens, more of a man too. One prisoner, therefore, having twenty different offices, ought to redeem from captivity twenty prisoners aggregately holding the same offices; or such greater or less number as shall, with respect to rank, be equal to his twenty offices. This being admitted, I

[1] Pennsylvania Ledger, March 11.

think General Burgoyne is the most profitable prisoner we could have taken, having more offices, or (what amounts to the same thing in Old England) more titles, than any gentleman on this side the Ganges. And as his impetuous excellency certainly meant to avail himself of his titles, by their pompous display in his proclamation, had he proved conqueror, it is but reasonable that we should avail ourselves of them now he is conquered; and till I meet with a better project for that purpose, I persuade myself that the following proposal will appropriate them to a much better use than they were ever applied to before.

The exchange I propose is as follows:

For John Burgoyne, Esquire: some worthy Justice of the Peace, magnanimously stolen out of his bed, or taken from his farm by a band of ruffians in the uniform of British soldiers, and now probably perishing with hunger and cold in a loathsome gaol in New York.

For John Burgoyne, Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's armies in America: two Majors-General.

For John Burgoyne, Colonel of the Queen's regiment of Light Dragoons: As the British troops naturally prize every thing in proportion as it partakes of royalty, and undervalue whatever originates from a republican government, I suppose a colonel of her Majesty's own regiment will procure at least three Continental Colonels of horse.

For John Burgoyne, Governor of Fort William in North Britain: Here I would demand one Governor of one of the United States, as his multitulary excellency is Governor of a fort, and two more as that fort is in North Britain, which his Britannic Majesty may be presumed to value in that proportion; but considering that the said fort is called William, which may excite in his Majesty's mind the rebellious idea of liberty, I deduct one upon that account, and rather than puzzle the cartel with any perplexity, I am content with two governors.

For John Burgoyne, one of the Representatives of Great Britain: the first Member of Congress who may fall into the enemy's hands.

For John Burgoyne, Commander of a fleet employed in an expedition from Canada: the Admiral of our Navy.

For John Burgoyne, Commander of an army employed in an expedition from Canada: one Commander-in-chief in any of our departments.

For John Burgoyne, &c., &c., &c. Some connoisseurs in hieroglyphics imagine that these three *et ceteras* are emblematical of three certain *occult* qualities in the general, which he never intends to exhibit in more legible characters, viz.: prudence, modesty, and humanity. Others suppose that they stand for King of America; and that had he proved successful, he would have fallen upon General Howe, and afterwards have set up for himself. Be this as it may, (which it however behooves a certain gentleman on the other side of the water seriously to consider,) I insist upon it, that as all dark and cabalistical characters are suspicious, these incognoscible enigmas may portend much more than is generally apprehended. At all events, General Burgoyne has availed himself of their importance, and I doubt not they excited as much terror in his proclamation as any of his more luminous titles. As his person therefore is, by the capture, become the property of the Congress, all his titles, (which some suppose to constitute his very essence,) whether more splendid or opaque, latent or visible, are become *ipso facto* the lawful goods and chattels of the continent, and ought not to be restored without a consideration equivalent. If we should happen to overrate them, it is his own fault, it being in his power to ascertain their intrinsic value; and it is a rule in law, that when a man is possessed of evidence to disprove what is alleged against him, and he refuses to produce it, the presumption raised against him is to be taken for granted. Certain it is that these three *et ceteras* must stand for three *somethings*, and as these three somethings must, at least, be equal to three somethings without rank or title, I had some thoughts of setting them down for three privates; but then as they are three somethings in General Burgoyne, which must be of twice the value of three anythings in any three privates, I shall only double them, and demand in exchange for these three problematical, enigmatical, hieroglyphi-

cal, mystic, necromantic, cabalistical and portentous *et ceteras*, six privates.

So that, according to my plan, we ought to detain this *ideal* conqueror of the north, now a *real* prisoner in the east, till we have got in exchange for him, one esquire, two majors-general, three colonels of light horse, two governors, one member of Congress, the admiral of our navy, one commander-in-chief in a separate department, and six privates; which is probably more than this extraordinary hero would fetch in any part of Great Britain, were he exposed at public auction for a day and a year. All which is humbly submitted to the consideration of the honorable the Congress, and his Excellency General Washington.[1]

It is said that Mr. Washington is using his best endeavors to accomplish a reconciliation, which we scarce believe, although it is most devoutly wished even by the rebels themselves. The northern rebels stand high in the estimation of their southern brethren, from the sense they have of the great things accomplished by them to the northward, over one of the best but most unfortunate of the British generals.

Mr. Washington has returned the Congress paper money sent out for the use of prisoners. The royal army is in good quarters, enjoys the highest health and the finest spirits, and wishes most ardently to be engaged. We have at present but little of the *petite guerre*. Provisions are plenty, and I think daily increasing, notwithstanding the rebels are taking every method to starve the garrison in Philadelphia by removing forage and provisions far into the country.[2]

February 4.—Among the many circumstances that will emblazon the history of the present rebellion in America, we think the following, with some others no less true, will serve to show the generous and liberal principles upon which the present leaders are capable of acting: On the 17th of last month, Mr. Shaw, of Bucks county, in Penn- Gaine's News.

[1] "Hortentius," in the New Jersey Gazette, December 17, 1777.

[2] Extract of a letter from Philadelphia, in Rivington's Gazette, February 21.

sylvania, fell in with W. Brittain, of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, a captain of Lord Stirling's division, and a Lieutenant Van Pelt, of New Britain, at the house of a certain Robert Ewer, when said Shaw, expressing his satisfaction at the success of the British arms, enraged them to such a degree that they resolved to hang him; and cutting the strap from a saddle, fixed it round his neck, and hung him up till he was almost dead: then let him down again until he had revived. When he had recovered the use of his speech, they asked if he would now fight for King George, and he replying that he was too old, but that his son should, they immediately tied him up again, and would have left him strangle, had not the women of the house interfered, and rescued him from them. He was so far gone that his tongue hung out of his mouth, after which they kicked him and beat him, so that he lay ill for some time.

The account that we have had that the grand American Congress could make no more dollars for want of rags, proves altogether a mistake, for *independent* of the large supply expected from Washington's army as soon as they can be spared, we have reason to believe the country in general never abounded more in that article.

Yesterday, no less than thirteen sergeants and a corporal, belonging to Colonel Proctor's regiment of artillery, in the rebel service, and a number of privates from other regiments, came in to Philadelphia. The accounts they give of Mr. Washington's army are distressing beyond description.

The Congress, notwithstanding all the articles their different printers and *printers' correspondents* are forging, of the preparations of France and Spain for war, are by this time, we imagine, pretty well satisfied that they have nothing to expect from those courts. The letter from Dr. Franklin, with not a syllable in it, sealed and superscribed with his own hand, and delivered to the committee of Congress by the captain himself who brought it, must make them look as blank as the letter itself was—indeed it so much chagrined them, that, we hear, they have confined the captain who brought it in jail, and pretend it is an imposition.[1]

[1] See Gordon's American Revolution, vol. 2, p. 323.

The public may be assured it is an undoubted fact that the court of France is positively, and has in earnest determined, that they will show no countenance whatever to the rebellion in America—have given the most satisfactory assurances that they will not assist the Americans in any manner, or suffer their vessels to trade at their ports.

Yesterday a number of the virtuous inhabitants of New Jersey, tired of the oppression of their new government, gave a proof of their loyalty and attachment to his Majesty, by seizing the person of one WILSON, collector of the substitute fines in that province, and bringing him in to the British head quarters. This example, it is hoped, will be followed by the injured and distressed people of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, as they cannot doubt but their loyalty will meet with every reasonable encouragement.[1]

FEBRUARY 6.—CAPTAIN GIFFORD DALLEY, of Morristown, in Jersey, says, that on the second instant Governor Livingston told him that he had received a letter from a gentleman in New York, informing the governor that in a late London paper which had just come in, it is asserted that the mob had rose in London, had pulled down and destroyed Lords Bute and North's houses; that the mobs were frequent and violent against the King and Parliament; that his Majesty was frequently insulted, and to avoid the rage of the populace was obliged to keep himself retired; that no foreign troops are coming to America; that the manufacturers stamp their cloths with "*American Liberty;*" that several persons speaking in favor of ministerial measures had been killed by the mobs. The governor further added, that it is *reported* in New York that Lord Chatham was offered to be at the head of administration, which he declined unless the King and Parliament would confirm the independency of America; make peace with her at all events, and declare war against France.

Rumors in New York.

[In consequence of the above *important* intelligence arriving at Lancaster, they had bonfires and a ball on the occasion.

[1] New York Gazette, February 23.

Such are the means taken by this people to impose upon the credulous and unwary: that to give their intelligence the appearance of truth they have either a *feu de joie* with a gill of whiskey in their camp, or some other kind of rejoicings; and yet it is hardly to be imagined, notwithstanding all their stratagems of this kind, that even the blind followers of these wicked votaries of rapine and murder can credit such absurd and notorious falsehoods.] [1]

FEBRUARY 11.—A WRITER in the New Jersey Gazette of this date, gives the following annotations upon "his most gracious Majesty of most gracious Great Britain's most gracious speech:" [2]

Annotations on the King's Speech.

"*It is a great satisfaction to me that I can have recourse to the wisdom and support of my Parliament in this conjuncture.*"—No doubt it is a satisfaction to your Majesty to be able to apply for each, to those who must support you in measures in which themselves are accomplices, and who are too dependent upon you to refuse any of your requisitions. The more money they give you, sir, the more offices you give them; and this old trick of *one good turn's deserving another*, has more than half ruined the nation already.

"*When the rebellion in North America demands our most serious attention.*"—How wonderful that his Majesty begins to think the reduction of America a *serious* matter! Had he and his Parliament considered at all, they would have thought it a serious matter when they first began it. But they wanted, it seems, at least three years to discover that the enslaving three millions of people was a serious undertaking. Notable geniuses, to govern three kingdoms and the western world into the bargain, who require three years of blood and slaughter, desolation and havoc, to make them *serious!*

"*The powers you have intrusted me with, I have faithfully exerted.*"—What powers his Majesty was intrusted with I know not, but the powers he has exerted have been the powers of breaking his oath, and violating all laws, divine and hu-

[1] Pennsylvania Ledger, March 7.

[2] Delivered December 17, 1777.

man; and if he undertook to suppress the revolt, he has not executed his trust, for *that* he has not done.

"*But I am persuaded you will see the necessity of preparing for such further operations as the contingencies of the war, and the obstinacy of the rebels, may render expedient.*"—What, sir, a necessity for further preparations when General *Gage* was to have done the business with four regiments? Why don't you order the invincible *Grant* to strike a terror through the whole continent with *a file of musqueteers?*

"*And if I should have occasion to increase them, by contracting new engagements.*"—Worse and worse! What, increase your troops to beat an undisciplined militia, after having imported thirty-five thousand already! And increase them you certainly must, or quit your purpose with infamy. But whence to procure the augmentation! aye, that's the question. The Prince of *Hesse* will tell you, "*bye der donder, ich hebber nix meer.*"

"*I have received repeated assurances from foreign powers of their pacific dispositions.*"—And does your Majesty believe those assurances? Out of your own mouth will I prove that you do not, for

"*But at the same time, when the armaments in the ports of France and Spain continue*"—to confirm, I suppose, the assurances of their *pacific disposition*. What, all the powers of Europe *pacific*, and France and Spain continue their hostile preparations! For shame, sir; bastile your speech-maker for not putting his contradictions at a greater distance than that of two sentences.

"*I will always be a faithful guardian of the honor of the crown of Great Britain.*"—A very proper keeper of what has been lost ever since the 25th of October, 1760, the very day that your Majesty ascended the throne!

"*The various services I have mentioned to you will unavoidably require large supplies.*"—As true a word as ever was spoken; and larger supplies than your Parliament can furnish. Have you heard, sir, that your troops have already been obliged to take Pennsylvania currency? And when they cannot rob, you cannot pay.

"*I will steadily pursue the measures in which we are engaged for the re-establishment of that subordination,*" &c.—How long your Majesty intends to *pursue*, is best known to yourself; but I am confident you must run much faster than you have ever yet done, or you will not *overtake* it. By your *constitutional subordination* we understand a most *tyrannical domination*, which we have long since bequeathed to your loyal subjects of Great Britain, whom you had previously prepared to relish that kind of legacy.

"*But I shall ever be watchful for an opportunity of putting a stop to the effusion of the blood of my subjects, and the calamities which are inseparable from a state of war.*"—Ring the bells! ring the bells backward! To church, all hands to church, for *Nero* is to give us a sermon against murder, and Jonathan Wilde an exhortation to abstain from robbery!

"*And I still hope that the deluded and unhappy multitude will return to their allegiance.*"—And when the sky falls we shall catch larks. And so the late *insignificant faction* is now multiplied to a *multitude*. Indeed, did you but know, sir, what a multitude it is, you would as soon think of levelling Mount Etna as of conquering America. But they are not deluded, sir. They know that you had projected their slavery; and they will not be enslaved. If there be any delusion in the case it is the British nation that is deluded, and it is deluded by you, and yourself are deluded by a set of villains who expected to have divided our estates upon the success of your arms. Allegiance we owe you none. Then, sir, did we show our allegiance when we lay prostrate at your throne, supplicating for the continuation of those liberties which God and nature and the law had given us, and when you spurned us from it.

"*That the remembrance of what they once enjoyed, the regret of what they have lost, and the feelings of what they now suffer under the tyranny of their leaders, will rekindle in their hearts a spirit of loyalty to their sovereign, and of their attachment to their mother country.*"—If you will be pleased, sir, to allow yourself a moment's reflection, you will find they have lost nothing that was worth keeping. They have lost

nothing but the pleasure of being oppressed under color of law, and of enriching myriads of harpies of your appointment, and appointed for the express purpose of fleecing them, and of lavishing the fruits of their toil and labor in British luxury and riot. Is this a loss to be *regretted?* If it is, I know who will regret it. Their feelings indeed are very great, and for them you must answer at that awful bar, where your royalty will but aggravate your condemnation. As to *the tyranny of their leaders*, it is indeed so gross and threadbare an absurdity, that I would advise your Majesty to drop it for the future for the mere sake of its vulgarity. In this contest the people in reality had no leaders. They fled, spontaneously and self-led, to extinguish the common fire, and for conducting with the greater regularity the measures which you compel them to adopt; they afterwards appointed the proper officers. Those officers (which to serve your purpose you call leaders) cannot tyrannize over them, because they are constituted by the people, and by them removable. Nor will any *consideration rekindle in their hearts a spirit of loyalty to their former sovereign*. That flame, sir, and an ardent one it was, and more ardent than that of your subjects in Britain, you have extinguished, totally extinguished, with torrents of blood, not leaving a single spark to light up the ancient blaze. And as for their *mother country*—America, sir, is our *mother country*, and Great Britain, making the most of the figure, could never claim to be more than our *grandmother;* and that she has been a most unnatural one, is written in such characters of blood as none of your flimsy coaxings will ever obliterate.

"*And that they will enable me, with the concurrence and support of my Parliament, to accomplish.*"—And so we are to assist the Parliament, it seems, in effecting our own bondage. Pray, sir, do not flatter yourself with so vain an imagination. We have too great a reverence for the instructions of our *mother* to follow the insidious advice of our *grandmother*, so evidently calculated for our destruction.[1]

[1] "Hortentius," in the New Jersey Gazette, February 11.

FEBRUARY 14.—WHEN the following letter appeared in English newspaper at Charleston, South Carolina, consist with the modern plan of American liberty, a young gentlem of that place was apprehended on suspicion of being the thor, and thrown into jail, where, we believe, he remains this day:

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE FROM AMERICA.

EXCUSE me, dear friend, I can't think it true,
Tho' Solomon says it, that nothing is new:
Had he liv'd in these times we had rather been told,
Our West world's so new, it has nothing that's old:
But should he insist his old way to have it,
I would beg leave to ask of this wise son of David,
A few simple questions; as where he e'er saw
Men legally punish'd for not breaking the law;
Tarr'd, feather'd, and carted, for drinking bohea,
And by force and oppression compelled to be free?

The same men maintaining that all human kind
Are, have been, and shall be, as free as the wind;
Yet impaling and burning their slaves for believing
The truth of the lessons they're constantly giving;
Or what financiers, politicians, or sages,
In the past or the antediluvian ages,
He ever had seen, ever heard of, or read,
Who to raise funds for war first abolished their trade?
And, having all channels of commerce obstructed,
By which gold and silver to States are inducted,
In an instant more riches from paper produce,
Or the quill of a gray cabalistical goose,
Than all the disciples of sage Rosicrusius,
Ever made from their talisman, stones, and their cruces.
Not only from nothing our money appears,
From nothing our hopes, and from nothing our fears;
From nothing our statesmen, our army, and fleet,
From nothing they came, and to nought they'll retreat,
And no arms they handle so well as their feet.

Down at night a bricklayer, or carpenter lies,
Next sun a Lycurgus, a Solon doth rise;
While doctors, who never made curing their trade,
Give a bolus of iron, or a pill all of lead.
But still counteracted by blunders and fate,
Tho' they murder'd in friendship, they spare in their hate,

Priests, tailors, and cobblers, fill with heroes the camp,
And sailors, like craw-fish, crawl out of each swamp;
Self-created from nought, like a mushroom we see,
Spring an able commander[1] by land and by sea;
Late of Tories the prince, and his country's great foe,
Now the congress's chairman, a split-shirted beau;
All titles of honor and profit do wait on,
Judge, General, Counsellor, Admiral Drayton,[2]
Who never smell'd powder, nor handled a rope,
But infallible more than Lord Peter the Pope;
Who makes flesh of his bread and blood of his wine,
While Drayton, of schooners, makes ships of the line,[3]
Makes all laws of mechanics and nature knock under,
Can cram in an egg-shell a twenty-four pounder;
Can burn in an instant the whole British navy,
And eat up an army without salt or gravy.[4]

FEBRUARY 19.—NOTWITHSTANDING the Americans have been stigmatized, in the beginning of the war, as *cowards* and *poltroons*, yet these *cowards* and *poltroons* have disgraced the British generals more than any foreign enemy has yet done in the annals of Britain; one being taken without his breeches, and the other obliged to lay down his arms. So says a correspondent in London.[5]

WE have undoubted intelligence that there are lately arrived in Martinico and Guadaloupe, 22,628 French troops; part of them sailed the sixth of October from Bordeaux, and part of them the ninth of October from St. Malo. They arrived at Martinico the 22d and 27th of November.

News from France.

[1] Supposed to be a gentleman formerly confidant to Lord C. M., and then loaded with all the odium of the patriots, on account of his attachment to government. He was appointed one of the judges in South Carolina by a lieutenant-governor; but the appointment was not confirmed, and another gentleman was sent out from home, immediately on which, as it happened, Mr. D. turned flaming patriot; at least it is so reported.

[2] The uniform of the South Carolina rebels is a hunting shirt, such as the farmers' servants in England.

[3] These lines allude to D.'s ordering a little fleet of schooners to be fitted out from the port of Charleston; and on board one of them he ordered twenty-four nine-pounders; but she was so small, that it was found she could not even float with above twelve of such guns on board.

[4] Pennsylvania Ledger, February 14. [5] New Jersey Gazette, May 20.

Eleven thousand eight hundred and thirty-six of the above-mentioned troops sailed from Martinico the first of December for St. Domingo. They expected every day a third division of troops from Brest. We also learn that the coast of France, from Dunkirk to L'Orient, was lined with sixty thousand troops.

[Rare news indeed! What a pity such welcome tidings should want confirmation! But so it has been from the beginning. After a thousand solemn protestations, disclaiming the remotest intention of renouncing their allegiance, the Congress came forth with their Declaration of Independency, because it was a necessary step in order to procure foreign assistance; and, from the date of that declaration to this hour, the people have been deceived with repeated assurances that the promised assistance was at hand; and this tale of French troops arriving in great numbers in the West India islands has been so often repeated, that, if there was any truth in it, there could hardly by this time be left a single regiment in France! And yet this long looked for French assistance is only to be seen by the eyes of faith, and those eyes begin to grow very dim! The people begin to be ashamed of their past credulity; and their deceivers, if they had any shame, or any regard for the welfare of the people, would cease the repetition of those falsehoods in which they have been so often detected. Mr. Livingston himself has at last been modest enough to confess, to his New Jersey Assembly, that they must not count upon any foreign assistance, and that the United States must prepare to renounce their dependence upon such "uncertain contingencies, and rely solely upon themselves and their own resources."][1]

Hoveden's Excursion.

Yesterday evening, about eight o'clock, Captain Hoveden, with a party of twenty-four dragoons, and Captain Thomas, with fourteen foot, left Philadelphia, and passed into the county of Bucks, and, at the fulling mill of Mr. Jenks, surprised and took a guard of continental troops on their post there, guarding a considerable quantity of

[1] Pennsylvania Ledger, March 21.

cloth belonging to the poor people of the country, of which they had been robbed by orders from the rebel head-quarters. This was performed with that secrecy the principal design required, which was to take another party, a small distance off: without firing a gun, which must have alarmed the other post, they took prisoners the whole guard. Immediately after they proceeded to Newtown, surprised and took the first sentry without alarm. On approaching near the quarters of Major Murray, they were fired upon by the sentry at his door. This alarmed the guard about forty yards distant, who, being sixteen in number, and under cover of the guard house, immediately took to their arms, and discharged their pieces on the troops surrounding them; but such was their activity and alertness, that, after returning the fire, and before the enemy could load a second time, they stormed the house, killed five, wounded four, and took the rest of the guard prisoners, and with them a considerable quantity of cloth then making up by a number of workmen for the rebel army. All this was done with so much secrecy, conduct, and bravery, that none of either of the parties received the least injury. About six o'clock this evening they returned, bringing with them the wounded and the prisoners.

Too much commendation cannot be given to this gallant action. To march twenty-eight miles, take and surprise one, and storm another of the enemy's posts, kill and make prisoners of every officer and private, and to return the same distance, making in the whole fifty-six miles, in twenty-two hours, and that without the least injury received, must certainly meet with the applause of the public, and do great credit to the officers who conducted, and the men who, under their direction, accomplished it.[1]

The Tories, reduced to their last shift for agreeable news to strengthen the drooping spirits of their fellows, are now resorting to their imaginations. The following is their last flight of fancy:

[1] Pennsylvania Ledger, February 21.

BEELZEBUB R.—Whereas it is necessary to the extension, support, and population of our infernal kingdom, that all and every species of its commerce, arts, sciences, and principles, should prevail, flourish, and have a free and uninterrupted reception upon earth. And, whereas we and our council have received certain and undoubted information, as well through the laudable and zealous communications of our own agents employed for the purpose, as by the personal appearance and testimony before our throne of many thousand persons, who lately belonged and professed allegiance to the newly erected States of North America, framed by our suggestion and by the help of our agents aforesaid, that there is at present in the said States the most happy disposition for the full and perfect admission and entertainment of all our famous arts, sciences, principles, and commerce; and that our loving friends and hearty allies, their leaders and present governors, do give their most ready assistance and furtherance to that end and purpose. We therefore, in order to promote all measures which may tend to establish the dignity of our crown, the power and influence of our realm of darkness, and the greater population of our vast territories by more rapid migrations from the regions of the earth, do hereby proclaim, and engage to bestow, the following rewards and bounties for the encouragement of such persons, professing subjection to our cordial and undoubted allies the States aforesaid, as by their assiduity and labor in our service, or affection to our principles and interests, may be found to deserve them, viz.:

Moloch's Proclamation.

For the most plausible pretence of loyalty to a sovereign, penned with the fullest design to deceive him, and pervert others from their loyalty—A flaming ribband of the order of Machiavel, with the grant of two hundred thousand acres of the most fertile soil yet unlocated, and nearest to our loyal city of Pandemonium.

For the most hollow professions of attachment to a constitution, which can best answer the purpose of subverting it—*Ditto.*

For the most sophistical arguments to prove the right of subjects to forswear themselves, to take contrary oaths *pro*

renata, and to assert their liberty of destroying those who differ from them in the notion of liberty—The privilege of the next seat in our council to our well-beloved cousin and counsellor *Belial*, with one hundred thousand acres in the warmest regions of *Tartarus*.

For the most virulent perversion of truth and reason, which can support any of our beloved factions—A post of employment near our person, and our most burning attachment and regard.

To every person professing to preach the gospel of *Christ*, our most dangerous enemy, who shall subvert its pernicious intention of promoting peace, order, and subjection among men, and shall, instead thereof, promote our cause and service by inculcating sedition and discord—A robe of the darkest sables in *Erebus*, warm apartments in our imperial palace, and a double portion of our increasing favor.

For the most rhetorical panegyric upon any of our faithful friends, subjects of the States, our allies aforesaid, who may happen to be sent down to our kingdom earlier than usual by the British arms—An honorary degree in the infernal academy of Sophists, with a suitable benefit.

For the most perfect specimen of impudence and avarice, cowardice and faction, pride and meanness, connected, which can be produced by any natural or adopted subject of our allies aforesaid—A collar of sounding S S, with a *separate* allotment in Tartarus, lest *Pandemonium* itself be endangered by the complication.

For the best invention to delude a whole people from their real interests, and destroy them by rebellion—The first post of honor next to our person.

AND in order to display and extend our imperial magnificence in the most ample manner, and to show our most congenial attachment to our allies, the present ruling powers of the States aforesaid, we do further promise and engage, that all and every of their subjects or confederates, who shall most strongly inculcate and improve the arts and sciences first invented in our kingdom, and now, of our especial grace, motion, and favor, imported from thence into the said States, so as most

exactly and extensively to assimilate and unite their subjects to our subjects now in the realms below, and to render their country in all quietness, freedom, and satisfaction, the most like of any other to our own; so that, in due time, they may become prepared for their final removal to us, by which means our empire may be further strengthened and populated, and the independency of our territories more perfectly established, (in which last measure we hope and expect, above all things, the aid of our dear allies aforesaid;) shall not only hereafter receive every reward proportionate to the merit of their respective services, when they descend to our court and appear in our presence, but shall also obtain, at present, from us and our agents, our most hearty suggestions and recommendations to our dearly beloved and loyal cousins, the congressional representatives of the high and mighty States aforesaid, and to our no less loving and beloved friends the Commander-in-chief, and other right noble and worthy commanders, officers, committee-men, selectmen, and men of all sorts invested with illustrious authority under them, from whose cordial attachment to our interests and views, as well as affinity to our person, we doubt not they will receive the most indulgent attention and advancement.

Given at our court at *Pandemonium*, in the 5847th year of our reign, and in the year called by mortals 1778. By his infernal Majesty's command—*Moloch*.[1]

Prospects of the Americans.

MARCH 9.—THE Southern States are pursuing the most vigorous measures for strengthening the hands of General Washington the ensuing campaign. Virginia has drafted two thousand men to recruit her regiments, who are to serve for one year. They have also set on foot an association for raising five thousand volunteers, to serve six months; North Carolina is exerting herself with equal ardor. The Eastern States, who, in public concerns, always act with a wisdom and vigor that deserves imitation, have already begun to draft, being resolved to fill their regiments *completely*, and to have them early in the field. If the Middle

[1] Gaine's Mercury, February 23.

States take the same resolute steps, (and no doubt they will,) the next campaign must be decisive. The strength of the enemy is so much reduced, that nothing but our indolence can prevent their destruction.

We have often thought it strange that America, who could bring three or four hundred thousand men into the field, should so long suffer a paltry banditti to run through her States, and to nestle in her cities. One would be tempted to imagine that we were fond of this destructive war; and yet folly, in her highest delirium, would not wish to protract it. There was a time when protraction and delay were prudent—even necessary; but at this time of day they will certainly be injurious, and may be fatal. Every day the war continues our public debts will increase—our necessities will multiply—and our currency depreciate. Britain knows this—she founds her last hopes upon it; she no longer expects to conquer us by the sword, but she flatters herself that our distresses will subdue our minds, break the spirit of opposition, and dissolve in time the glorious confederacy in support of freedom. Hence it will be the policy of her generals to possess themselves of our towns, to destroy our manufactures, to block up our harbors, and to protract the war. We should change our measures accordingly—bring our thousands into the field—push the enemy with vigor—drive them from our towns—storm them in their strongholds, and never pause till we force them from our shores. The successes of the last campaign teach us what we are able to do if we exert our strength; and instead of provoking our indolence, should spur our ambition. These rising States should catch the spirit of the gallant Cæsar, and think "that they have done nothing, while any thing remains to do."[1]

British Spies Executed.

March 16.—In pursuance of orders from his excellency, the Commander-in-chief, a general court-martial was held at Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, when Henry Mansin (who confessed himself an officer in the British army) and Wendal Myer, an inhabitant of the county, were

[1] Extract of a letter from a gentleman at the camp at Valley Forge, in the New Jersey Gazette, March 18.

brought before the court and charged with being spies, carrying on a traitorous correspondence, and supplying the enemy with horses, &c. The court, after a fair and candid trial, which lasted some days, and every opportunity given to them to make their defence, found them guilty, and unanimously sentenced them to suffer death; in consequence of which, they were to-day executed near Lancaster, amidst a very numerous concourse of spectators. The unhappy wretches, before their execution, acknowledged the justice of their sentence, and died fully convinced of the heinousness of their offence. They have discovered several persons who have aided and assisted them, but unfortunately made their escape upon the capture of these culprits. However, it is hoped that justice will overtake them, and inflict the punishment due to such parricides.[1]

General Burgoyne.

Though Mr. Burgoyne is much praised for his dramatic abilities, a correspondent in London observes: Major-General Gates has the advantage of him even in that respect, as the former was never able to rise above a *farce;* whilst the latter has executed a very *affecting tragedy.*

Last winter, Mr. Wilkes[2] was at Bath, and meeting Burgoyne in one of the rooms, he asked if he proposed to go next summer to Albany through the lakes. "Certainly," replied the other. "Why, then," said Wilkes, "you will as certainly be taken prisoner by Arnold; therefore, pray accept a letter from me to Hancock." "Sir," said Burgoyne, "no man's recommendation would be more acceptable to me on all occasions; but I am well assured that I shall have no use for your friendship at this time."[3]

Madam Shipley's Prophecy.

March 21.—After a most ridiculous gasconade upon the late movement of a detachment from the British troops into New Jersey, the publisher of the last week's Trenton paper[4] introduces a most comfortable prophecy of a good lady who lately died at Wilmington. It is no

[1] New Jersey Gazette, March 25.
[2] John Wilkes, the Patriot.
[3] New Jersey Gazette, May 27.
[4] Same, March 11.

new device among these deceivers of the people, to call in the aids of popular superstition in support of their ambitious projects. And though we think it rather a profanation to amuse the people with such idle tales under the name of prophecy, we hope our readers will excuse our inserting this of the good Madam Shipley, not doubting but it will have all the weight which it merits with those for whose encouragement it was published in New Jersey:

"TRENTON, *March* 11.

"The public has been already informed of the death of Elizabeth Shipley, of Wilmington; but a circumstance relating thereto is (perhaps) a secret, except to a few. On her deathbed, as well as during her better state of health, she was much affected with the calamity that this country now labors under from the cruel oppression of the King and Parliament of England; but a ray of that light by which the soul can look into future events springing up in her, she was comforted, and with godly confidence declared, *That this country should not be conquered by Great Britain.* This she uttered with such solemnity that it commanded the particular notice of all who heard her, and is now made public for the encouragement of every well-wisher to the freedom and liberties of America. Every one who had an opportunity of knowing this great and good woman, whether they be Whig or Tory, will be inclined to give credit to her prophecy; and for the sake of all such who knew her not, they are now informed that she was a woman eminently endowed with knowledge, both natural and divine."[1]

MARCH 25.—IT is whispered that Congress, finding at length the baseness and depravity of their American subjects, and the folly of France in deserting them, are determined to retire beyond the Mississippi with a chosen band of *patriots*, to be drafted chiefly from New England and the minority of St. Stephen's chapel. There, breathing from the fatigues of this glorious, though unsuccessful struggle, Congress' Intentions.

[1] Pennsylvania Ledger, March 21.

... they will so mould their new comn
shall not have the least trace of any that now
existed; especially that of Great Britain, w
they *wisely* consider as the most ridiculous j
pound of folly ever produced by the ignoranc

Theirs will be nearly patriarchal, resem
family; and as it is an assemblage of *wort*
have been devoted to the good of mankind, wl
all vicious appetites and inclinations, their law
persuasive than directory. Property, that sou
will either be abolished, or confined to the mer
pancy. No one will be allowed to possess mc
he can till, which, when he relinquishes, retur
stock, and is open to the next occupant. Th
science, of *private judgment*, and *freedom of*
secured as heretofore. But above all, they will
preserve public faith, for which purpose trea
conventions, &c., will be made religious cer
strictest threatenings will be denounced agains
of *falsehood* and *misrepresentation;* and then c
culiar characteristic, *humanity*, to crown the wl

There can be no doubt but Providence will t
under its immediate protection, and therefore
eign invasion vanishes. Forbear, then! ye so
earth, to disturb this abode of philosophy and
ye people of America, whose lot it must be tc
state of slavery you have been brought up in
punished for your ...

ach of the enemy to that city, a gentleman who had with
a portable printing press, took refuge somewhere near
Harbor. By means of a well-conducted corre-
ndence with a friend in the city, he obtained
stant and authentic intelligence of the most minute occur-
ces there. Thus provided, he, for the amusement of him-
and a few friends, publishes a paper every fortnight,
ch he calls Pasquin, or the Minute Intelligencer. As these
ers are not for sale, and but a few copies struck off, they
not circulate, and are but little known. Being an old ac-
intance, he constantly sends me some of his performances.
a specimen of the work, I have selected the following
cles:

The Minute Intelligencer.

"It is said that the English ministry, having no hopes of
duing America by force of arms, whilst the inhabitants
in their native virtue, have instructed the officers in their
ny to try a more certain method of success, by debauching
morals of the men, and seducing the virtue of the women.
this purpose play houses are opened, gaming tables estab-
ed, and balls promoted in a city languishing under a scar-
y of the necessaries of life.

"His Excellency General Howe, ever attentive to the health
his army, took the advantage of some fair weather in De-
mber last, and determined to give his troops an airing, of
hich they stood in great need. For this purpose he ordered
e whole of his forces out, and heading them himself, took a
alk into the country. His benevolent intention was to pro-
ed as far as Lancaster, but finding the roads about Edge
ill much infested with armed rebels, he thought to return to
ie city, which he did with considerable precipitation, being
pprehensive of an approaching storm. Some think he might
ave forced his way through the banditti, but he was too pru-
ent a general to expend his Majesty's powder and shot on
uch a ragged crew.

"We have the pleasure of assuring the public that the dis-
utes respecting the arrangement of the *Royal African Reg-
nent* are now at an end, his excellency having determined
at arrangement in the following manner:

Quacko—Colonel; Sambo—Lieutenant-Colonel; Cuffy
jor; Toney and Cudjoe—Captains.

The contest for pre-eminence between Quacko and Sambo,
ong and obstinate; it is evident that Sambo has the thick-
ps, and the whitest teeth, but his excellency is partially in
of Quacko, as he has honored him with the command;
at the entertainment lately given by the officers of the
l African Regiment, his excellency opened the ball with
iel Quacko's lady, and danced very gracefully to the
e of a full orchestra of banjoes and hurdy-gurdies. How
he superior beauty of Colonel Quacko's lady may have
ibuted to his promotion, is uncertain.

We hear that general orders have been issued for having
oyal African Regiment shorn every three months, in order
pply the ladies of the court of Great Britain with wool
ient for the present fashionable head-dress."[1]

"ADVERTISEMENT.

Now in the press and shortly will be published, neatly
d in calf, the miscellaneous works of his Excellency Gen-
Howe, in prose and verse, containing, amongst many other
us particulars, the following articles:

1st. The history of the American war; or the art of insur-
nfamy in this world and misery in the next. 2d. A dis-
tion on the cardinal virtues, in which it is proved that
e and mercy ought to be excluded from holding any rank
gst them. 3d. The game of picquet in a new way, by

small sums; illustrated by a variety of real cases, particularly one, in which a just bill of £550 was discharged by fifty guineas, and a receipt in full obtained. 5th. Men immortalized, and death defeated; or, the returns of the British army; wherein is shown how the pay and rations of a thousand soldiers may be drawn, who have long since died of putrid fevers, or been slain in battle. 6th. The contented *cuckold;* an heroic poem. 7th. Songs and amorous odes in the eastern style; a hymn to Venus; Chloe, or the African beauty; an invitation to Bacchus, in the German taste; the progress of cruelty, in six cantos, &c.

"The work will be comprised in three vols., octavo; a fourth volume will contain congratulatory addresses to his excellency, from the several provinces wherein he has restored constitutional liberty. But these addresses have not yet come to hand.

"Now publishing in sheets, and to be sold at Philadelphia, *The Political Liar*, or the new Fairy Tales, wherein is related how a shameful defeat may with ease be converted into a glorious victory—how large reinforcements may be obtained by magic arts—how France is abandoning America by sending her large supplies of warlike stores and other necessaries—how General Washington lost his senses, and left a portemanteau containing all his original letters and secrets of State with a sick negro, whereby they fell into the hands of the British officers, and are now publishing at large in the Political Liar,[1] with many other entertaining articles of the same kind.

"A great price in hard money will be given for a little *heart's ease.* Apply to the superintendent-general."

"*From the late London Papers.*

"To be sold by public auction, on the 1st April, 1778, at the Royal Exchange, Hanover with all the private estate of George Whelps. The vast sums arising from this sale are by his Majesty's most gracious promise, to be distributed amongst the Tories in America, who have suffered so much on his account."[2]

[1] Rivington's Gazette.

[2] New Jersey Gazette, April 15.

think that a garrison so confined in its
troops of different nations and languag
motley crew of inhabitants, besides the
and transports, in all amounting to upwa
people, should have lived together in th
mony and peace. Nothing reflects more
ter of General Howe than this very circu
but the highest attention to good discipl
order, could have effected what seems so v
early support he gave to the police he had
government of the city, the public counte
on all occasions—never suffering its auth
stance to be violated or insulted—and the
the inhabitants by the measure itself, ha
good effects, and justly endear him to both
Perhaps there never was a general comman
universally beloved by officers and soldiers,
nor in whom, as an officer, a more general
vailed, both for abilities and spirit.[1]

APRIL 22.—AN elaborate production in
pers of to-day, signed *Henricus*, conclude
me, the present time with the
Henricus. fearful expectation and despera
depends upon being able to procrastinate
General Washington; in distracting the mind
producing confusion in our military counci

and annihilate the power of Great Britain in America by one exertion of our combined strength—who dare be idle? Where is the man who lays claim to the enjoyment of freedom that will not exert himself in assisting our great general to complete what he so disinterestedly engaged in—what he preserved after the loss of a capital part of his army, and a most disheartening retreat on the memorable banks of the Delaware, with a handful of brave followers. Is there an American who can fight but this moment wishes to share with our commander the glory of completing the independence and happiness of the continent? I dare say, nay, I am confident of it, that there will not be found one out of the field when it is known their services are required, but such as cowardice or the lurking principles of Toryism detains. Such men we want not.

"'Tis said that Hannibal swore to his father never to be at peace with the Romans. I call upon all those who are in league with virtue and independence, to swear with me, and to each other, by the honor of their ancestors—by the faith they have pledged to the States—by their abhorrence of chains and slavery—by sacred liberty and religion—by their wives and children—by the ardent principles of revenge kindled up in virtuous bosoms—by the dear spirits of those who have fallen in battle—by the ghosts of their starved and murdered brethren, never to make peace with Britons till they have humbled them with the dust, and taken consummate vengeance for all their outrages, rapines, ravages, and murders, by the final establishment of a *Glorious Independence.*"

[By such pitiful productions have the unthinking multitude been diverted out of their liberty and property—oaths on the holy evangelists having been found, by experience, of no value amongst rebels. We cannot, therefore, be surprised to find them in search of objects more suitable to their purpose than the sacred records. The notion of departed spirits, ghosts, &c., may serve to frighten the ignorant to the field, where they will, like many of their predecessors, procure independency for their sinful souls.] [1]

[1] Rivington's Gazette, May 9.

PRIL 23.—THE enemy, says a correspondent, after the ing of Burgoyne, have resumed their old trick of sham treaty. General Tryon (by what authority he best knows) has introduced into New Jersey a ridicu- publication under the title of "Draught of a bill for de- ng the intentions of the Parliament of Great Britain con- ng the exercise of the right of imposing taxes within his sty's colonies, provinces, and plantations in North Amer- which just amounts to the old nauseous dish (which no st American could ever swallow) with a little amendation e cookery and sauces, together with the "Draught of a bill able his Majesty to appoint Commissioners with sufficient rs to treat, consult, and agree upon the means of quieting isorders now subsisting in certain of the colonies, prov- , and plantations in North America." What renders this nsical manœuvre still more ominous is, that General n (and by the name of governor, too) certifies them to be copies.[1] Surely the ministry might have found a more r person for that purpose than the most obnoxious of all xious animals by his professed declarations in the pleasure

Conciliatory bills.

At length we have intelligence from France that the Congress have concluded a treaty of alliance with the King of the French:—His Most Christian Majesty guarantees the independence, sovereignty, liberties, and all the possessions of the United States of America; and they, on their part, guarantee all the dominions of that prince in the West Indies. The part he has acted upon this occasion is truly noble and magnanimous. No monopoly of our trade is desired; it is left open to all we choose to trade with. This is wise as it is generous, it being undoubtedly the interest of France that this treaty should be durable, which would not have been so likely had hard terms been exacted of us. We are, moreover, liberally assisted there with all kinds of supplies. The treaties were signed on the sixth of February, but were not publicly known when the frigate which brought them to Congress, sailed; but they were talked of as highly probable, from circumstances: and the English minister to defeat, if possible, this expected union, and recover the dependence of the colonies, has brought in two bills, which he calls conciliatory, but which are a composition of artifice and uncertainty. The *right*, as they are pleased to call it, of laying taxes on us is not given up; the Parliament only declared, that in consideration of some inconveniences found in the exercise of this right, they intend not to exercise it hereafter, except for regulating trade; but the next Parliament may find this declaration inconvenient, and may repeal it, and may resume the right. Commissioners are appointed to treat with any body of men in America, on the means of quieting the disorders there, but can do nothing definite, except granting pardons, declaring and revoking cessation of arms, &c. On this, a gentleman of character says, in one of his letters, "I hope no American will be mean enough to accept their pardons; and I am sure they will not be so weak as to disband or disarm, in the smallest degree, on the faith of their declaring a cessation of arms." He adds, "Believe me, the malice of the British court is as great against us as ever, but they are at present in a great consternation, unable to go on, and dread to give up, and fearing a war with France and Spain, which they see must ruin them. If they can divide

Treaty with France.

and weaken us, or deceive us into a submission, they will punish us at their leisure." France has this same year renewed her fifty years' alliance with the thirteen United States of Switzerland, which she has faithfully kept for two hundred years. A good omen for us. The accession of Spain to the treaties was not doubted. These events are most important in favor of America; they give us a stability that must support and extend our credit in Europe, while that of Britain is daily sinking. The good will to our cause in Europe is universal; all nations wish, and are ready to concur, in the humiliation of England, as soon as they dare. By returning to their government, we should have them and all Europe against us; we are now, with all Europe, against them. There is no hesitating a moment which to choose of these two situations. The public may rely on the authenticity of the above accounts, which, if improved with wisdom and spirit here, must, by the favor of Heaven, prove decisive for America.[1]

[1] New York Journal, May 18.

CHAPTER II.

May 1.—This morning, at daylight, the American camp, which lay near the Crooked Billet,[1] was surrounded with a body of the enemy, who appeared on all quarters. The scouts neglected last night to patrol the roads as they were ordered, but lay in camp till near day, though their orders were to leave it by two o'clock in the morning. On the disobedience of some officers of the scouts we have to lay our misfortunes.

Fight at the Crooked Billet.

The alarm was so sudden, we had scarcely time to mount our horses before the enemy was within musket shot of our quarters. We observed a party in our rear had got into houses and behind fences; their numbers appearing nearly equal to ours, we did not think it advisable to attack them in that situation, especially as another body appeared in our front to the east of the Billet; and not knowing what numbers we had to contend with, we thought it best to open our way under cover of a wood to the left of our camp, towards Colonel Hart's, for which our little party moved in columns, the baggage following in the rear. We had not passed far before our flanking parties began to change shot with the enemy, but kept moving on till we made the wood, when a party of both foot and horse came up the Biberry road, and attacked our right flank; the party from the Billet fell upon our rear; the horse, from the rear of our camp, came upon our left flank. A body of horse appearing in our front, we made a stand in the wood, and gave them some warm fires, which forced them to retire; their

[1] Near Neshaminy Bridge.

horse suffered considerably as they charged us, and we severely repulsed; their strength gathering from all quarters we thought it best to move on, which we did with the loss of our baggage, the horse giving way in the front as we advanced.

We continued skirmishing for upwards of two miles, when we made a turn to the left, which entirely extricated us from them. We came into the York road near the cross roads, and moved slowly down toward the Billet, in hopes to take some advantage of them on that quarter, where they must least expect us, but we found they retired toward the city. Our people behaved well; our loss is upwards of thirty killed and wounded; some were butchered in a manner the most brutal savages could not equal; even while living some were thrown into buckwheat straw, and the straw set on fire; the clothes were burnt on others, and scarcely one without a dozen wounds with bayonets and cutlasses. Fifty-eight are missing. The enemy's loss is not known, but it is currently reported one field officer is among the slain; we took three of their horse, five were left dead on the field, the riders either killed or wounded.[1]

John Downey.

MAY 2.—AMONG the slain, near the Crooked Billet, yesterday, fell the gallant Captain John Downey, late schoolmaster in Philadelphia, whose worth entitles him to a place in the annals of America. He took an active and early part in our struggles for liberty. He went as a volunteer to Jersey last winter was a year, where he behaved gallantly in the battle of Trenton and Princeton. He being chosen captain of a company of Philadelphia militia, served his tour of duty two months last summer at Billingsport, when on account of his superior knowledge in mathematics, the executive council employed him to make a military survey of the river Delaware, which he performed with great exactness; since which time he has performed many very important services to his country, a love to which prompted him to attempt any thing which promised its welfare. He lately acted as an assistant-commissary, and in this capacity was with our brave

[1] New York Journal, June 1.

militia in the attack yesterday. From his known readiness to fight and bleed for his country, it is more than probable that when the attack began he attempted to join his countrymen, when he was shot through the shoulder, and that he lay in his blood till the enemy returned, when they despatched him in a cruel manner; for his body was found with one of his hands almost cut off, his head slashed in several places, his skull cut through, his brains coming out at his nose and scattered all around. He was an enlightened patriot, an affectionate friend, a gallant soldier, a fond husband, and an indulgent parent. He had no inheritance to leave, as his little property was left in Philadelphia; but he has left a sorrowful widow and five helpless children in very indigent circumstances. They are worthy of the notice of the charitable.[1]

This day, Mr. Simeon Deane arrived at Congress express from the American plenipotentiaries[2] at the court of France, and delivered his despatches to the president. The important contents are, by a correspondent, thus communicated: The Alliance with France.

"The news of the defeat and captivity of General Burgoyne was received in France the beginning of December, with as much joy as if a victory by their own troops had been announced. Our plenipotentiaries took this opportunity again to attract the attention of the court of France to the object of

[1] New York Journal, June 1.

[2] When Dr. Franklin and Silas Deane were introduced to the French King in the quality of ambassadors from North America, they went in elegant coaches, attended by domestics in superb French liveries, with a *suite*. On their entrance into the court-yard, martial music struck up, the soldiers were under arms, and the French flag was lowered as a solemn salute, which all the officers accompanied. In the inner part of the palace they were received by *les cent Suisses*, the major of which announced "*Les ambassadeurs des treize provinces 'unies,'*" i. e., The ambassadors from the "Thirteen United Provinces." When they were ushered into the royal presence, the college of Paris, the bishops, the nobility, ministers, foreign and domestic, and ladies arose and saluted them. Old Franklin was observed to weep, but the Count de Vergennes relieved the confusion of the philosopher, by waiving certain forms, and immediately presenting him to the King, who, *à l'Anglaise*, took the ambassador by the hand, and viewing his credentials, entered directly into conversation.—*New York Journal*, July 6.

their negotiation. On the 16th, Monsieur Gerard, royal syndic of Strasburgh, and secretary of his Majesty's Council of State, waited on our plenipotentiaries, and informed them, by order of the King, 'That after long and full consideration of our affairs and propositions in council, it was decided, and his Majesty was determined to acknowledge our independence, and make a treaty with us of amity and commerce; that in the treaty no advantage would be taken of our present situation to obtain terms from us which otherwise would not be convenient for us to agree to, his Majesty desiring that the treaty, once made, should be durable, and our amity subsist forever, which could not be expected, if each nation did not find its interest in the continuance as well as in the commencement of it. It was therefore his intention that the terms of the treaty should be such as we might be willing to agree to if our state had been long established, and in the fulness of strength and power, and such as we should approve of when that time should come; that his Majesty was fixed in his determination not only to acknowledge, but to support our independence by every means in his power; that in doing this he might probably be soon engaged in war, with all the expenses, risk, and damage usually attending it; yet he should not expect any compensation from us on that account, nor pretend that he acted wholly for our sakes, since, besides his real good-will to us and our cause, it was manifestly the interest of France that the power of England should be diminished by our separation from it. He should, moreover, not so much as insist, that, if he engaged in a war with England on our account, we should not make a separate peace for ourselves, whenever good and advantageous terms were offered to us. The only condition he would require and rely on would be this: *That we, in no peace to be made with England, should give up our independence and return to the obedience of that government.*'

"That upon such principles, by virtue of full powers by the King of France, to Monsieur Gerard, royal syndic of the city of Strasburgh, and secretary of his Majesty's Council of State, dated the 30th of January, 1778, this minister, with our plenipotentiaries, signed at Paris on the 6th of February, a treaty

of alliance and commerce between the crown of France and the United States of America, almost in the very terms in which the American plenipotentiaries had been instructed by Congress. In the treaty of alliance the following articles are conspicuous:

"Article I. If war should break out between France and Great Britain, during the continuance of the present war between the United States and England, his Majesty and the United States shall make it a common cause, and aid each other mutually with their good offices, their councils, and their forces, according to the exigence of conjunctures, as becomes good and faithful allies.

"Article II. The essential and direct end of the present defensive alliance is, to maintain effectually the liberty, sovereignty, and independence, absolute and unlimited, of the said United States, as well in matters of government as of commerce.

"Article VI. The most Christian King renounces forever the possession of the island of Bermuda, as well as of any part of the continent of North America, which before the treaty of Paris, in 1763, or in virtue of that treaty, were acknowledged to belong to the crown of Great Britain, or to the United States, heretofore called British Colonies, or which are at this time, or have lately been, under the power of the King and crown of Great Britain."[1]

[1] Pennsylvania Gazette, Postscript, May 2. "This," says Rivington, in his Gazette of May 20th, "may be looked upon as the masterpiece, or keystone of the arch that supports that system of lies with which the good people of America have been gulled and deceived; but the foundation is rotten, and the whole fabric must soon fall to the ground. Franklin knew this, and makes use of the last effort to support his own consequence. But the deception is too gross, too palpable almost for the congress itself. They have only ventured to publish in an indirect manner, three of the most conspicuous articles, by which, supposing them to be really genuine, France engages to do nothing. She renounces the possession of a country to which she does not pretend to have the least claim. She will also be very glad to see the independency of America established, and enjoy a share of its trade, provided it can be done without hurting the little finger of one of her own subjects. And if ever she should be engaged in a war with England, she will then join her rebellious subjects, and give them all the aid in her power. O wonderful! But there is wanted no ghost, nor a *Simeon Deane* to tell us this! The truth is, the leaders of rebellion are alarmed for their own safety; they see peace and happiness held out to the people in the clearest and most unreserved terms; but for themselves there is no retreat, only what must ultimately end in infamy and disgrace."

The treaty of commerce stands upon the broad basis of equality; and considering the established great power of France, and the infancy of the United States, is an act without parallel. In a word, the sentiments delivered on the 16th of December by Monsieur Gerard, by order of the King of France, are sentiments rarely entertained by princes, and which, together with these equal treaties, must rank him, not only among the greatest monarchs of France, but in history.

These important advices were brought in the Le Sensible, M. Marignie commander, a royal frigate of France, of twenty-eight twelve-pounders, and three hundred men. She left Brest on the eighth of March, and, after a passage of thirty-five days, arrived at Casco Bay, from whence she sailed on her return, after two days' stay to take in water.

Tory Remarks on the Alliance.

Of this extraordinary publication, says the editor of the Pennsylvania Ledger, we doubt not but our readers will think as we do—that we have good reason to suspect it is, what many former publications from the same quarter certainly have been, a *seasonable* piece of *misrepresentation*. There is an art, well known by these adepts, of *mixing* truth and falsehood, or of conveying falsehood in the vehicle of truth.

The hasty resolution of Congress to reject all possible offers of accommodation with Great Britain, was found to alarm the people, who must be supposed to prefer a re-union with the mother country, on the generous terms proposed, before any romantic and hazardous scheme of ambition whatever. It was, therefore, necessary to pacify the popular alarm, and endeavor to reconcile us to the idea of a ruinous connection with France, by representing the terms of that connection in a flattering light. However, supposing this to be a true and faithful account, it certainly ought the more to alarm every true friend to the future peace and prosperity of America. Surely we have reason to distrust the restless and enterprising spirit of France, and of those other commercial powers who are said to favor the project of American independency! And, if the French King has agreed to such a treaty as this, of which, however, a *sample* only is given us, we must be madly cred-

ulous indeed if we believe it proceeds from any other motives than, at all events, to prevent our enjoying now the benefits of a happy reconciliation, and with a view, when the times will bear it, to bring us into such a state of domestic expense and foreign dependence, as must make us forever repent our folly in not having embraced the opportunity, now presented, of securing our civil and religious freedom, peace, and safety, against the arts or violence of all the world, by a cordial re-union with our mother country!

Is it possible that we can *now* wish for a final separation from Britain, the ancient and chief support of the Protestant religion in the world, for the sake of upholding a little longer, at the expense of our lives and fortunes, the arbitrary power of that Congress, who without even asking our consent, have *disposed* of us, have *mortgaged* us like vassals and slaves, by refusing to treat with Britain, and by entering into a treaty with that ambitious and treacherous power, whose religious and political maxims have so often disturbed the peace and invaded the rights of mankind? The Congress have wonderfully altered their tone of late. The time was when the bare *toleration* of the Roman Catholic religion in Canada, though stipulated for by articles of capitulation, was treated as a wicked attempt to establish "a *sanguinary* faith, which had for ages filled the world with blood and slaughter!" But now the Congress are willing to make us the instruments of weakening the best friends, and of strengthening the most powerful and ambitious enemies of the Reformation to such a degree as must do more than all the world besides could do, towards the universal re-establishment of Popery through all Christendom. It will be said that the French are no longer such a bigoted people as they were in the day of the St. Bartholomew massacre, and that we need not fear imbibing any improper sentiments from her maxims of religion or government. That France is not so blindly bigoted to her religious faith as formerly, we readily grant—indeed, her religion is little more at this day than an outside show to cover a general infidelity; but there is, for this very reason, the more cause to fear and distrust her views, as the less real religion she has at heart, the

more will she be disposed to encourage the political tenets of the Church of Rome, on account of the advantages they afford to her ambition, in the pious work of enslaving mankind. As to Spain, the confederated ally of France, we know how zealously she continues to support the horrid authority of an inquisition for the same reasons. Judge, then, what we have to hope or expect from such an alliance! We not only run a manifest risk of becoming slaves ourselves, under the treacherous title of independency, but we are doing every thing in our power to overturn the Protestant religion, and extinguish every spark, both of civil and religious freedom, in the world! These sentiments, no doubt, will be ridiculed by those who are interested in supporting the measures of Congress; but they surely demand the serious attention of every disinterested friend of this country, and of every man who wishes well to the rights of humanity and conscience in every part of the world.[1]

MAY 5.—THIS afternoon, the Commander-in-chief issued, from head-quarters at Valley Forge, the following after orders: It having pleased the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, propitiously to defend the cause of the United American States, and finally, by raising up a powerful friend among the Princes of the Earth, to establish our Liberty and Independence upon lasting foundations—it becomes us to set apart a day for gratefully acknowledging the divine goodness and celebrating the important event which we owe to his benign interposition.

The Alliance with France.

The several brigades are to be assembled for this purpose, at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, when their chaplains will communicate the intelligence in the postscript to the Pennsylvania Gazette of the second instant, and offer up a thanksgiving, and deliver a discourse suitable to the occasion.

At half after ten o'clock a cannon will be fired, which is to be a signal for the men to be under arms.

The brigade inspectors will then inspect their dress and

[1] Pennsylvania Ledger, May 13.

arms, form the battalions according to instructions given them, and announce to the commanding officers of brigades that the battalions are formed.

The brigadiers will then appoint the field officers to command the battalions, after which each battalion will be ordered to load and ground their arms. At half-past eleven another cannon will be fired as a signal for the march, upon which the several brigades will begin their march by wheeling to the right by platoons, and proceed by the nearest way to the left of their ground, in the new position that will be pointed out by the brigade inspectors. A third signal will be given, upon which there will be a discharge of thirteen cannon; when the thirteenth has fired, a running fire of the infantry will begin on the right of Woodford's, and continue throughout the whole front line; it will be then taken up on the left of the second line, and continue to the right. Upon a signal given the whole army will *Huzza! long live the King of France!*

The artillery then begins again, and fires thirteen rounds. This will be succeeded by second general discharge of musketry in a running fire—*Huzza! long live the friendly European powers!* Then the last discharge of thirteen pieces of artillery will be given, followed by a general running fire—*Huzza for the American States!*[1]

MAY 6.—AGREEABLY to the special orders issued yesterday at head-quarters, the alliance has been splendidly celebrated. A writer gives the following minute account of the festivities, in a familiar letter to a friend:

"How often have you told me that a man of my contemplative turn, so fond of the shades of retirement and the endearments of domestic life, could find but little felicity amidst the uncontrollable vicissitudes of war. You did not recollect that there is in nature a principle much stronger than the passion for ease, and more powerful than the incitements to pleasure, which operates like the strength of a Samson in drawing us from our retirements, and breaking

The Alliance Celebrated.

[1] New Jersey Gazette, May 13.

asunder the silken cords of our Helens or Delilahs. I have long since discovered that pleasures of the most agreeable kind may be found even in the bustle of a camp. What do you think, my dear friend, does the soldier feel, in reviewing the dangers he has passed—in planning or executing the overthrow of tyranny—or celebrating the exploits of heroes? And what spectacle can you imagine more splendid, than an army of freemen drawn up, within hearing of their enemy, to celebrate the ackowledgment of our independence, and alliance with the first monarch in the world; and whom can you conceive more happy than those who have borne no inconsiderable part in the struggles and adversities that served to produce an event so favorable to the interests of mankind? I wished for you more than once, during our *feu de joie*, to have shared with me in the festivity of the day. It would have given you new ideas of military pleasures, and helped the poem on our independence, which you have promised, to some elegant strokes of the epic. Heretofore we have celebrated the day in which a prince was vested with the power to kill and enslave us; but this was the day of rejoicing at the interment of tyranny, and the coronation of American Independence.

"After the chaplains had finished their discourses, and the second cannon was fired, the troops began their march to the lines in the following order:—Each major-general conducted the first brigade of his command to the ground; the other brigades were conducted by their commanding officers in separate columns. Major-General Lord Stirling commanded on the right, the Marquis De La Fayette on the left, and the Baron De Kalb the second line. But this arrangement can convey no adequate idea of their movements to their several posts—of the appearance of his excellency during his circuit round the lines—of the air of our soldiers—the cleanliness of their dress—the brilliancy and good order of their arms, and the remarkable animation with which they performed the necessary salute as the general passed along. Indeed, during the whole of the review, the utmost military decorum was preserved, while at the same time one might observe the hearts of the soldiery struggling to express their feelings in a way more agreeable to nature.

"The Commander-in-chief, his suite; the Marquis De La Fayette, his train; Lord Stirling, General Greene, and the other principal officers, who had joined his excellency, having finished the review, retired to the centre of the encampment, to a kind of amphitheatre, which had been formed to entertain the officers of the army, who were invited to partake of a collation with his excellency, after the *feu de joie*.

"On firing of the third signal gun, the *feu de joie* commenced. It was conducted with great judgment and regularity. The gradual progression of the sound from the discharge of cannon and musketry, swelling and rebounding from the neighboring hills, and gently sweeping along the Schuylkill, with the intermingled huzzas—to long live the King of France—long live the friendly European powers, and long live the American States, composed a military music more agreeable to a soldier's ear than the most finished pieces of your favorite Handel.

"The *feu de joie* being over, and the troops marched back to their different quarters, the officers came forward to the entertainment provided by his excellency. But I must not pass over the description of their order of march.

"Some of the ancients were not more attached to their mystical figures than many of the moderns. We of America have our number THIRTEEN. The officers approached the place of entertainment in different columns, thirteen abreast, and closely linked together in each other's arms. The appearance was pretty enough. The number of officers composing each line, signified the Thirteen American States; and the interweaving of arms a complete union and most perfect confederation.

"The amphitheatre looked elegant. The outer seats for the officers were covered with tent canvas stretched out upon poles; and the tables in the centre shaded by elegant markees, raised high, and arranged in a very striking and agreeable style. An excellent band of music attended during the entertainment; but the feast was still more animating by the discourse and behavior of his excellency to the officers, and the gentlemen in the country (many of them our old Philadelphia acquaintances) who were present on this occasion. Mrs. Washington,

the Countess of Stirling, Lady Kitty her daughter, Mrs. Greene, and a number of other ladies, favored the feast with their company, amongst whom good humor and the graces were contending for the pre-eminence. The wine circulated in the most genial manner—to the King of France—the friendly European powers—the American States—the Honorable Congress, and other toasts of a similar nature, descriptive of the spirit of freemen.

"About six o'clock in the evening the company broke up, and his excellency returned to head-quarters. The French gentlemen of rank and distinction seemed peculiarly pleased with this public approbation of our alliance with their nation. The general himself wore a countenance of uncommon delight and complacence. I wish that you, who are so great an adept in preserving the expressions of nature, had been here to have done justice to him and the army. The latter, in particular, never looked so well, nor in such good order, since the beginning of the war. And here I cannot forbear mentioning a little anecdote that I am told happened during the review. An officer was called to one side in order to know what was to be done with a spy who was making observations on the army. But the officer coolly observed to the gentleman who gave the information, that he thought it best to take no further notice of the spy, but suffer him to return to his employers, as they must feel more pain from his account of the army, than grief on hearing of his detection and death.

"What may be reckoned somewhat remarkable, not one accident happened to lessen or disturb the joy of the day; and the whole was closed by the officers returning to the duties of their several stations with hearts filled with the warmest sensations to the great cause of their rejoicings."[1]

The Mischianza.

MAY 19.—YESTERDAY the British army, anxious to give Sir William Howe the most public and splendid testimony of the high esteem they entertain of him as a general, and of the affection and attachment which his popular conduct has secured to him from all ranks, both of

[1] New York Journal, June 15.

officers and men, prepared a magnificent entertainment to grace his departure from Philadelphia. It consisted of a variety of parts, and was therefore called the MISCHIANZA. The admission tickets were decorated with a sun just verging towards the horizon, with this inscription, *Luces descedens aucto splendore resurgam.* On the lower part of the shield was the sea—at top the general's crest, with the words *Vive, vale*, and at the bottom and all round, different military trophies. The fête began at four o'clock in the afternoon, by a grand procession on the Delaware, consisting of three divisions —a galley and ten flat-boats in each division. In the centre division was the Hussar galley, with the general, the admiral, General Sir Henry Clinton, and the ladies of their party. Three flat-boats, with bands of music in each, led the procession.

They set out from Knight's wharf at a signal from the Vigilant, and proceeded till they arrived off the Market Place, where the Fanny armed ship was drawn off into the stream, and beautifully decorated with a variety of colors. Here they lay on their oars while the music played "God save the King." They then proceeded to the Old Fort, where a landing place was prepared, and as soon as the general landed he was saluted with nineteen guns from the Roebuck, and the same number from the Vigilant. The company, as they quitted the boats, formed themselves into a line of procession, and advanced between two files of grenadiers till they came to a square of four hundred yards on every side, railed in and prepared for the tournament. In front of the square was Sir Harry Calder's house, appearing through two triumphal arches, erected, one in honor of Lord Howe, the other of Sir William. Two sofas, in form of amphitheatres, formed the advanced wings of one of these arches. On these the ladies took their places, advancing to them through the centre of the square. On the lowest seat of each were seven young ladies dressed in the Asiatic habits, and wearing the different colors of the knights who chose them for their damsels. Here the tournament commenced, when the elegance and richness of the different dresses of the knights and squires, their horses' trappings and caparisons, the taste displayed in their mottoes and devices, the

various evolutions and feats of arms they performed, exhibited altogether a spectacle as new, as it surpassed the most sanguine expectations of the beholders. As soon as the tournament ended, the knights and squires, two and two, moved through the first triumphal arch, which was decorated with naval ornaments. At the top was the statue of Neptune with his trident; in the interior were the attributes of that god, and in a niche on each side stood a sailor with his sword drawn; on the two wings were plumes of feathers, with this description on the entablature, *Laus illi debetur, et alme gratia major.* An avenue of three hundred yards in length, and thirty-five in breadth, lined with troops, and decorated with the colors of the different regiments, planted at proper distances, led to the second triumphal arch. Between these colors the knights with their attendants ranged themselves, and the company, preceded by all the music of the army, advanced in procession. They were led into the house through the second arch, erected in honor of the general. This arch was of the Tuscan order; on the pediment was Fame with her trumpet; in the interior was a plume of feathers, and military trophies, and on the entablature, *I, bone, quo virtus vocat tua, I pede fausto.* The house within side was painted in a light elegant style, with festoons, and several emblematical figures; mirrors, girandoles and chandeliers, decorated with wreaths of different colored gauze, adorned the walls. The company were entertained with tea and refreshments, and then danced till half after ten o'clock; the windows being then suddenly thrown open, a grand and beautiful display of fireworks was exhibited.

Towards the conclusion, the triumphal arch next the house appeared magnificently illuminated, and Fame blew from her trumpet in letters of light, "Thy laurels shall never fade."

After the fireworks the company sat down to a supper consisting of a thousand and twenty-four dishes, in a magnificent apartment built for the occasion, decorated in the same style and elegance as the rooms in the house. The herald of the *blended rose*, in his robes of ceremony, announced by sound of trumpet the King's health; the Queen and Royal Family; the Army and Navy, and their respective commanders; the La-

dies. A salute of music and three cheers graced each of these toasts. After supper the company returned to the ball room, and at four o'clock they all withdrew.

The following lines were intended to have been delivered by the herald, (after the knights had approached the pavilion in which were the general and the ladies,) holding a laurel wreath in his hand, with the following inscription; but, in delicacy to the general, they were suppressed:

Mars, conquest-plum'd, the Cyprian Queen disarms,
And victors vanquish'd yield to beauty's charms.

[*He hangs the crown on the front of the pavilion, and proceeds.*]

Here then the laurel—here the palm we yield,
And all the glories of the tilted field;
Here, Whites and Blacks, with blended homage pay,
To each device the honors of the day.
Hard were the task, and impious to decide,
Where both are fairest, which the fairer side.
Enough for us, if by such sports we strove
To deck this feast of military love,
And, joining in the wish of ev'ry heart,
Honor'd the friend and leader, ere we part.

When great in arms, our brave forefathers rose,
And loos'd the British lion on his foes;
When the fall'n Gauls, then perjur'd too and base,
The faithless fathers of a faithless race,
First to attack, tho' still the first to yield,
Shrunk from their rage on Poictiers' laurell'd field;
Oft, while grim war suspended his alarms,
The gallant bands with mimic deeds of arms,
Thus, to some fav'rite chief the feast decreed,
And deck'd the tilting knight, th' encount'ring steed,
In manly sports, that serv'd but to inspire
Contempt of death, and feed the martial fire;
The lists beheld them celebrate his name,
Who led their steps to victory and fame,
Thro' ev'ry rank the grateful ardor ran,
All fear'd the chieftain—but all lov'd the man,
And fir'd with the soul of this bright day,
All paid to SAL'SB'RY what to HOWE WE pay.

Shame to the envious slave that dares bemoan
Their sons degen'rate, or their spirits flown.

Let the madd'ning faction drive this guilty land,
With their worst foes, to form th' unnat'ral band;
In yon brave crowd, old British courage glows
Unconquer'd—growing as the danger grows.
With hearts as bold as e'er their father's bore
Their country they'll avenge, her fame restore.
Rous'd to the charge, methinks I hear them cry,
Revenge and glory sparkling in each eye,
"Chain'd to our arms, while Howe the battle led,
Still round these files her wings shall conquest spread;
Lov'd, tho' he goes, the spirit still remains,
That with him bore us o'er these trembling plains.
On Hudson's [1] bank the sure presage we read,
Of other triumphs to our arms decreed;
Nor fear but equal honors shall repay
Each hardy deed where Clinton points the way." [2]

AY 20.—By two deserters just come into New York from
ill, we are informed that there are two regiments of New
t Fishkill, York. Englanders at that place. When the draughts
of the bills [3] got among them, they laid down
arms; but after being treated with a roasted ox and
y of rum, they took them up again; yet they refuse to
on the West Point Fort, saying it is a trap laid for them

government have been and are handled more severely than ever. At Northcastle, and other parts, if they are not soon relieved, they expect to be extirpated. The reports circulated in the country are, that France and Spain have declared war against England; that all the troops are called home; that Emmerick [1] had left Kingsbridge some days ago, and that neither King nor Parliament could raise either more men or more money. These things they believe, or pretend to believe, and treat the poor Tories accordingly. It is not certain that the above is the real disposition of their force, but it is generally reported and believed to be such. They have procured no volunteers for a long time past.

About the middle of April last, one Williams went out of New York, in order to bring down, if possible, his wife and a numerous and destitute family of young children, who were suffering for the want of the necessaries of life in some part of Northcastle. He was apprehended (at an honest farmer's house where he had just stopped to refresh himself) by a party of twenty-two of the rebels, after he had got within a few miles of his suffering family. He frankly told them he came from New York, and the urgent business he was upon, and told them that now he looked upon himself as their prisoner, and delivered himself up accordingly. They suspected him for a horse-stealer, as they pretended, and with ropes and their garters tied him fast to a place convenient for their purpose, and without allowing him to speak one word in his own defence, every one of the party discharged the contents of their muskets through his body. Not yet satiated, they made the man who received him the object of their cruelty, and he only received him from a principle of hospitality, because he saw he was worn out with fatigue. With the same ropes and garters they fixed him to four horses, in order to quarter him; but luckily for him, this scene shocked one of the party so powerfully that he prevented the rest of the tragedy from being acted.[2]

[1] Commander of the Chasseurs, see page 499, vol. i.

[2] Rivington's Gazette, May 20.

AY 20.—A CORRESPONDENT writes as follows: The con-
ry bill is not founded on any secret negotiation whatever.
ciliatory ill. The noble person who introduced it[1] formed it upon the state of the nation, and the situation of
nes. Though the resources of war are far from being im-
le to be got, there would be no prudence in squandering
ns on the mere punctilio of a right to tax a country in-
le of furnishing a revenue adequate to the expense of
rce necessary to raise it. Besides, how can war go on
spirit or success, when the wheels of executive govern-
are clogged by the opposition. By taking their ground,
inister has defeated their views, and has left America
ut excuse, should she refuse to listen to the offers of the
entatives of the nation. The acts, however, though
ing peace, are not meant to suspend war. On the con-
every nerve of the state is to be exerted, in order to
an acquiescence to the terms proposed. Should the
icans continue obstinate, a time is limited for the expira-
f offers, which are, perhaps, too favorable to rebels, and
they must abide by such terms as the clemency of the

pelled to retire, leaving behind them one killed and another mortally wounded. Five muskets and as many hats have since been found, and from every circumstance it appears that their loss was considerable. The militia turned out with great alacrity, and repaired to the place of action; but the precipitate retreat of the enemy deprived those spirited fellows of an opportunity to revenge the injuries they have repeatedly received, and of treating the detestable conflagrators as they justly deserved.

The enemy's boats and shipping, in passing down the river, received considerable annoyance from the American fort on Bristol Neck. A galley that came up to cover them from the well-directed fire of the fort, was driven on the Rhode Island shore, and the men were obliged to abandon her; a sloop that attempted to assist her shared the same fate. The Americans had not a man killed or wounded.'

' New Hampshire Gazette, June 16. A writer in the British army gives the following account of these excursions:—"The general having received certain intelligence that the rebels were collecting their boats with a probable intention of disturbing our quiet, last Saturday sent the galleys and flat-boats up the river, and the next day the 22d regiment, light companies and chasseurs, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, marched out of town. The night was rainy, and I expected but little from this movement, but in the morning I was agreeably disappointed; the roar of cannon and columns of smoke soon convinced me, that the rod of correction was judiciously applied to the backs of the rebels. I hastened out of town to be a spectator of this scene; and I assure you it was grand and solemn beyond description. The fire of the musketry, the blaze of houses and vessels, the explosions of magazines, with pillars of smoke ascending like pyramids into the air, to a person not used to the desolating scenes of war, was not a little affecting; and believe me, my friend, nothing could have supported me, under so distressing a transaction, but a consciousness of the expediency and necessity of the measure. The conquering troops returned about twelve o'clock that day, having performed a march of at least fifty miles, and burnt one hundred and fifty boats, mostly large, two magazines, a large privateer, a galley, a number of carriages and other stores, with about thirty houses in the towns of Bristol and Warren. A fine galley belonging to the rebels was taken at the same time by the boats from the ships, and brought off with her captain, and about thirteen rebel prisoners. In short, the business they went upon was completely accomplished; does honor to the officers and men, and is of the highest importance to government. About eight of our men were wounded, and Lieutenant Hamilton of the 22d, but happily none dangerous. Last evening we had another expedition up Fall River, with one hundred men, under Major Eyre, de-

WRITER in New York offers the following appeal to the
nhabitants of America:

HONEST COUNTRYMEN:—I presume you have, for the
part, read such articles of a treaty between France and
al to the the Congress, as the latter have been pleased to
ies. publish; and I doubt not you have read them
hat virtuous indignation which must burn in every loyal
The declaration delivered by the French ambassador
court, fully evinces the duplicity of conduct which has
haracterized that nation, and which our unhappy and
d countrymen have, for four long years, invariably pur-
We are now arrived at a period of time which we be-
uld not have thought in the power of fate to bring about.
ve lived to see the offspring of Britain leagued in solemn
e with her most inveterate foe. I blush while I think
I blush that the soil from whence I sprung should have
birth to such unnatural feuds, and that the sons of
ca should hold out the hand of friendship to ambitious
, while they are plunging their swords into their parent's

still groan under their tyranny, I am certain will not be backward. I have experienced your distresses, and I feel for you. Your counsels and assistance, however, as far as circumstances will admit, must not be wanting. To you who are driven from your once happy habitations by cruel persecution, little argument is necessary to urge you to every exertion. Forced from your families, your connections, and your property, you have here found a peaceful asylum. The soldiers of your King afford you that protection which was denied you by your inexorable neighbors. The calamity which has fallen upon you is very great, but the noble conviction of having acted an honest part, is far greater. You withstood the torrent with manly fortitude, till, overpowered by its force, you have been obliged to fly before it. Your loyalty is acknowledged, and your perseverance will insure success.

My fellow-citizens claim their share of merit. You saw, at the first, rebellion rearing its head, and you endeavored to lop it off. You stood firm in opposition to the measures pursued by the Congress, while every other city upon the continent was agreeing to their resolves. But unsupported at that time, you were obliged to yield. The imprisonment and captivity of your persons—the destruction of your dwellings and your effects, and the long train of evils consequent upon them, conspire to raise in your breasts a justifiable revenge. Our King, our country, and constitutional government, are the causes which impel *all* of us to action, and every lover of them will lend his aid in their support. Let rebels seek unnatural alliance with perfidious Frenchmen! We boast a natural one with the brave, the generous Britons, founded upon the ties of *consanguinity*, and a reciprocity of *language*, of *manners*, and of *religion!*

I will not point out to you the dismal consequences which would ensue to themselves, as well as to us, should these blindfolded people obtain the independency they wish for, because I have not an idea of their establishing it. Every one who is acquainted with *our* strength, and *their* weakness, must know they cannot. Let not the war be protracted. Every day it continues, injures our country. It is not sufficient that we stand prepared to repel an attack, it is necessary that we should

assist in some other way. A subscription for a bounty to be added to what is now allowed to recruits, would induce many more to enlist than do at present; and such subscription, I am certain, would be very considerable in this and the other places which are possessed by the King's troops.

Nothing further need be urged; your generosity has been experienced upon other occasions, and certainly will on this. On this your safety, perhaps your very existence, depends, for you must look to Heaven—to the magnanimity of Britain, and to your own public spirit, for a return of that peace, security, and happiness you once enjoyed above every other people on earth.[1]

JUNE 5.—THE last accounts from Philadelphia are, that the transports with the baggage have fallen down the river—that the British have begun to destroy some of their outworks—that they have broken off the trunnions of the heavy cannon which are not put on board, and that the whole army is ordered to be in readiness to march at a minute's warning.

A flag came out from the city yesterday, with a packet for Congress, containing the *acts* for appointing commissioners and other purposes. The commissioners are Lord Carlisle, Governor Johnston, and William Eden, Esquire. There was also a letter from General Clinton to his Excellency General Washington, proposing an exchange of the prisoners who are in Philadelphia, the others to remain until a cartel is settled. The British officer informed General Lee, who received him, that the British intended to leave Philadelphia soon, and *that he had permission to mention it.*

Arrival of the Commissioners.

The commissioners mentioned in the above arrived at Philadelphia on Sunday morning last. Lord Cornwallis also arrived at the same time, but without troops.[2]

JUNE 17.—THIS day the Congress agreed to an answer to the letters and inclosures sent to them by the commissioners

[1] "A Citizen," in Rivington's Gazette, June 6.

[2] Extract of a letter from Valley Forge, in the New Jersey Gazette, June 10.

lately arrived at Philadelphia, to treat of reconciliation, of which the following is an extract:[1]—"The acts of the British Parliament, the commission from your sovereign, and your letter, suppose the people of these States to be subjects of the crown of Great Britain, and are founded on the idea of dependence, which is utterly inadmissible. I am further directed to inform your excellencies,[2] that Congress are inclined to peace, notwithstanding the unjust claims from which this war originated, and the savage manner in which it hath been conducted. They will therefore be ready to enter upon the consideration of a treaty of peace and commerce, not inconsistent with treaties already subsisting, when the King of Great Britain shall demonstrate a sincere disposition for that purpose. *The only solid proof of this disposition will be an explicit acknowledgment of the independence of these States, or the withdrawing his fleets and armies.*"[3]

Congress' Reply to the Commissioners.

Last Saturday night, about eleven o'clock, a small party of rebels, from Jersey, landed at New Utrecht, on Long Island, and immediately proceeded to Flatbush, where several gentlemen of New York have country houses. The rebels, being well informed of this circumstance, and joined and led on by one of the rebel officers named Forrest, who was on parole there, and who deserted with them, being assisted by many of the rebel officers then also on their parole, and residing at Flatbush, who, it appears, had intelligence of their coming, divided themselves into three parties, and surrounded the houses of Major Moncrieffe, David Mathews, Esquire, mayor of the city, and Mr. Theophylact Bache; finding

Jerseymen visit Flatbush.

[1] Letter of Governor Livingston.

[2] The answer was drawn by a committee, and sent with the signature of the President.

[3] Broadsides, v. i., p. 30, and Gordon, ii. 366. Smythe, in his Diary for July 1, in noting this decision of the Congress, says, "What next? That school of impudence and ingratitude, the Congress, even refuse to *listen* to the proposals of the commissioners, and say, 'till the British fleets and armies be withdrawn, we will not treat.' Clinton soon will bring them to their senses, by hanging the leaders higher than Haman's top-knot, and setting the dupes on the stoniest stools of repentance."

easy access into the houses of the major and Mr. Bache, they surprised them both before they had the least suspicion of danger. They were civil to the major, but at Mr. Bache's they behaved in their usual savage style; they gave Mrs. Bache several blows on her entreating them not to use her husband ill; wounded one of the female servants with their bayonets, plundered the house of the plate they could find, and dragged away Mr. Bache without giving him time to put on his clothes. They were not so successful at the mayor's, who seemed to have been their principal object. From an apprehension that the rebels would embrace the first opportunity of taking him, and being suspicious that such an opportunity might possibly happen, he had taken care that his doors and windows should be well secured, and never opened at night on any pretence, until it should be well known within who were without. The first tap at the door, which was in a seeming friendly manner, alarmed Mr. Mathews, who instantly concluded they were a party come to take him, and without the least inquiry, took such a post, that, although they should force in below, it would require a considerable time to gain the place where he had fixed himself, and where he was resolved to have lost his life rather than be carried off. He at the same time ordered one of his blacks to an upper window and endeavor to alarm the inhabitants. The loud cry of murder from the black was the first intelligence the rebels had of their being suspected, upon which they began a most furious attack on the door with the butts of their muskets, and threatening destruction to the whole family unless they were immediately let in; but finding their threats were of no service, the alarm still kept up by the servants, and one or two of their muskets being broke, and no impression made on the door, they then attacked the windows, which for a long time withstood their efforts, but at length one of the windows gave way, which afforded sufficient room for their entrance. The cry of the servant awakened a negro belonging to Mr. Chief Justice Horsmanden, living in the neighborhood, who discovered what was going forward at the instant the rebels were entering the mayor's window, and immediately recollecting that he had a musket in the house, ran out and fired

it, which so terrified these shabby cordwainers, that they instantly fled with the greatest precipitation, carrying off with them the major and Mr. Bache.

Messrs. Miles Sherbrooke, and Augustus Van Cortlandt, were also to have been taken off, had they not been alarmed by the Ethiopian's fire. Immediately on the intelligence being received at Brooklyn, where Colonel Cockburn commanded, Captain Drew, with a detachment from the 35th regiment, marched to Flatbush, and, highly to his honor, arrived there much sooner than could possibly have been expected, but the wonted speed of the rebels saved them to *fight another day.*[1]

A CORRESPONDENT in London observes the contest with America to be somewhat like the game of All Fours. England deals, America begs, England refuses and deals on. This strengthens America's hand, who, in the course of play, takes England's Jack (John Burgoyne) and several of her tens. Afterward England begs, and America in her turn refuses, who, only wanting three to be up, reckons highest, Jack and Game—England is lowest.[2]

JUNE 19.—THE British arms having proved ineffectual to subdue America, the arts of negotiation are now to be tried. What confidence we ought to place in the commissioners, the following fact will show:—On the 30th of November, 1776, Lord Howe and General Howe, commissioners under the British tyrant, published a proclamation, offering pardon to every one, without exception, who would comply with its terms. In a letter of the same date, and inclosing the same proclamation to Lord George Germaine, after apologizing for so apparently lenient a measure, they say "exceptions from his Majesty's pardon, as well as any prolongation of the time within which a pardon may be obtained, will be a matter of future consideration, according to the circumstances that may arise." If any infidel Tory discredits this recent proof of British perfidy and baseness, by looking into the

British Evacuate Philadelphia.

[1] Rivington's Gazette, June 17.

[2] New York Journal, September 7.

Parliamentary Register, number forty-eight, and number s of the fourth session of the present Parliament, he will find t letter, among others, laid before the House of Lords.

The British army, early yesterday morning, completed the evacuation of Philadelphia, having before transported the stores and most of their artillery into Jersey, where they h thrown up some works, and several of their regiments we encamped. They manned the lines the preceding night, a retreating over the commons, crossed at Gloucester Point.[1] is supposed they will endeavor to go to New York. A par of the American light horse pursued them very close, and to a great number of prisoners, some of whom were refuge Soon after the evacuation, the Honorable Major-General A nold took possession of Philadelphia, with Colonel Jackson Massachusetts regiment.[2]

JUNE 29.—His Excellency General Washington, havi early intelligence of the intended movement of the enemy fro Philadelphia, detached a considerable body troops under the command of Major-General Le in order to support General Maxwell's brigade of continent troops already in New Jersey, and the militia under Genera Dickinson and Heard. These troops were intended to hara the enemy on their march through the State to Amboy, a retard them till General Washington, with the main body, cou get up. In the mean time several small skirmishes happen between the enemy and General Maxwell's troops, joined by t militia, but without any considerable execution on either side.

Battle of Monmouth.

The march of the enemy being by this means impeded, a the main army having crossed the Delaware at Coryell's fer on the 20th and 21st ultimo, proceeded by the way of Hop well, Rocky Hill, Kingston, and Cranbury, and on the 27t overtook the enemy at Monmouth Court House, whither the retired from Allentown on the approach of our troops, leavi their intended route to Amboy.

[1] Gloucester Point is in New Jersey, on the Delaware, about three miles belo Camden.

[2] Pennsylvania Evening Post, June 20.

It having been previously determined to attack the enemy on their march, a suitable disposition was made the same evening. General Lee, with a detachment of picked men, consisting of about fifteen hundred, and reinforced by a strong body of Jersey militia, advanced to English Town, (about six miles from Monmouth Court House;) the militia then proceeded to the meeting-house, the main army, under General Washington, being about four miles in the rear of English Town. In this position the whole halted until advice could be received of the enemy's motion.

At three o'clock yesterday (Sunday) morning, their first division, under General Knyphausen, began their march, of which we had intelligence in about two hours, when General Lee had orders to advance and begin the attack, the main army at the same time advancing to support him. About half a mile beyond the Court House, General Lee began his attack, and drove the enemy for some time, when they being reinforced, he was obliged to retreat in turn, till met by General Washington with the main army, which formed on the first advantageous ground. In the mean time two field-pieces, covered by two regiments of the detachment, and commanded by Colonels Livingston and Stewart, were advanced to check the enemy's approach, which they performed with great spirit and considerable loss on both sides. This service being performed, they retired with the pieces to the front line, then completely formed, when the severest cannonade began that it is thought ever happened in America. In the mean time, strong detachments marched and attacked the enemy with small arms, with various success. The enemy were finally obliged to give way, and we took possession of the field covered with dead and wounded. The intense heat of the weather, and the preceding fatigue of the troops, made it necessary to halt them to rest for some time;[1] the enemy, in the mean time, presenting a front

[1] The heat of the weather proved fatal to many in both armies. A correspondent in a letter to London, says, "A major-general, high in command, lost three horses during the engagement from the intense heat of the weather, the thermometer having been at the astonishing height of ninety-two."—*Upcott*, v. 143.

about one mile advanced beyond the seat of action. As soon as the troops had recovered breath, General Washington ordered two brigades to advance upon each of their flanks, intending to move on in front at a proper time to support them, but before they could reach their destination, night came on, and made any further movements impracticable.

The British left on the field the Honorable Colonel Monckton with several other officers, and a great number of privates, which cannot yet be ascertained with precision. About twelve o'clock last night they moved off with great precipitation, towards Middletown, leaving at the Court House five wounded officers, and above forty privates. They began the attack with their veteran grenadiers and light infantry, which renders their loss still more important. On our side Lieutenant-Colonel Bonner, of Pennsylvania, and Major Dickinson, of Virginia, are slain. Colonel Barber,[1] of New Jersey, is wounded by a musket ball, which passed through the right of his body; but it is hoped will not prove mortal. Our troops behaved with the greatest bravery, and opposed the flower of the British army. Our artillery was well served, and did amazing execution. Before, during, and after the action, deserters came over to us in great numbers, and still continue so to do. Of the enemy's dead many have been found without any wound, but being heavily clothed, they sank under the heat and fatigue. We are well assured the Hessians absolutely refused to engage, declaring it was too hot. Their line of march from the Court House was strewed with dead, with arms, knapsacks, and accoutrements, which they dropped on their retreat. They had the day before taken about fifteen prisoners, whom in their haste they left behind. Had we been possessed of a powerful body of cavalry on the field, there is no doubt the success would have been much more complete, but they had been employed in harassing the enemy during the march, and were so detached, as to give the enemy a great superiority in number, much to their advantage. Our success, under Heaven, is to be wholly ascribed to the good disposition made by his

[1] Francis Barber.

excellency, supported by the firmness and bravery of both officers and men, who were emulous to distinguish themselves on this occasion. The great advance of the enemy on their way, their possession of the strong grounds at Middletown, added to the exhausted state of our troops, made an immediate pursuit ineligible; and the American army now remains about one mile advanced from the field of battle, having been since employed in collecting the dead and wounded, and burying the former.[1]

June 30.—This evening, the party despatched yesterday by his excellency to observe the motions of the enemy, returned to camp. They report that the enemy have continued their march very precipitately. The roads are strewn with knapsacks, firelocks, and other implements of war. On the night of their retreat, they moved off the field so silently, that our outposts did not discover their absence until

Retreat from Monmouth.

[1] New York Journal, July 13. Gaine gives the following account of this action:—"On Sunday morning, the 28th instant, the rear of the royal army, under the command of General Sir Henry Clinton, was attacked by the rebel army, commanded by Generals Washington, Lee, Gates, Wayne, and La Fayette, about one mile and a half west of Frechold Court House, in Monmouth county, New Jersey, when the grenadiers, light infantry, and Queen's Rangers distinguished themselves in a particular manner, having opposed the whole of Mr. Washington's army and pursued them several miles. Their loss we know not, but it is said to be great.

"The following officers are amongst the killed, in the royal army:—Lieutenant-Colonel Monckton and Captain John Gore of the 5th.* The wounded are, Lieutenant-Colonel Trelawney of the Guards; Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie, 37th; Major William Gardner, 10th; Captain Andrew Cathcart, 15th; Captain William Brereton, 17th; Captain Harry Ditmass, 15th; Captain Baldwin Leighton, 46th; Lieutenant Mungo Paumier, do.; Lieutenant Disborough of the marines; Captain John Powell, 52d; Captain Thomas Wills, 23d; Lieutenant Patrick Belley, Guards; Captain Stephenson, Queen's Rangers, (before the action;) Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe, Queen's Rangers; Captain Lloyd, 46th; Lieutenant Kennedy, 44th. We are informed that the following is an exact return of the loss of the royal army: killed, 110; wounded, 172; missing, 56; total 338.

"It is certain the rebels have not suffered so heavy a loss as on this occasion, in any engagement since their defeat on Long Island."—*New York Gazette*, July 6.

* A private letter from an officer in the guards to his friend in London, mentions, that in the affair between the American rebels and the royal army on the 28th of June, General Clinton behaved with the greatest coolness and intrepidity; that his manœuvres were highly capital, but that he narrowly missed being killed by a musket ball, which passed within a few inches of his head and knocked down a sergeant who stood near him.—*Upcott*, v. 148

late in the morning. To-day they are at Sandy Hook, from whence it is expected they will soon remove to New York.[1]

Thus (says a correspondent) the enemy have had two campaigns to march from New York to Philadelphia, and back again, with the diminution of at least half his army. How much cheaper might his Britannic Majesty buy sheep and oxen in England, in the usual manner, than he now gets them, by employing an army to steal them in America![2]

JULY 11.—EARLY this afternoon, his Excellency Monsieur Gerard, ambassador from his Most Christian Majesty to the United States, arrived at Philadelphia. He was accompanied from Chester to an elegant apartment provided for him in Market Street, by a committee of Congress, appointed for that purpose. On his entrance into the city, he was saluted by Colonel Proctor's artillery. It is impossible to describe the joy that appeared in every good man's countenance on this auspicious event. His excellency came in a frigate, part of a fleet of twelve ships of the line from Toulon, under the command of Count D'Estaing.[3]

Gerard at Philadelphia.

JULY 13.—GENERAL WASHINGTON'S army is now encamped at Elizabethtown, Newark, Hackensack, &c., in New Jersey; and the following regiments are at the White Plains, viz.: Putnam's, Webb's, Enos', Mieg's, Sheldon's, Nixon's, Sherburn's,

[1] Carver, ii. 31. Smythe, in his diary, November 8, says: "This afternoon a party of our horse brought in two rebel privates from Powles Hook. One of them is very intelligent and communicative; but the other is the most whimsical tony I ever have seen. Wherever he goes, he carries with him a large gray cat, which he says came into the rebel camp on the night after the battle at Freehold Meeting-House, and which he first discovered lapping a spot of dry blood on his sleeve, as he lay on his arms expecting another dash at the British. His affection for the cat is as wonderful as hers is for him, for they are inseparable. He says if we don't allow him extra rations for his cat, he shall be obliged to allow them out of his own."

[2] New York Journal, July 13.

[3] Upcott, v. 139. The afternoon of the same day, D'Estaing arrived off Sandy Hook, but being unable to cross the bar, on the 22d, at the solicitation of General Washington, he sailed for Rhode Island, to co-operate with the land forces under General Sullivan.

Graham's, and Willis's, with some light horse. They occupy the ground on which General Howe engaged General Washington in the year 1776, and are commanded by Generals Gates, McDougall, Parsons, and two other brigadier-generals.[1]

The Wyoming Massacre.

JULY 20.—DURING the past week many of the distressed refugees from the Wyoming settlement on the Susquehannah, who escaped the general massacre of the inhabitants, have passed through Poughkeepsie, in New York. From them we have collected the following account, viz.:—Previous to the narrative, it may be necessary to inform some of our readers, that this settlement was made by the people of Connecticut, on a grant of lands purchased by the inhabitants of that colony, under sanction of the government, of the Indian proprietors; and that these lands, falling within the limits of the Pennsylvania claim, a dispute concerning the right has arisen between the two governments, and proceeded to frequent acts of hostility. When it was at a height that threatened the disturbance of the other governments, Congress interposed, by whose recommendation and authority the decision of the dispute was suspended till that with Great Britain, equally interesting to every American State, was concluded, when there might be more leisure to attend to the other, and consider the justice of each claim.

On this footing the dispute has lain dormant for two or three years; the inhabitants lived happily, and the settlement increased, consisting of eight townships, viz.: Lackawanna, Exeter, Kingston, Wilkesbarre, Plymouth, Nanticoke, Huntington, and Salem, each containing five miles square. The six lower townships were pretty full of inhabitants, the two upper ones had comparatively but few, thinly scattered. The lands are exceeding good, beautifully situated along both sides of the Susquehannah, navigable for flat-bottomed boats, and produced immense quantities of grain of all sorts, roots, fruits, hemp, flax, &c., and stock of all kinds in abundance. The settlement had lately supplied the continental army with three

[1] Gaine's Mercury, July 13.

thousand bushels of grain, and the ground was loaded with the most promising crops of every kind. The settlement included upwards of a thousand families, which had furnished our army with a thousand soldiers, besides the garrisons of four forts, in the townships of Lackawanna, Exeter, Kingston, and Wilkesbarre. One of these forts was garrisoned by upwards of four hundred soldiers, chiefly of the militia, the principal officers in which were Colonels Dennison and Zebulon Butler.

The Tories and Indians had given some disturbance to these settlements last year, before General Herkimer's battle at Oneida Creek, near Fort Stanwix, and our skirmishes soon after with parties of the enemy at and near Schoharie, when they were dispersed, and the Tories concealed themselves among our different settlements; the people here remained undisturbed during the rest of the year.

About this time the inhabitants having discovered that many of these villanous Tories who had stirred up the Indians, and been with them in fighting against us, were within the settlements, twenty-seven of them were, in January last, taken up and secured. Of these, eighteen were sent to Connecticut, the rest after being detained some time and examined were, for want of sufficient evidence, set at liberty; they immediately joined the enemy, and became active in raising in the Indians a spirit of hostility against us. This disposition soon after began to appear in the behavior of the Tories and Indians, which gave the people apprehensions of danger, and occasioned some preparations for defence.

The people had frequent intimations that the Indians had some mischievous design against them, but their fears were somewhat abated by the seeming solicitude of the Indians to preserve peace; they sent down at different times, several parties with declarations of their peaceable disposition toward us, and to request the like on our part towards them. They were always dismissed with assurances that there was no design to disturb them. But one of those Indians getting drunk, said he and the other messengers were only sent to amuse the people in the settlement, but that the Indians intended, as soon as they were in order, to attack them. On this the Indian men

were confined, and the women sent back with a flag. In March, appearances became more alarming, and the scattered families settled for thirty miles up the river, were collected and brought into the more populous parts. In April and May, strolling parties of Indians and Tories, about thirty and under in a company, made frequent incursions into the settlement, robbing and plundering the inhabitants of provision, grain, and live stock. In June, several persons being at work on a farm from which the Tory inhabitants had gone to the enemy, were attacked, and one man of them killed; soon after, a woman (wife of one of the twenty-seven Tories before mentioned) was killed, with her five children, by a party of these Tories and Indians, who plundered the house of every thing they could take away, and destroyed the rest.

On the first instant (July) the whole body of the enemy, consisting, it is supposed, of near sixteen hundred, (about three hundred of whom were thought to be Indians, under their own chiefs, the rest, Tories, painted like them, except their officers, who were dressed like regulars,) the whole under the command of Colonel John Butler, (a Connecticut Tory, and cousin to Colonel Zebulon Butler, the second in command in the settlement,) came down near the upper fort, but concealed the greatest part of their number; here they had a skirmish with the inhabitants, who took and killed two Indians, and lost ten of their own men, three of whom they afterwards found killed, scalped, and mangled in the most inhuman manner.

Thursday, July 2.—The enemy appeared on the mountains, back of Kingston, when the women and children then fled into the fort. Most of the garrison of Exeter fort were Tories, who treacherously gave it up to the enemy. The same night, after a little resistance, they took Lackawanna fort, killed Squire Jenkins and his family, with several others, in a barbarous manner, and made prisoners of most of the women and children; a small number only escaped.

Friday, July 3.—This morning Colonel Zebulon Butler, leaving a small number to guard the fort, (Wilkesbarre,) crossed the river with about four hundred men, and marched into Kingston fort. The enemy sent in a flag, demanding a

surrender of the fort in two hours. Colonel Butler answered he should not surrender, but was ready to receive them. They sent in a second flag, demanding an immediate surrender, otherwise that the fort should be stormed, plundered, and burnt, with all its contents, in a few hours, and said that they had with them three hundred men. Colonel Butler proposed a parley, which, being agreed to, a place in Kingston was appointed for the meeting, to which Colonel Z. Butler repaired with four hundred men well armed, but finding nobody there, he proceeded to the foot of the mountain, where at a distance he saw a flag, which, as he advanced, retired, as if afraid, twenty or thirty rods; he following, was led into an ambush, and partly surrounded by the enemy, who suddenly rose and fired upon them. Notwithstanding the great disproportion of sixteen hundred to four hundred, he and his men bravely stood and returned the fire for three-quarters of an hour, with such briskness and resolution, that the enemy began to give way, and were upon the point of retiring, when one of Colonel Z. Butler's men, either through treachery or cowardice, cried out that the colonel ordered a retreat. This caused a cessation of their fire, threw them into confusion, and a total rout ensued. The greatest part fled to the river, which they endeavored to pass, to Fort Wilkesbarre; the enemy pursued them with the fury of devils; many were lost or killed in the river, and no more than about seventy, some of whom were wounded, escaped to Wilkesbarre.

Saturday morning, July 4.—The enemy sent one hundred and ninety-six scalps into Fort Kingston, which they invested on the land side, and kept up a continual fire upon it.

This evening Colonel Z. Butler, with his family, quitted the fort, and went down the river.

Colonel Nathan Dennison went with a flag to Exeter fort, to know of Colonel John Butler what terms he would grant on a surrender. Butler answered, *the Hatchet*. Colonel Dennison returned to Fort Kingston, which he defended till Sunday morning, when his men being nearly all killed or wounded, he could hold out no longer, and was obliged to surrender at discretion. The enemy took away some of the unhappy prisoners,

and shutting up the rest in the houses, set fire to them, and they were all consumed together. These infernals then crossed the river to Fort Wilkesbarre, which in a few minutes surrendered at discretion. About seventy of the men, who had listed in the continental service to defend the frontiers, they inhumanly butchered, with every circumstance of horrid cruelty; and then shutting up the rest, with the women and children in the houses, they set fire to them, and they all perished together in the flames.

After burning all the buildings in the fort, they proceeded to the destruction of every building and improvement (except what belonged to some Tories) that came within their reach, on all these flourishing settlements, which they have rendered a scene of desolation and horror, almost beyond description, parallel, or credibility; and were not the facts attested by numbers of the unhappy sufferers, from different quarters of the settlement, and unconnected with each other, it would be impossible to believe that human nature could be capable of such prodigious enormity.

When these miscreants had destroyed the other improvements, they proceeded to destroy the crops on the ground, letting in the cattle and horses to the corn, and cutting up as much as they could of what was left. Great numbers of the cattle they shot and destroyed, and cutting out the tongues of many others, left them to perish in misery.

The course of these truly diabolical proceedings was marked by many particular acts of distinguished enormity, among which were the following, viz.:

The Captains James Bedlock, Robert Duryee, and Samuel Ransom, being made prisoners by the enemy, they stripped Captain Bedlock, tied him to a tree, and stuck him full of sharp splinters of pine knots, then piling a heap of pine knots round him, they set all on fire, put Duryee and Ransom into the fire, and held them down with pitchforks.

Thomas Hill, (whose father was killed by the Indians last Indian war,) with his own hands killed his own mother, his father-in-law, his sisters, and their families.

Partial Terry, the son of a man who bore a very respectable

character, had several times sent his father word that he hoped to wash his hands in his heart's blood. Agreeable to such a horrid declaration, the monster, with his own hand, murdered his father, mother, brother and sisters, stripped off their scalps, and cut off his father's head.

Colonel Dennison was seen surrounded by the enemy, and was doubtless murdered. Colonel Zebulon Butler is supposed to be the only officer who escaped.

It is said he had several times written letters to the Congress and General Washington, acquainting them with the danger the settlement was in, and requesting assistance, but that he received no answer, except that he had no cause to fear, since the Indians were all for peace and quite averse to war. However, he lately received a letter from Captain Spaulding, acquainting him that neither the Congress nor General Washington had received any of his letters, which had been intercepted by the Pennsylvania Tories, who, in all probability, acted in concert with these execrable miscreants, against Wyoming. It is reported that these wretches, after completing their horrid business at Wyoming, are going or gone to Cherry Valley, and the parts adjacent.

We hear that a party of infernals, of the like kind, have, within this week or two, infested the parts about Leghawegh, near Rochester, on the Minisink road to Philadelphia, where a party of them, about forty in number, have plundered and burnt several houses, abused some people, and carried off three men. It is hoped speedy and effectual measures will be taken to punish and extirpate these monsters in human shape, from the face of the earth.[1]

Guy Carleton leaves America.

This afternoon sailed for England his Majesty's ship Montreal, commanded by Stair Douglass, Esquire, having on board Lieutenant-General Sir Guy Carleton, Knight of the Bath, and late Governor of Canada, over which he has presided since the 27th of September, 1766. He left the castle of St. Lewis about one o'clock, (Lady Maria and

[1] New York Journal, July 20.

the children having gone on board the preceding evening,) and was accompanied to the water side by his Excellency the Governor, his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, the judges, and most of the principal gentlemen, both civil and military, as well British as Canadians. The troops in garrison with the British and Canadian militia, under arms, lined the streets on both sides from the castle to the place of embarkation. After Sir Guy, his Excellency General Haldimand, and several other gentlemen who went on board with him, had got into Captain Pierson's barge, which carried him to the frigate; just as she pushed off, he got up and took an indiscriminate farewell of the multitude on the beach, with an air of humanity and politeness peculiar to him, and which seemed to indicate regret. A royal salute was then fired from the ramparts, and, as soon as he got on board, from the vessels. His departure is sincerely regretted by many. His Excellency the Governor, and several gentlemen who accompanied him as far as Patrick's Hole, dined with him on board, and returned this evening.[1]

YESTERDAY, to the great joy of every good subject, the fleet of his Most Christian Majesty, the great and wise ally of these States, commanded by Admiral Count D'Estaing, arrived off Point Judith, when a number of pilots belonging to Providence went immediately on board, and brought them safe to anchor off the harbor of Newport, whereby our savage enemies are in their turn completely blockaded. French Fleet at Rhode Island.

To-day, two French ships of the line came up on the west side of Conanicut, and took their stations above the north end of that island; several shots were fired at them as they passed, and a few returned. The enemy's ship which lay there got under sail on the near approach of our friends, entered Newport harbor by the east side of Conanicut, and fled to Rhode Island, having previously blown up the magazine, spiked their cannon, destroyed the works, and set fire to the barracks. The Kingfisher, of sixteen guns, with two galleys, were blown up by the enemy in Seconet River, on the approach of two

[1] Gaine's Mercury, November 16.

other French ships. The Britons, with their friends the Tories, are in great consternation, and a few days will probably produce events of the utmost importance.

The fleet have brought in fifteen sail of prizes, one of them a ship bound to New York, laden with warlike stores, among which are six large mortars, and a quantity of shells.[1]

AN EPIGRAM.

"How hard is your Congress' exacted conditions!"
Cry the gentlemen come with pacific commissions,
Withdrawing our troops, they premise, and our fleet,
And on no other terms will they deign for to treat!
The word *Independence*, what can they intend in't?
In spite of our efforts you are Independent.
Were we left to ourselves, faith, ere now we had scamper'd;
But consider, good folks, we are terribly hampered.
True, an *army* we have—but completely invaded;
And our fleet to the full is as nicely blockaded;
Sure the world then can judge, and as readily say,
If it's left at our option to go or to stay?
Get consent from Estaing, and your chief Washington,
And we need not a prompter to set off and run.[2]

The British army is now arrived at New York from Philadelphia; some little time ago they arrived at Philadelphia from New York. How finely, says a correspondent, are the charges sunk. From Philadelphia to New York, to Long Island, to Mud Island, from action to ecling, from ecling to action. Our American possessions are not equal to the space between Smithfield and Highgate. Omne quod exit in—Hum.

It is remarkable, that the hostilities with France commenced just that day three years on which the first battle of importance happened in America. The battle of Bunker's Hill was fought on the 17th of June, 1775, and the hostilities with France commenced on the 17th of June, 1778.[3]

August 1.—We hear, from good authority, that independent of the cruelties and oppressions of the new States, which have

[1] New York Journal, August 17.
[2] Same, August 3.
[3] New Jersey Gazette, November 18.

alienated the minds of the people from their new systems of government, and the petty tyrants in possession of them, there are other causes of disaffection, equally powerful and alarming to the liberties of America. Many of the warmest independents themselves, whose eyes are not blinded by a share in the power and emoluments of the tyranny, now confess their apprehensions that their country is sold to the French king, and that all their boasted struggles for liberty, will end in wretched submission to French despotism and Popish superstition, should Great Britain give up her colonies.

Effects of the French Treaty.

The solemn ceremony of delivering the turf and twig,[1] performed by Mr. Deane, Ambassador of the Congress, to Mr. Gerard, the Plenipotentiary from the court of Paris, the people in general believe, was a transfer of some right, either absolute or conditional, to the territory of America, in pursuance of some of the six articles of their treaty, which Congress have **perfidiously concealed from their constituents.**[2] **This belief**

[1] **The ceremony observed at the landing of the French ambassador and Mr. Silas Deane, has created a good deal of uneasiness in the minds of the spectators. Immediately on setting foot on shore, Mr. Deane cutting a piece of turf, formally delivered it to Monsieur Gerard, who received it with great solemnity, *applied it to his lips and then crossed himself with much apparent devotion.* The delivering of the turf may be easily construed, it being the well known and ancient symbol of giving possession of land, and was by the common law absolutely necessary to all transfers of real property. The receiving and kissing of it may denote the acceptance and taking possession of the gift. Julius Cæsar, when he invaded Britain, is said to have made use of a similar ceremony to the same purpose. If this be considered as the cession of the whole or part of America, in consequence of the late treaty, the Congress have acted wisely in keeping back from the people's view the secret articles which related to it: for we believe that however fond their constituents may *now* be of their *great* and *good ally*, the King of France, they are hardly yet so infatuated as to choose Louis for their master.—Extract of a letter from Philadelphia in *Rivington's Gazette*, July 29.**

[2] **A correspondent writes:—It is a maxim generally believed, the truth of which he has not the least doubt, that the PEOPLE are the origin of all delegated powers. If so, he calls in question the propriety of keeping secret certain articles of the treaty subsisting between the court of France and the States. If it is said to keep them from the knowledge of the court of Great Britain, he thinks they may safely be communicated to the several assemblies of the United States at least, who are the legal representatives of the people, and who, he thinks, have a right to know them.—*Pennsylvania Packet*, November 3.**

seems founded on very good reasons, because this ceremony was the ancient and almost universal mode of conveying real estates in England, derived from the customs of the civil law, which yet prevails in France, and has never been made use of on any other occasion; and the Congress, who must know the suspicions and anxiety of the people on this matter, and whose interest it is to remove their fears, have never yet attempted any other explanation of that ceremony; but, on the contrary, have observed a profound secrecy in regard to it, as well as to the six articles before mentioned; all which circumstances, if they do not amount to positive, it must be confessed do to the strongest presumptive proof, equal in the scale of credibility, to positive, that the people's belief and fears are justly founded.[1]

Reception of the French Minister.

AUGUST 6.—THIS being the day appointed by Congress for the reception of Sieur Gerard, Minister Plenipotentiary from his Most Christian Majesty, that Minister received audience accordingly. In pursuance of the ceremonial established by Congress, the Honorable Richard Henry Lee, Esquire, one of the Delegates from Virginia, and the Honorable Samuel Adams, Esquire, one of the Delegates from Massachusetts Bay, in a coach and six provided by Congress, waited upon the Minister at his house. In a few minutes, the Minister and the two delegates entered the coach, Mr. Lee placing himself at the Minister's left hand on the back seat, Mr. Adams occupying the front seat. The Minister's chariot being behind, received his secretary. The carriages being arrived at the State House, Philadelphia, the two members of Congress, placing themselves at the Minister's left hand, a little before one o'clock, introduced him to his chair in the Congress chamber, the President and Congress sitting; the chair was placed fronting the President. The Minister being seated, he gave his credentials into the hand of his Secretary, who advanced and delivered them to the President. The Secretary of Congress then read and translated them, which being done, Mr. Lee announced the Minister to the President and Congress; at

[1] "An American Freeman," in Rivington's Gazette, August 22.

this time, the President, the Congress, and the Minister rose together; he bowed to the President and Congress, they bowed to him; whereupon the whole seated themselves. In a moment the Minister arose and made a speech to the Congress, they sitting. The speech to the Congress being finished, the Minister sat down, and giving a copy of his speech to his Secretary, he presented it to the President. The President and the Congress then rose, and the President pronounced their answer to the speech, the Minister standing. The answer being ended, the whole were again seated, and the President giving a copy of the answer to the Secretary of the Congress, he presented it to the Minister. The President, the Congress, and the Minister then again arose together. The Minister bowed to the President, who returnd the salute, and then to the Congress, who also bowed in return. The Minister, having again bowed to the President, and received his bow, he withdrew, and was attended home in the same manner in which he had been conducted to the audience.

Within the bar of the house, the Congress formed a semicircle on each side of the President and the Minister: the President sitting at one extremity of the circle, at a table upon a platform elevated two steps, the Minister sitting at the opposite extremity of the circle, in an arm chair, upon the same level with the Congress. The door of the Congress chamber being thrown open, below the bar, about two hundred gentlemen were admitted to the audience, among whom were the Vice-President of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, the Supreme Executive Council, the Speaker and Members of the House of Assembly, several foreigners of distinction, and officers of the army.

Thus has a new and noble sight been exhibited in this new world—the representatives of the United States of America, solemnly giving public audience to a Minister Plenipotentiary from the most powerful prince in Europe. Four years ago, such an event, at so near a day, was not in the view even of imagination: but it is the Almighty who raiseth up; he hath stationed America among the powers of the earth, and clothed her in robes of sovereignty.

The audience being over, the Congress and the Minister, at a proper hour, repaired to an entertainment by Congress, given to the Minister, at which were present, by invitation, several foreigners of distinction, and gentlemen of public character. The entertainment was conducted with a decorum suited to the occasion, and gave the most perfect satisfaction to the whole company.[1]

A CORRESPONDENT in London says: In the fate of the mercenary Hessians employed against our fellow subjects in America, we may read the disapprobation, and mark the manifest intervention of Heaven. Of the private men who embarked from Hesse Cassel on their sanguinary expedition, not above a fourth part are in a state of militation; the rest are either killed, wounded, or prisoners. Of the commanders, their fate is not less exemplary; General De Heister died a few days since, being returned to engage fresh mercenaries; Colonel Rahl killed at Trenton, Colonel Donop killed in the attack of the fort on Mud Island, General Knyphausen slightly wounded at the attack of Germantown—*sic periunt inimici libertatis.*

Heaven with the Americans.

"The supremacy of Parliament," and "unconditional submission," two favorite terms adopted by the court, the ministry, and the legislature, have produced wonderful effects: the total separation of America from the British empire, and the formation of a new monarchy of Independent States—the loss of above thirty millions of money—the destruction of thirty thousand troops, and the most shameful disgrace to the English arms that was ever incurred since the foundation of the empire. It is time to discard and disgrace words which have produced such horrid consequences, and adopt others more conformable to common sense to constitutional liberty, and to humanity.

A gentlemen just returned from Paris informs us that Dr. Franklin has shaken off entirely the mechanical rust, and commenced the complete courtier. Being lately in the gardens of

[1] New York Journal, August 24.

Versailles, showing the Queen some electrical experiment, she asked him, in a fit of raillery, if he did not dread the fate of Prometheus, who was so severely served for stealing fire from Heaven? "Yes, please your Majjesty," (replied old Franklin, with infinite gallantry,) "if I did not behold a pair of eyes this moment which have stolen infinitely more fire from Jove than ever I did, pass unpunished, though they do more mischief in a week than I have done in all my experiments."[1]

Doctor Franklin.

August 17.—The following oath is part of an act lately passed by the New York Congress at the Fishkills, which is to be taken by every subject, agreeable to the new constitution established by the Congress:—"I A. B. do solemnly, and without any mental reservation whatever, swear and call God to witness, (or, if the people called Quakers, affirm,) that I believe and acknowledge the State of New York to be of right a free and independent State, and that no authority or power can of right be executed in or over the said State, but what is, or shall be granted by, or derived from the people thereof; and further, that as a good subject of the said free and independent State of New York, I will, to the best of my knowledge and ability, faithfully do my duty, and as I shall keep or disregard this oath, so help and deal with me Almighty God."

New Oath of Allegiance.

The first person who was cited before the commissioners to take the oath, was Cadwallader Colden, Esq., of Coldenham, in Ulster county, New York, and eldest son of the late lieutenant-governor of that province. This gentleman showed an unshaken attachment to his sovereign and the constitution, from the first of the present rebellion. He had been a prisoner among the rebels for above two years, great part of the time closely confined in a common jail, or on board a sloop in the Hudson River, (in company with many other loyal sufferers,) for no other cause than avowing his sentiments with candor, modesty, and firmness, against independ-

Cadwallader Colden.

[1] New Hampshire Gazette, December 22.

ency. Determined to adhere to the good old constitution under which he and his fellow subjects enjoyed so much happiness, he persevered calmly, though resolutely, to oppose each innovation, for which he was ignominiously treated from time to time, and suffered every wanton indignity that malice could invent. When desired to take the above oath, he nobly refused it, returning a decent, spirited answer, in writing, which does him great honor; whereupon he was ordered to depart, and go within the British lines. On Monday last he arrived at New York in a flag of truce sloop, leaving behind him his wife, and a numerous family of children, to the insults, and a large estate to the depredations of a blind, infatuated people.[1]

AUGUST 20.—A GENTLEMAN who went on board the French fleet at Sandy Hook, gives the following account of their principal transactions during the time he was on board:

Actions of the French Fleet.

On the 30th of July the fleet arrived off, and anchored before the light-house, at the entrance of the harbor of Newport, in Rhode Island, except two frigates, that were ordered to the east end of the island, in order to prevent any vessels from getting out through Seconnet passage. On the frigates' arrival there, the English set fire to one twenty-gun ship and two galleys, which lay in that passage. The next morning one ship of fifty guns was sent up the west side of Conanicut Island, and after exchanging a few shots with the battery, the English thought proper to evacuate that island, after blowing up their fortifications, which were said to be guarded by about fifteen hundred men; they likewise blew up some of their outworks on Rhode Island, and burnt some dwelling-houses. The same day we sent up the west passage, one ship of sixty-four guns. The weather for the several following days was very foggy, which gave our fifty-gun ship an advantage of passing, without being seen, around the north end of Conanicut, and anchoring between a small bay or cove, on the west side of Rhode Island, (in which lay three British frigates,) and the harbor of Newport. On the fog's clearing

[1] New York Gazette, August 17.

away, the people, finding the frigates could not return to Newport, immediately left them after setting them on fire.

On the 8th of August, a signal was made for the fleet to weigh anchor and get in a line, which was done, and about three o'clock in the afternoon, we stood in for the harbor of Newport, under topsails lowered down. The Admiral being the first of the line, as soon as he came within about two miles, the battery on Brenton's Neck began a brisk cannonade on the Languedoc, which was not returned till she came within about three-quarters of a mile of the battery, when she began such a cannonade as I could not have conceived to have been possible from on board one ship, the consequence of which was, the battery was silenced in two or three broadsides, and the fleet passed in through the fire of the cannon from Fort Island, and two forts on the north end of the town of Newport, and anchored between Gold Island and Conanicut, without receiving any damage. On the ninth, a fleet of thirty-four sail of ships appeared off the harbor, which, we were informed, were a fleet from New York, commanded by Lord Howe; the wind being to the southward, we could not get out of the harbor. On the tenth, in the morning, the wind came round to the northward; a signal was made for the fleet to cut their cables, which was immediately done, and all came to sail except the frigates, which were all in Seconnet passage. On our coming to sea, the wind became very small. The enemy appeared to have been much alarmed on seeing our fleet under sail, as they all either cut or slipped their cables, cut many of their boats from their sterns, and hove many things overboard, in order to lighten their ships. On the 11th, in the morning, we found them at a much greater distance than they were the night before, but the wind springing up, we continued the chase. The British fleet now bearing about south-east by east, the wind at north-east, they hauled close upon a wind, but finding we came up with them, they altered their course from east south-east to south-east and to the southward, and from that to south-west, but all without effect, as we could outsail them very easily; the wind still continuing to blow a very fresh gale, and constantly increasing. At about five o'clock in the afternoon,

both fleets drew in a line. The English fleet now consisted of only twenty-four sail, and ours of twelve. Our headmost ship in the line got up abreast with the sternmost of the English, but the sea running so high, we could not engage; we intended to have continued along side of them till the wind abated, but about sunsetting, a very heavy gale coming on, we were obliged to bring to, which we did with our heads to the southward; the English then hauled to the north-west, and the night coming on, we lost sight of them. On the 12th, at daylight, we discovered the Languedoc about a league distant, without a mast standing, and at about eight o'clock saw the Marseilles without a foremast or bowsprit. The gale continued extremely hard all this day and night following, and the greater part of the thirteenth, in the afternoon of which it abated. We then made sail and stood in about north-west, under what sail we could carry. In the morning of the 14th, at daylight, saw the Languedoc at about two leagues distance, which, when we came up with her, informed us she had been attacked the night before, by a ship of fifty guns, but had obliged her to sheer off, although she had neither mast nor rudder. At about nine o'clock discovered the Marseilles, who had been attacked early in the morning by a sixty gun ship, and one other coming down on her, but our fleet coming in sight, they quitted her. In the afternoon we took the Thunder bomb; and in the morning of the fifteenth, saw the Senegal sloop of war, of sixteen guns, commanded by Captain Inglis, which we very soon came up with, and made a prize of. The fleet then anchored in latitude thirty-nine, in about forty fathoms water, where we lay till we got up jury masts on board the Languedoc and Marseilles. The Cesar, of seventy-four guns, had not joined the fleet since the gale on the seventeenth. In the evening we weighed anchor and came to sail, and arrived off Rhode Island this afternoon.[1]

AUGUST 22.—A CORRESPONDENT in Philadelphia offers the following hint, with the hope that it will be improved upon:—

[1] New York Journal, September 7.

"I have labored under many difficulties, for my principles are such, that I would not willingly purchase any article (except in absolute necessity) of a Tory. To be asking always who are Whigs who have to sell, is troublesome, and, I am sorry to say, uncertain. I wish the same mark were put upon the houses of our well-known enemies, as the Turks use to designate the residences of liars, that is, by painting them black. This might be done with a very small expense, and I am firmly convinced that every well-wisher to his country would willingly contribute towards paying the expense. The lower story blackened might be sufficient."[1]

How to Designate the Tories.

This suggestion, says another writer, does well enough as far as it goes, but we would propose a still more prominent designation of a Tory, that is, let the right side of the face and the right hand be dyed black, and if that don't answer, it will not be any great loss if the whole body be set to dying.[2]

AUGUST 23.—THE French fleet returned to Rhode Island on Thursday last, (20th,) but had suffered so considerably in the late storm, together with some slight engagement with the enemy, that they judged it necessary to retire in order to refit; in consequence of which resolution, the whole fleet sailed for Boston yesterday. General Sullivan, with the other general officers, were of opinion that they had not suffered to such a degree but that they were capable of sufficiently co-operating with the Americans in the reduction of Newport, without danger to the fleet; consequently the general, in the name of all the general officers of his army, protested against the count's withdrawing with his fleet and army at this critical juncture, as this expedition would not have been undertaken at this time, had it not been for the assurance he had given of assisting the American army to the utmost of his power.[3]

French Fleet go to Boston.

AUGUST 29.—YESTERDAY, the fleet of his Most Christian Majesty, commanded by Admiral Count D'Estaing, arrived

[1] Pennsylvania Packet.
[2] Clift's Diary.
[3] New York Gazette, September 21.

safe in Nantasket Road, and this morning three of his frigates anchored off Boston. The fleet has received considerable damage in the late storm; the count's ship (the Languedoc, of ninety guns) is particularly much damaged, her masts and bowsprits being carried away, and her rudder injured. In this condition she was attacked by a British ship of fifty guns, when, to her mortification, she could bring but five or six of her guns to bear upon the enemy. After firing four hours upon the Languedoc, the British man-of-war left her, having made very little addition to the damage she sustained in the storm, and killed only one man and wounded two or three. The damaged ships are repairing with the utmost expedition, and in all probability will soon be in a condition to give the dastardly Britons a drubbing, should they have the effrontery to attempt to stand before them.

D'Estaing at Boston.

This afternoon the Count D'Estaing, with his suite, came up to Boston in his barge. He was saluted on his landing by the cannon of the American fortresses and ships in the harbor, and all respects were paid him that time and circumstances would allow. The count and his officers, General Heath, the Marquis de la Fayette, the principal officers of the American marine, and other gentlemen, dined with General Hancock.[1]

Since the departure of the French fleet from Rhode Island, the operations of the Americans against the enemy's strongholds in that quarter have been carried on with great vigor; and last night it was unanimously determined by the general officers in council to change the position of the army from the advanced batteries before the enemy's lines, and to take post on Butt's Hill, at the north end of the island, till the return of the fleet. This was effected before two o'clock this morning, with the greatest order, the picket, commanded by Colonel Wigglesworth, remaining on Quaker Hill, a mile in front of the main body, and Livingston's and Lauren's corps advanced on the east and west roads, a mile beyond the picket. At seven o'clock, the advanced corps were

Action on Rhode Island.

[1] New Hampshire Gazette, September 8.

attacked by the enemy, and after returning the fire briskly, retired skirmishing to the picket on Quaker Hill. Here the whole made a stand, and were reinforced on the left by a regiment from Glover's brigade, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Sprout, and on the right by a regiment from Varnum's brigade, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Livingston. The action now became severe; the Americans were well posted, and twice repulsed the enemy on their left, but they being strongly reinforced, and a general action not intended on this ground, the advanced corps were ordered to retire, which they did with the greatest order and regularity, having five killed and sixteen wounded on the left, and bringing off a lieutenant of grenadiers and seven privates prisoners. The enemy, about nine in the morning, began a cannonade, which was returned with great spirit, and skirmishing continued between the advanced parties until near ten, when their two ships of war and some small armed vessels, having got up the river on the right flank of the Americans, the enemy bent most of their force that way, and endeavored to turn their right under cover of their ships. They were twice driven back in much confusion, when a third effort was made with greater numbers. General Sullivan now ordered the right to be reinforced, and a sharp conflict of near an hour succeeded, in which the artillery of both armies played briskly from the hills. The enemy were at length routed, and fled in great confusion to a hill where they had cannon and works to cover them, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. We took about sixty prisoners. The action must have ended in the ruin of the British army, had not the redoubts on the hill covered them from a close pursuit. Immediately after the repulse of the enemy on the right, they appeared advancing on the left, in consequence of which, Glover's brigade and General Tyler's militia, supported by Titcomb's brigade, were ordered to advance and form in a cross road within half a mile of the enemy. They accordingly took post, and a cannonade, with skirmishing, ensued, and continued till dark. It was not judged advisable to attack them in their works, as the Americans, inferior in number to the enemy, were much fatigued, and had been without provision or refreshment of any kind for thirty-six hours.

enemy's loss is computed at three hundre
of which number forty or fifty of the latt
and about one hundred and sixty were le

Mr. Walker, of Massachusetts Bay, v
major, is among our slain. Major Sherbu
unfortunately lost his leg by a cannon ba
ley, of Boston, is wounded in his wrist ar
Lieutenant-Colonel William Livingston re
on his breast, from balls whose force was
trate his body, and had his horse killed u
shot. There are three or four more officers
regiment slightly wounded. The whole
guished themselves.[1]

[1] New York Journal, September 14. A ministerial
of the 3d of September, gives the following account o
day morning it being discovered that the rebels had di
posite to our lines, Sir Robert Pigot gave orders for tl
fantry, with the Hessian chasseurs, to advance, which
alacrity, being supported by the 22d, 43d, Brown's and
the regiment De Huyne and two regiments of Anspa
they advanced that the rebels had been for several days
heavy cannon to the north end of the island. The tro
tion till they had advanced some miles, when they wer
stone walls by large parties of the rebels posted to ar
stacles were soon removed by the ardor of the troops,
impetuosity, that the rebels were soon obliged to betal
post, which was upon Windmill Hill, so strongly fortifi
spot, that Brigadier-General Smith thought it most pru
of the troops, (who had been already fatigued by so l
post on Quaker Hill ... m

August 30.—This morning the American army pitched their tents on the front of Butt's Hill, on Rhode Island, when a heavy cannonade commenced, and has continued through the whole day. At seven this evening a picket was posted in advance of the first line, and a chain of sentinels formed from the east to the west river. In consequence of authentic intelligence received, that Lord Howe, with his fleet, had sailed from Sandy Hook, and that from the best information one hundred and fifty sail of transports were in the Western Sound, with five thousand troops, bound to Newport, a council was called, who were unanimously of opinion, (considering the situation of the army, the absence of the fleet, and the momentary expectation of the enemy's receiving a strong reinforcement of troops, with a number of ships,) that the island should be evacuated, which has been completed in perfect order and safety, not leaving behind the smallest article of provision, camp equipage, or military stores.[1]

Americans Evacuate Rhode Island.

EXPEDITION TO RHODE ISLAND.

From Lewis, Monsieur Gerard came
To Congress in this town, sir,
They bow'd to him, and he to them,
And then they all sat down, sir.

Begar, said Monsieur, one grand coup,
You shall bientot behold, sir;
This was believ'd as gospel true,
And Jonathan felt bold, sir.

So Yankee Doodle did forget
The sound of British drum, sir,
How oft it made him quake and sweat,
In spite of Yankee rum, sir.

Mr. Sullivan, that there is no doubt he will be enrolled among the heroes of New England.

Such was the bravery of the troops engaged, British, Hessians, and Anspach, that they appeared to vie with each other in their exertions against the enemy.—*Rivington's Royal Gazette*, September 16.

[1] This evacuation was completed the same evening, and the next morning at seven o'clock the British fleet appeared off Point Judith.—*New Hampshire Gazette*, September 15.

He took his wallet on his back,
His rifle on his shoulder,
And veow'd Rhode Island to attack,
Before he was much older.

In dread array their tatter'd crew,
Advanc'd with colors spread, sir,
Their fifes played Yankee doodle, doo,
King Hancock at their head, sir.

What numbers bravely cross'd the seas,
I cannot well determine,
A swarm of rebels and of fleas,
And every other vermin.

Their mighty hearts might shrink they tho't,
For all flesh only grass is,
A plenteous store they therefore brought,
Of whiskey and molasses.

They swore they'd make bold Pigot squeak,[1]
So did their good ally, sir,
And take him pris'ner in a week,
But that was all my eye, sir.

As Jonathan so much desir'd
To shine in martial story,
D'Estaing with politesse retir'd,
To leave him all the glory.

He left him what was better yet
At least it was more use, sir,
He left him for a quick retreat,
A very good excuse, sir.

To stay, unless he rul'd the sea,
He thought would not be right, sir,
And Continental troops, said he,
On islands should not fight, sir.

Another cause with these combined,
To throw him in the dumps, sir,
For Clinton's name alarmed his mind,
And made him stir his stumps, sir.[2]

[1] Sir Robert Pigot commanded the British forces on Rhode Island.
[2] Rivington's Gazette, October 3.

CHAPTER III.

SEPTEMBER 1.—THE monsieurs and the rebels are likely to come to blows on account of the late movements in Rhode Island. When the Yankees heard of the intended co-operation of the French fleet with Sullivan, they all rushed down to Rhode Island, with King Hancock, that insufferable piece of bravery, at their head. It was given out that D'Estaing would make his preparations to swallow the British on Sunday, and that he would swallow them on the following day. (A precedent for such a destruction was found by every Presbyterian parson on a previous Lord's day, and all their flocks *veowed* it would be jest so.) But it so happened the gallant Howe called the Frenchman out to battle, and he left his "faithful allies," (with nothing but faith to help them,) to return as soon as he had drubbed the British fleet.

D'Estaing and Sullivan.

He returned to Rhode Island, dismantled and dismayed, having in his excursion not only had the British fleet against him, but the wrath of Heaven, and soon after, against the "urgent solicitations of the rebel commander (Mr. Sullivan) and his officers, he again set sail for Boston, to refit his scows, and recover his equanimity. This last act is the cause of the present difficulties. The rebels say the fleet did not need repairs, and the monsieurs say, "Be gar we will feet." But this is not all: the renowned (La) Fayette has challenged Mr. Sullivan for something he said in general orders, and we are hourly expecting to hear of death among the rebels.[1]

[1] Letter of Joshua Longstreet, September 3. Rivington, under the head of Intelligence Extraordinary, says:—"Our correspondent at Boston informs us that the renowned Don Quixotto, Drawcansiro de Fayetto, being highly offended at General Sullivan's refusing his challenge, rode post, in six hours, to Congress, in

SEPTEMBER 16.—EARLY this morning, Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe, with the Queen's Rangers, Lieutenant-Colonel Emmerick, with the chasseurs, and a detachment of the second battalion of General De Lancey's brigade, Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton, with the dragoons of the legion, and one troop of Colonel Emmerick's, and the Hessian Jagers, moved from their respective encampments near King's Bridge. Lieutenant-Colonels Simcoe and Emmerick marched undiscovered between two rebel pickets, and got one mile and a half in the rear of a body of two hundred and thirty select Virginia riflemen, strongly posted in front on Babcock's Heights, under the command of Colonel Gist. Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton marched to Colonel Philip's farm. About six in the morning, Lieutenant-Colonel Emmerick, with the detachment of De Lancey's, attacked the rebels, and though discovered when going to attack, killed three on the spot, wounded sev-

British Excursion into Westchester, New York.

order to fight every individual of that august assembly. A challenge was accordingly delivered to each member, but as none of these gentlemen had ever worn a sword, and as those who receive a challenge have the right to choose their weapon, there were warm debates and great diversity of opinions concerning the instrument of death most proper to be used; some declared for needles, some for bodkins, some for ploughshares, some for gray goose quills, and some for clyster pipes; after many solemn debates, it was at length resolved to submit the weapon to the determination of the French ambassador. Three members of Congress were immediately deputed to wait on Monsieur Gerard; they approached his Excellency with three times three bows, to which his Excellency returned twelve; the deputies determined not to be outdone by French politeness, bowed thirteen times, the exact number of the United States, and then proceeded to business. Monsieur Gerard requested a moment for consideration; the Marquis meanwhile amused himself before the glass, taking snuff, and now and then cutting a little caper; the deputies in silent expectation continued standing, for the representative of the Grand Monarque thought it was inconsistent with his dignity to offer them chairs. Monsieur Gerard at last broke silence by declaring that as the persons challenged had an undoubted right by the laws of chivalry to choose their weapon, the Marquis must fight the Yankees in their own way.

"Our young hero, violently offended with such indignity, and resolutely determined to support the honor of his king by some signal exploit, set out instantly for Boston, and on the road, in imitation of the Spanish knight, resolutely encountered a flock of sheep and a windmill. What limbs were lost in this engagement, our correspondent does not mention, but the young Quixote swears, par bleu, that Franklin, the Congress, their Generals, &c., are all a pack of jean f——res."—*Rivington's Royal Gazette*, October 21.

eral, and took thirty-five prisoners, among which are three officers. The rebels were so briskly charged, that many of them forgot their arms, &c., and fled with the utmost precipitation; their colonel in particular, scampering off without his breeches or boots, and 'tis thought he was wounded in his flight. At the same time, Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton, with the dragoons, charged a body of rebels posted on Valentine's Hill, but as the enemy were near a very thick wood, they took shelter where the horse could not possibly act, which prevented their sustaining any other loss than the capture of a few of their number. The only loss sustained by his Majesty's troops in both attacks, was one horse of Emmerick's killed.[1]

William Smith.

By accounts from Fort Clinton, on Hudson River, we learn that the magistracy of the State of New York send their disaffected inhabitants into that place, from whence they are transmitted in vessels, under a flag of truce, to New York city. These persons are discriminated by their refusal to make attestations of their allegiance to the State, and to renounce the tyrant of Britain. It appears that the highest characters are not winked at. The Honorable William Smith, Esq., formerly of the royal council under the former government, and author of the History of New York, &c., forced out of his inglorious neutrality, has been lately brought to the test, and refusing the oath, was about four or five weeks since delivered to the enemy through this channel. His Majesty of Britain will be difficulted to provide for his faithful adherents, and may think in earnest of selling Hanover and his other German dominions to raise a fund equal to their expectations. Where, then, will such as Mr. Smith, who are justly despised both by royalists and Americans, find shelter and relief?[2]

September 28.—Wednesday last, departed this life at Flatbush, on Long Island, in the 88th year of his age, the Honorable Daniel Horsmanden, Esq., President of his Majesty's Council, and Chief Justice of New York. His remains were

[1] Gaine's Mercury, September 21. [2] Pennsylvania Packet, September 17.

decently interred in Trinity church-yard the Friday following. He was a native of Great Britain, but has resided in America above fifty years.[1]

Skirmish near Tappan.

THE British commander at New York having information that seven hundred rebel militia were cantoned in the neighborhood of Hackensack, New Jersey, a little after eleven o'clock last night, ordered the troops to march. The second battalion of light infantry led the column, supported by the 2d regiment of grenadiers, with the 33d and 64th regiments, these commanded by Major-General Gray. Between one and two this morning they arrived at the rebel cantonments; Major Straubenzee had been detached with six companies of the same battalion of light infantry; the other six under the Honorable Major Maitland, kept the road, by which manœuvres the enemy's patrol, consisting of a sergeant and about a dozen men, was entirely cut off. Major Straubenzee moved on with the 71st light company, and in a small village surprised a party of Virginia cavalry, styled Mrs. Washington's Guards, consisting of more than one hundred, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Baylor, who, with Major McLeod and two other officers, upon forcing the door of a house, attempted to get up a large Dutch chimney; the two former were mortally wounded, the third killed, and the fourth made prisoner. Upon entering the house, one of the rebel officers, demanding the name of the corps which had attacked them, was answered, "The British light infantry," on which he exclaimed, "Then we shall all be cut off."

From hence a part of Sir James Baird's company was detached to a barn where sixteen privates were lodged, who, discharging ten or twelve pistols, and striking at the troops *sans effet* with their broadswords, nine of them were instantly bayoneted, and seven received quarter. Major Maitland's force coming up at that time, attacked the remainder of the rebel detachment, lodged in several other barns, with such alertness as prevented all but three privates from making their

[1] New York Gazette, September 28.

escape. The troops lay on their arms till daybreak, when moving forward, the light infantry fell in with a volunteer company of militia in a very thick wood and swamp; these gave one fire, which the 40th company, commanded by Captain Montgomery, returned and drove them off, leaving six dead, but afterwards scampering across a road in front of a company of our grenadiers, three more were killed by them. The light infantry in pursuing them up to Tappan, where they were entirely dispersed, took five prisoners, all of them wounded. The whole loss of the British, on this occasion, was one private of second battalion light infantry killed.[1]

Among the rebel prisoners lately taken in New Jersey, and brought to New York, is a Major Van Buren, from Albany, who is well known by many respectable refugees in the city for his activity in apprehending and imprisoning the loyalists. He was master of the ceremony at the declaration of independence in Albany; at the close of that day, he conducted, with great pomp, the burning of the king's arms, formerly deposited as an ornament in the Court Hall, and expressed monstrous indignity on that occasion, against the king and his friends; in short, he has been instrumental to many acts of tyranny and oppression to the king's friends. As a reward for his meritorious deeds, to encourage the spirit of rebellion, and to discourage that of loyalty, and on the principle to return good for evil, perhaps some pretended friend to government may intercede for his release.[2]

Major Van Buren.

October 3.—The contemptible figure which the British king and ministry have cut in the present war cannot be better shown than in the valedictory manifesto and proclamation which has been published to-day at New York, by Carlisle, Clinton, and Eden. Those gentlemen seem to consider their master's commission as a sort of a pass to go a begging with; for if any thing can justly be called begging, this last performance of theirs deserves that name.

The Commissioners' Valedictory.

[1] Rivington's Royal Gazette, October 3.

[2] New York Gazette, October 5.

It is in the true style of "God bless your honors, bestow your charity for the Lord's sake." Poor devils! why don't they get home and mind their hardware and broadcloth, and not pester us with scribbling letters and petitionary proclamations.

But these gentlemen have another business in hand besides begging, and that is lying. Last winter their newspapers were stuffed with every falsehood they could invent respecting the friendly and pacific disposition of France towards Britain; and we were told a thousand times over by the ministry and General Howe that France would give us no assistance. But as the lie of that day is over, and France has actually joined us, those same mean and pitiful mortals have changed their note, and are now as busy in abusing France as they before were in crying her up and abusing us. But the poor devils will abuse anybody now their hand is in, and it is hoped the good people of France and America will consider them as men out of their senses, and treat them accordingly.[1]

The Commissioners and the Americans.

The conduct of the British commissioners since their arrival on this continent, has been such as deserves the highest encomiums from every friend of truth, virtue, and humanity, and the contrast that appears in their conduct compared with the illiberal, indecent, and absurd resolves and acts of Congress, must convince even the rebels that their rulers are a set of men as destitute of humanity and truth as they are of dignity of character; and that the low sphere of life they formerly moved in, is that only in which they could be of use to society. The generous terms offered to the revolted colonies upon the arrival of the British commissioners at Philadelphia, are such, they observe, as need only be

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, October 15. The appeals of the commissioners proving ineffectual, they changed their conduct and denounced hostility and destruction, in their most terrific forms, to those who had rejected conciliation and friendship. In the proclamation of October 3d, they warned the people of the total and material change which was to take place in the future conduct of hostilities, should they still persevere in their obstinacy; and more especially as that was said to be founded upon the pretended alliance with France. The Americans were virtually threatened with all the extremes of war, and to have their country desolated.—*Gordon*, ii. 393.

known to be approved of, and the magnanimous conduct of Great Britain could never be placed in a clearer point of view. The Congress surely cannot be serious when they imagine that a union with Great Britain on such terms could not be advantageous to them; for were they in full possession of independence, and at peace with all the world, the protection and assistance of Great Britain would be of more consequence to America than any mercenary alliance with a foreign court.

The Congress, in their last manifesto, with all the impudence peculiar to men raised to stations above what they either deserved or could expect, have endeavored to asperse the character of the British army with charges equally illiberal and false. Had the British troops proceeded in the manner they describe, and carried fire and sword before them, it is probable that Congress would not at this time dictate to the continent of America; and perhaps the subjugated colonies would have considered the proceeding as just and useful; just in as far as it was necessary to put a stop to rebellion, and useful in diminishing a contest that now subsists. The offers of his Majesty's commissioners were generous without lessening the dignity of the kingdom they represented, condescending without servility, and were mutually advantageous to both parties. It was not the prowess of the Americans, their French alliance, nor their resources, that extorted such offers from the mother country. No doubt the interest of the nation coincided with the magnanimity of Britons in holding forth such terms. But from a kingdom arrived at that pitch of glory, riches, and strength, and whose resources are so inexhaustible, it would be absurd to suppose it proceeded from any motive of fear or distrust. Notwithstanding that luxury is the natural concomitant of wealth and riches, the troops of Britain are not enervated; her soldiers and seamen as gallant and numerous as a nation that spreads her canvas on ten thousand ships, and covers the ocean with fleets fraught with her riches, can scarce be supposed to cringe to a Pandemonium that would bow their heads to the representatives of a Machiavelian court. The commissioners of Great Britain have now left the sword to determine the fate of America, and there is little room to

doubt which side will be successful. It cannot be supposed that the war will be conducted on the mild principles that have already influenced the conduct of the English. The Congress alone must be accountable for the event. The colonies are British, and her troops must keep or conquer them. If fire and sword is to be the ultimate means used to recover our colonies, when the milder medium of reconciliation has been rejected, it will at last convince the Americans that what they call the natural rights of mankind, are in some cases detrimental to their political rights; and, in a civilized state, often diametrically opposite. This continent does not belong to the Americans; it is a part of the British empire, and cannot be separated without the violation of the most just and dear ties of society.[1]

Motions of the British Army.

October 17.—The British, at New York, have embarked ten full regiments, and the vessels have fell down with them to the Hook. We have information by deserters this day that the enemy have evacuated Paulus Hook and Hoobuck; if so, they have no fort left in Jersey. They were also evacuating Fort Washington and Fort Independence; their other works without King's Bridge they had abandoned some days ago. We observed them moving off from their encampment nearest us on Staten Island this morning, whether with intent to leave the island, or settle down on some other part of it, is yet uncertain.[2]

Anecdote of La Fayette

The theatre being open last evening, the Marquis de La Fayette being in company with his Excellency the President of Congress, asked him to accompany him to the play. The President politely excusing himself, the marquis pressed him to go. The President then informed the marquis that Congress having that day passed a resolution, recommending to the several States to enact laws for the suppression of theatrical amusements, he could not possibly do himself the honor of waiting upon him to the play. "Ah!"

[1] "Philarethes," in Rivington's Royal Gazette, December 9.

[2] New Jersey Gazette, October 21.

replied the marquis, "have Congress passed such a resolution? then I will not go to the play."[1]

October 26.—This day, at Boston, a large company of gentlemen and ladies dined on board the Languedoc, at the invitation of the Count D'Estaing. The entertainment was highly elegant. A picture of General Washington, at full length, lately presented to the count by General Hancock, was placed in the centre of the upper side of the room, the frame of which was covered with laurels.[2] D'Estaing's Ball.

October 27.—By letters from Philadelphia, we learn that on the receipt of the last manifesto from the English commissioners, one of the Congress had the resolution to make the following short speech:

"I have listened to this manifesto with great attention, and I am not ashamed to acknowledge that it breathes a spirit of candor and resolution by which I am considerably influenced. No man in this august assembly will dare to express a doubt of my sincere attachment to the true interest of my country. I am convinced that the interest of America is inseparable from that of Britain, and that our alliance with France is unnatural, unprofitable, absurd. I therefore move, that this phantom of independence may be given up." He had scarcely uttered the words before the President sent a message to fetch the Polish count, Pulaski, who happened to be exercising part of his legion in the court-yard below. The count flew to the chamber where the Congress sat, and with his sabre, in an instant severed from his body the head of this honest delegate. The head was ordered Rivington's Intelligence Extraordinary.

[1] New York Journal, November 2. On the 16th of October, the Congress passed the following resolve:—Whereas frequenting play-houses and theatrical entertainments has a fatal tendency to divert the minds of the people from a due attention to the means necessary for the defence of their country and preservation of their liberties.

Resolved,—That any person holding an office under the United States, who shall act, promote, encourage or attend such play, shall be deemed unworthy to hold such office, and shall be accordingly dismissed.—*Journals of Congress.*

[2] New York Journal, November 16.

by the Congress to be fixed on the top of the liberty pole of Philadelphia, as a perpetual monument of the freedom of debate in the Continental Congress of the United States of America.[1]

Hancock's Ball.

OCTOBER 29.—THIS evening a superb ball was given at the Concert Hall, in Boston, by General Hancock, at which were present, his Excellency Count D'Estaing, and a number of officers belonging to the French fleet. There were upwards of a hundred of the principal ladies of the town present, who, being richly and elegantly dressed, added a most enchanting brilliancy to the evening, and, in the eyes of their countrymen, at least, gave no bad specimen of American female grace and beauty.[2]

Rumors from New York.

NOVEMBER 2.—THE intelligence to-day, that may be depended upon, is, that the British have made a very considerable embarkation, supposed already to amount to near ten thousand, on board one hundred and fifty sail of transports, which, at different times, have fallen down from New York to Sandy Hook and the watering place, and were every moment expected to sail. There are different rumors as to their destination; some say to Boston, others to South Carolina. But it is generally believed, considering all circumstances, that the West Indies are the object. The embarkation still seems to be going on, which leads to a conclusion that a total evacuation of New York will ensue; concerning this, however, opinions are much divided. There is a report in New York that Jamaica is taken, and it is said that rum and molasses have had a very extraordinary rise in consequence.[3]

NOVEMBER 9.—THE family of the Count D'Estaing is very ancient, and the only one in France allowed to bear the king's arms, with a small distinction denoting a subject. It has en-

[1] Rivington's Royal Gazette, October 28.
[2] New York Journal, Nov. 16.
[3] New York Journal, November 9.

joyed this extraordinary honor for near eight hundred years. The occasion of its being conferred was this: About the year 1000, Philip Augustus, King of France, was engaged in a war with the Flemings. In a bloody battle, in which his own force was much inferior, being only 30,000, while that of the enemy was 80,000, the king was personally attacked by a Flemish officer, who was on the point of slaying him with his lance. D'Estaing, an ancestor of the present count, and an officer of rank in the king's army, perceiving the imminent hazard to which his master was exposed, instantly rushed between the lance and him, and receiving it in his own body, fell dead at the king's feet. Philip was so affected with this instance of generous bravery, that he ordained that the descendants of one who had given his life for the preservation of his own, should forever wear his arms.

Count D'Estaing.

A number of Indian chiefs and delegates from the Penobscot and Nova Scotia tribes lately waited on the count at Boston, and were received on board the Languedoc, and treated by him with much civility. It was easy to discover that these savages had not lost their former strong attachment and predilection to the French. They inquired much after the king of France, whom the Indians almost universally call their father; whereas the appellation commonly given by their sachems to the British king has been only that of brother. Among other discourse with the French admiral, they told him they had heard a new thing which gave them pleasure, that their father, the king of France, had lately entered into a treaty of friendship with the States of America, and had sent a number of his great ships and best warriors to support them against the ships and armies of the king of Britain; but that this report had been often contradicted by the friends of the latter, who affirmed that only a few small French vessels had come to trade with the people of the United States, for the sake of the very high price they could now obtain. That not knowing what to rely on, they had come to see with their own eyes, and make report to their brethren on their return. The count gave them some handsome presents, sent by them some tokens of friendship to others, and gratified them with a particular view

of the ships, &c., at which they expressed the greatest admiration, and went off highly satisfied.[1]

NOVEMBER 11.—THIS day, a party of Tories, Indians, and regulars, under the command of Colonel Butler, made a descent on the fort at Cherry Valley. An officer who was in the fort, gives the following account of the affair:

Massacre at Cherry Valley.

On Saturday night, 7th of November, an express arrived from Fort Stanwix, informing that an Oneida Indian had acquainted them that he sat in council in the Seneca country with the Six Nations, and other tribes, and that they had concluded to attack Fort Alden, in Cherry Valley. On Sunday morning a sergeant and twelve men were sent on the road by Beaver Dam, towards the enemy, to continue five days; another scout, with a non-commissioned officer, and five men, were sent on the road to Springfield, to continue four days; these two roads being the only avenues from the enemy's country to this place, except an old Indian path that had been neglected by us. At the same time, we sent by the same roads scouts in the morning, which returned at night. On Wednesday, the 11th, it rained very hard; the enemy came by the above-mentioned path, past by two houses, and lodged themselves in a swamp a small distance back of Mr. Wells' house, head-quarters; at half-past eleven, A.M., Mr. Hamlin came by and discovered two Indians, who fired upon him, and shot him through the arm; he rode to Mr. Wells', and acquainted the colonel, the lieutenant-colonel, major, and adjutant being present; the two last (the house at this time being surrounded by Indians) got to the fort through their fire; the colonel was shot near the fort. The enemy, eight hundred in number, consisting of five hundred Indians, commanded by Brant, fifty regulars under Captain Colvill, and another captain with some of Johnson's rangers, and above two hundred Tories, the whole under Colonel Butler's command, immediately surrounded the fort, excluding several officers who were quartered out of the garrison, and had gone to dinner; they commenced

[1] New Jersey Gazette, November 25.

a very heavy fire upon the fort, which held three and a half hours, and was as briskly returned; they were so near as to call to the fort and bid the "damn'd rebels" to surrender, which was answered with three cheers, and a discharge of cannon and musketry. At four P.M., the enemy withdrew. Captain Ballard sallied out with a party, which the enemy endeavored to cut off, but were prevented by a reinforcement. The next day they made it their whole business to collect horses, cattle, and sheep, which they effected, and at sunset left the place. The enemy killed, scalped, and most barbarously murdered, thirty-two inhabitants, chiefly women and children, also Colonel Alden, and the following soldiers of his regiment, viz.: Robert Henderson, Gideon Day, Thomas Sherridan, Pelletiah Adams, Simeon Hopkins, Benjamin Worcely, Thomas Holden, Daniel Dudley, Thomas Knowles, and Oliver Deball. The following officers were taken prisoners, viz.: Lieutenant-Colonel Stacey, Lieutenant Aaron Holden, Ensign Garret, Surgeon's Mate Francis Souza De Bierve, and thirteen privates; burnt twenty-four houses with all the grain, &c., took above sixty inhabitants prisoners, part of whom they released on going off. They committed the most inhuman barbarities on most of the dead. Robert Henderson's head was cut off, his skull bone was cut out with the scalp. Mr. Willis' sister was ripped up, a child of Mr. Willis', two months old, scalped, and arm cut off; the clergyman's wife's leg and arm cut off, and many others as cruelly treated. Many of the inhabitants and soldiers shut out from the fort, lay all night in the rain with the children, who suffered very much. The cattle that were not easy to drive, they shot. We were informed by the prisoners they sent back, that the lieutenant-colonel, all the officers and continental soldiers, were stripped and drove naked before them.

The fort was commanded by the brave Major Whiting, of Dedham, in Massachusetts, and the two cannon under the direction of the brave Captain Hickling, of Boston, who was chief engineer in building the fort, and whose assistance contributed in saving it.[1]

[1] New Jersey Gazette. December 31.

NOVEMBER 23.—THIS morning Major-General Conway set out from Philadelphia on his return to France. The history of the treatment this gentleman has received is so singular, that it must make a figure in the anecdotes of mankind. He has lost his commission, and he has been refused the common certificate which every officer receives at the expiration of his service, unless his delinquencies have been very substantial indeed. His crime was being accused of writing a letter to a confidential friend, communicating an opinion that the commander-in-chief (General Washington) was not equal to the great task he was charged with.

General Conway.

The above is extracted from a late Pennsylvania paper, and said to be written by Major-General Lee.[1]

NOVEMBER 25.—A CORRESPONDENT in Charleston, South Carolina, says:—"A body of armed men, supposed to be about five hundred, chiefly on horseback, with four pieces of artillery, from St. Augustine, in Florida, have made a very sudden and rapid incursion overland, by way of the Alatamaha, into the neighboring State of Georgia, burning all the houses, and destroying every thing in their way. It does not appear that they were discovered before last Friday, yet by Sunday they had advanced to within four miles of Sunbury, and burnt every house on the other side of Newport ferry, but not without receiving some check from a body of militia collected under Colonel Screven, together with the continentals of the third and fourth battalions, who had retreated in order to receive reinforcements, to Midway meeting-house, where they were intrenching to make a stand, but having disputed every inch of ground against a superior enemy, they lost a few men, and had some of their most valuable officers wound-

Incursion into Georgia.

[1] Rivington's Royal Gazette, December 19. In the same paper is the following:—"A junto is formed at Philadelphia, and said to consist of Generals Mifflin, Thompson, Arnold, and Sinclair; their object is the removal of General Washington from the chief command of the rebel army. The Generals Lee and Gates, with all the Yankees who have resolution enough to declare themselves of a party, wish well to this enterprise. About twelve months ago a motion for superseding General Washington was carried by only one voice."

ed.[1] We since learn that the militia have every where turned out with the greatest alacrity, and that such vigorous measures are pursuing as, with the co-operation of South Carolina, will probably not only disappoint the designs of the enemy, but also cut off their retreat. The opinion of some is, that this expedition has been contrived by Governor Tonyn on purpose to pacify or get rid of the clamorous Tories and horse thieves which he has, by intimidating suggestions and lavish promises, for years past, drawn from South Carolina, and other States, to strengthen the province under his government.[2]

November 27.—The British have as suddenly abandoned the State of Georgia as they invaded it, and retired into East Florida. Their hasty retreat was occasioned by an express sent to Colonel Prevost, advising him of a naval and land force coming against him from South Carolina, who might cut off his retreat, and by the sudden appearance of some vessels at the same time off Sunbury, which they apprehended to be the American fleet. Previous to their going off, they sent away near one thousand head of cattle, some sheep, about three hundred horses, two hundred negroes, and other plunder. Although the enemy have destroyed almost every thing in their way, within a mile of each side of the road south of Ogeechie, yet many buildings and other property, supposed to have been burnt and destroyed, are, since their departure, found untouched. Colonel Prevost, in many instances, has shown that humanity and generosity for which British officers were formerly distinguished. The land force which came against Georgia consisted of eighty-six regulars,

British Abandon Georgia.

[1] Colonel Screven, who in the first skirmish was inhumanly shot on the ground, having before surrendered and sued for quarter, has since died of the wounds he received from his savage murderers. The character of this gentleman, as a firm patriot, a gallant officer, a truly worthy member of the community wherein he lived; and in private life that of an affectionate husband, a kind and indulgent parent, and steadfast friend, must render his loss deservedly and universally regretted. In fine, he lived the worthy citizen, and fought and died the brave and gallant champion in his country's cause.—*Quis desiderio sit modus tam cari capitis.—Pennsylvania Packet*, January 28, 1779.

[2] Rivington's Gazette, January 20, 1779.

and about five hundred Scofelites and rangers in one body, who entered the country at Fort Howe, and marched on by land under Colonel Prevost; while between four and five hundred regulars, in another body, commanded by Colonel Fuser, landed upon Colonel's Island near Sunbury, (fordable at low water,) and marched into that town. Their naval force consisted of no more than the ship Lord Germaine, of twenty guns, (two and three-pounders,) the brig Spitfire of sixteen, the sloop Musquito of ten, the sloop Tonyn's Revenge of eight, a large galley with two twelve or eighteen-pounders in her bow, a large flat, and a number of boats, &c., most of them mounting one or two swivels, and generally lay at St. Simon's inlet. After Colonel Fuser withdrew from Sunbury, the two bodies joined at Newport ferry, where they intrenched, to cover and give time to their hunters to get off with the cattle, and when that was accomplished they followed.

A great variety of conjectures having been formed concerning this expedition. One is, that they came only to forage. Another, that it was undertaken merely to pacify the clamors of the discontented Scofelites, by giving them an opportunity to plunder, till the grand scheme in which it was intended to employ them should be ripe. Another, that they had some more extensive object in view, and a part of their plan had failed them; perhaps their scalping brethren and the numerous bands of Tories they expected to co-operate with them, did not appear at the time appointed. Another, that it was a project to stop the sale of estates of attainted persons, and endeavor to get off their slaves. Another, that the enemy were impelled by the want of a sufficient supply of provisions, and the consequent dread of a famine, to risk their whole strength to procure cattle. But the opinion that seems to be most probable is, that the late expedition is only part of one, long since projected by that restless, artful, specious and aspiring deserter and betrayer of his country, the well-known Moses Kirkland, improved by Governor Tonyn, the Indian agent, and General Grant, for the conquest of the Southern States, with a view to share the spoil among them, and with the Loyal Refugees, as they style themselves, who have basely deserted their country,

and put themselves under the protection of the British generals at New York. That General Sir Henry Clinton, when convinced by experience that it would not be possible for all the force of Britain to subjugate America, finding these people both troublesome and expensive, willing to get rid of them as decently as possible, and desirous at the same time to prevent an increase of pensions on the British government, at last so far adopted Mr. Kirkland's plan, as to form them into regiments, furnish them with arms, and the means for an embarkation and invasion of these States, with full liberty to spread devastation and ruin to the extent of their inclination and ability, and a promise, if they can conquer, of the best plantations and most valuable gangs of slaves, in proportion as they shall distinguish themselves, together with a government on the British establishment, and such officers (from among themselves) as the King shall be pleased to approve of. That to forward these purposes, orders have been sent to the troops and banditti in East Florida, to make a rapid incursion into Georgia at a fixed period, for securing the most advantageous posts to favor future operations; and to the Indian superintendent, at the same time, to pour the savage allies of Britain, with all the horrors of their warfare, into the heart of the settlements, under the guidance of Richard Pearis, &c., while the emissaries of Britain, dispersed through these States under a variety of disguises, from the eastern shore of Maryland quite to Florida, should prepare the ignorant, and the wicked outcasts of each, to repair to their standard. But, that the East Floridans, too eager to carry their part of the plan into execution, had penetrated into the country rather precipitately; being, perhaps, deceived by their reliance on the Indians, and the Tory embarkation providentally delayed, dispersed by a storm, or prevented by the unexpected news of the Marquis de Bouille's operations in the West Indies. Be these conjectures well founded or not, it certainly behooves us to be spiritedly active, and thoroughly guarded, against every possible evil that may be brought upon us, by our declared, or infinitely more dangerous, concealed enemies.[1]

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, January 30, 1779.

Most of the American parricides have righteously been disappointed of the honors and rewards they expected for turning their hand against their native country, and have seen their folly when it was too late. Among the few wretches who with the heart, have also had the opportunity to make money from the groans and famishing of their countrymen, Joshua Loring, a native of the State, and commissary of prisoners at New York, is one. Somebody, we are well informed, asked old General Robertson, how this man got his wealth; the General replied, "*By feeding the dead, and starving the living.*" Alluding to his charging provisions for those that had been long dead, and at the same time pinching out for his own gain, a part of the miserable allowance for those that were alive.[1]

Joshua Loring.

December 12.—This evening a most splendid ball was given by a society of French gentlemen, to the principal ladies and gentlemen of Philadelphia, at the New Tavern. His Excellency the Governor of Pennsylvania, and his lady, the lady of His Excellency General Washington, and His Excellency the French minister, honored it with their company. Both the outside and inside of the ball-room were handsomely decorated with a number of ingenious devices and mottoes, signifying the present happy alliance between the court of Versailles and the United States. Too much praise cannot be given to the French gentlemen, for the order, politeness, and benevolence with which they conducted every part of this entertainment. The evening has been spent in the most agreeable manner, joy appears in every countenance, and every heart seems to exult in safety, freedom, and independence, which have been ensured to our country by the friendship and magnanimity of the Protector of the Rights of Mankind.[2]

French Ball at Philadelphia.

The good of the community, the safety and security of the individuals, is the direct and ultimate end of civil government. Therefore, that is politically and really just, which is necessary

[1] New York Journal, December 7. [2] New Hampshire Gazette, Feb. 2.

to this end. Goodness and benevolence to the great whole ought always to be the end aimed at in punishing particular offenders. The depraved state of human nature, which causes the necessity of civil government, not only justifies, but requires punishment, as the necessary penalty of the law. This punishment is sometimes awfully severe and shocking, as when a criminal is brought to the gallows. The scene is so truly dreadful, that a tender, compassionate heart can scarcely exclude from it the idea of cruelty. It is, therefore, highly necessary, that our minds should be taught and habituated to distinguish between cruelty and justice. Justice, in the matter of punishment, obliges the judge, the executive officer, to inflict the severest penalty of the law, even death itself, purely from a regard to right or justice, and with a benevolent design to the public good. Cruelty is either undue and needless punishment, or the inflicting a necessary punishment with a spirit of revenge and hatred against the unhappy criminal. If a jury in drawing up a verdict, even upon the fullest evidence against a murderer, or the judge in sentencing him to death, are actuated by the spirit of personal hatred or revenge, they themselves are really murderers in the sight of Heaven, even while they are employed in the execution of necessary justice. From the murderous source of private pique and revenge, frequently arise those mobs and riots which destroy the peace of society, and oppose the important end of government. These outrageous ebullitions of heated, misguided malevolence, are equally detestable in their principle and dreadful in their consequences. Every true friend to government and good order must seriously lament, and will endeavor to suppress these whirlwind bursts of violence, which indiscriminately tear down all before them, and equally involve the innocent and the guilty in promiscuous ruin. At the same time it is evidently true that these horrible calamities and disorders are frequently occasioned by the magistrate's neglecting his duty in not preventing, or timely removing the unhappy occasions of them. It is, therefore, the wisdom and incumbent duty of civil rulers to prevent these dreadful crimes by wise laws steadily executed, which is much easier in itself,

Justice and Revenge.

r to the community, than being reduced to the hard
y of punishing them; and one or the other of these
e done, or else government is at an end. Let us give,
tration, an instance, which nearly affects the peace and
these States. Should those who have gone from us,
elly taken part with the enemies of their country, be
ed to return with impunity, and run at large among us,
ain consequence will be *mobs*, *riots*, and *bloodshed*; for
e who have had the spirit to go out and fight them,
ir less guilty associates, in the field of battle, will not
y endure to have such a desperate gang patrolling about
hem, with envenomed hearts prepared for secret mis-
d murder. And, therefore, by way of prevention, it
lainest duty of our rulers, both legislative and exec-
take effectual care for having those noxious and dan-
criminals either closely confined, or banished from our
herwise their neglect of duty in this matter may bring
emselves *the very guilt of blood*.

ve heard some Tories still remaining among us, and
ndeed, of pretty enormous gigantic size, express their

kindly invited to it by repeated proclamations of grace and favor, they would have had something to plead. But to leave the enemy now, and quit *a desperate cause*, hath not the least atom of merit; gives not the least rational evidence of a change of heart, or betterness of disposition, any more than a *tormented sinner's squirming out* under the back door of purgatory, for the sake of better air, is full proof of his evangelical repentance and fitness for heaven.

In a word, there is a plain, essential difference between personal revenge and public justice; one is murder, the other is saving life. Should a wretch murder the only son of a judge; the judge ought, in his private capacity, to forgive him from his heart this very great injury, pray for him, and sincerely desire his happiness, while, in his public capacity, he is obliged in justice, and for the public good, to pronounce the sentence of death upon him.

In like manner we are bound, by the laws of Christ and humanity, to exercise a sincere personal forgiveness towards the most guilty and injurious enemies of our country, and not be actuated in the least by an unforgiving spirit of revenge, while the public are obliged, from a principle of justice and self-preservation, to fulfil all those seemingly rigorous measures which are necessary for putting it out of the power of those enemies to do still greater mischief to the community.[1]

DECEMBER 28.—THIS day, agreeable to the constitution of the Most Ancient and Worshipful Society of Free and accepted Masons, was celebrated at Philadelphia, the Anniversary of St. John the Evangelist. At nine o'clock in the morning near three hundred of the brethren assembled at the College, and at eleven o'clock went in regular procession from thence to Christ Church to attend divine service. The order of procession was as follows, viz.:—1. The Sword Bearer. 2. Two Deacons, with blue wands tipped with gold. 3. The three orders, Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian, borne by

Free Mason Celebration in Philadelphia.

[1] From the Connecticut Journal, republished in the New York Journal, December 14.

three brethren. 4. The Holy Bible and Book of Constitutions, on two crimson velvet cushions, borne by the Grand Treasurer and Grand Secretary. 5. A Reverend Brother. 6. Four Deacons, bearing wands. 7. His Excellency our illustrious brother George Washington, Esquire, supported by the Grand Master and his Deputy. 8. The two Grand Wardens, bearing the proper pillars. 9. The past Masters of the different Lodges. 10. The present Masters of Lodges. 11. The Senior Wardens. 12. The Junior Wardens. 13. The Secretaries. 14. The Treasurers.[1] 15. Brother Proctor's Band of Music. 16. Visiting Brethren. 17. The Members of different Lodges, walking two and two, according to seniority.

The procession entered the church in the order of their march, and the brethren took their seats in the pews of the middle aisle, which were kept empty for their reception. Prayers were then read by the Reverend Mr. White, and the following anthem was sung in its proper place by sundry of the brethren, accompanied by the organ and other instrumental music, viz:—

A GRAND SYMPHONY.

Chorus.

Behold how good and joyful a thing it is,
Brethren, to dwell together in Unity.

Solo.

I will give thanks unto Thee, O Lord! with my whole heart secretly among my brethren, and in the congregation will I praise Thee. I will speak of the marvellous Works of Thy Hands, the Sun, the Moon, and the Stars, which thou hast ordained.

Solo.

The people that walked in darkness hath seen a great light, and on them that dwelt in the Land of the shadow of Death, doth the glorious light of JEHOVAH shine.

Solo.

Thou hast gathered us from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South; Thou hast made us companions for the mighty upon Earth, even for Princes of great Nations.

Trio.

O! I AM! inspire us with *Wisdom* and *Strength* to support us in all our troubles, that we may worship Thee in the BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

[1] Of the different private Lodges.

After which a most excellent and well-adapted sermon was preached by our reverend and worthy brother, William Smith, D. D. The text was taken from 1st Peter, 2d chapter and 16th verse. The brethren have since requested the sermon to be published, and the profits to be applied to the use of the poor.

After divine service the procession returned in the same order to the college; the musical bells belonging to the church and the band of music playing proper masonic tunes. The brethren being all new clothed, and officers in the proper *jewels* of their respective lodges, and their other badges of dignity, made a genteel appearance.

The brethren afterwards departed to their respective lodges, where they dined together with their usual harmony and sociability, the sum of four hundred pounds having been collected in church among the brethren and other charitable fellow-citizens who honored them with their company, for the relief of the poor.[1]

DECEMBER 30.—EARLY yesterday morning the British, under the cover of several armed vessels, landed at Brewton's plantation, about a mile from Savannah. The Continental troops were drawn up on an eminence about half a mile from the town, near Tatnal's gate, their right extending to the swamp and river, their left across the road; and a morass, crossed by the road, in their front. The morass was thought impracticable for near two or three miles up. The militia were near the barracks, meant to cover the right of the regulars; their whole force scarcely amounting to five hundred men.

British Enter Savannah.

The British, under feint of attacking us by the main road, filed off to the left, and found means to cross the morass, about a quarter of a mile above our right; this, as soon as it was known, obliged our regulars to retreat, which was effected at the same time that the militia were attacked, and obliged to retire through the town. Our troops sustained a very hot fire

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, January 2, 1779.

on their retreat between the town and barracks; but by that means gained the road which leads out by the spring house; while the only alternative left the militia was to surrender or swim McGilvray's Creek. Those who could not swim were made prisoners, among whom were Colonel Walton of the militia (wounded in the action) and Major Habersham of the Georgia regulars. Colonels Elbert and Harris saved themselves by swimming.

At present our loss cannot be ascertained; and I am inclined to think it not near so considerable as many apprehend.

Colonel Roberts, with four pieces of artillery, was posted near the Continental troops, and made good his retreat, with the loss of one of his pieces. All accounts agree that the Georgians are the most considerable sufferers.[1]

[1] New Jersey Gazette, February 10, 1779. A correspondent in Philadelphia, gives the following account of this affair:—"Scarcely had the enemy retired from the back parts of Georgia, when a fleet and armament entered Savannah River, and on the 29th of December, about three thousand men landed within two miles of the town of Savannah. A proper disposition of the few Continental troops (about six hundred, under Colonel Elbert) we had there, was made to oppose them, but the same day, about noon, the enemy doubled the colonel's right flank, and very near cut off his retreat, which, however, he effected through a very heavy fire of the enemy for near a mile, but with the loss of many men either killed or taken. Colonel Elbert and a Colonel Grimke escaped by swimming a creek. The enemy soon after took possession of Savannah. The last accounts from the above quarters say, that our troops had retired to a place called Ebenezer, forty miles up the river above Savannah, where they were waiting for reinforcements, which were on their march from the Carolinas to join them. It is impossible to ascertain the design of the enemy in this expedition so late in the season —whether to take up their quarters for the winter, to procure provisions, or to be joined by the force from Florida. But certain it is, that the inhabitants of the State of Georgia will be greatly distressed by this visit.—*L. W. Elliot.*†"

CHAPTER IV.

JANUARY 1.—MR. WASHINGTON last winter issued a proclamation requiring the inhabitants of certain districts to fatten their cattle, in order to support his army the ensuing campaign. The British light infantry having at least an equal interest in that measure, one of them, in the name of the whole, composed the following exhortation to accompany and strengthen the rebel general's requisition. The earnestness with which he repeatedly returns to the main object of the poem, shows the sincerity with which he seconded the republican views. Unfortunately, however, the beef was fattened in vain. The French having been prevailed upon by the rebel emissaries to keep their treachery in countenance, and to surprise the world by a breach of faith even beyond all former examples of Gallic infidelity, the British force required to be collected for a time, and the army only reaped the benefit of the proclamation during its march through the Jerseys. At present, however, when the French have been obliged to abandon their worthy friends and steal from America with no other advantage than what they may derive from the honor of their attempt, and when there is little chance that the rebels will ever again communicate with their French allies unless by letter, it may not be improper to republish the light infantry exhortation, preparatory to the operations of spring, 1779. And as the British are willing that the rebel troops should, as heretofore, make use of all the beef out of the reach of the English camps and march routes, it is hoped that the Continental general will, in return, second this their exhortation, by a fresh proclamation; and it is submitted to him whether it may

Remarks on Washington's Proclamation.

not tend to the advantage and convenience of both armi have this measure not only recommended to particular dist but throughout the thirteen States, as the British troop have occasion for the bullocks in those provinces which invade, and the Continentals will require to be extremely nourished during the long marches from Georgia to the B Fundy, in which probably they will be pretty constantly ployed.

TO WASHINGTON.

Great Washington! thou mighty son of Mars,
Thou thundering hero of the rebel wars,
Accept our thanks for all thy favors past,
Our special thanks await thee for the last.
Thy proclamation, timely to command
The cattle to be fattened round the land,
Bespeaks thy generosity, and shows
A charity that reaches to thy foes!
And was this order issued for our sakes,
To treat us with roast beef and savory stakes?
Or was it for thy rebel train intended,
Give 'em the hides—and let their shoes be mended?
Tho' shoes are what they seldom wear of late,
'Twould load their nimble feet too much with weight!
And for the beef—there needs no puff about it;
In short, they must content themselves without it,
Not that we mean to have them starved—why, marry,
The live stock in abundance, which they carry
Upon their backs, prevents all fear of that!
Then honest Whigs, make all your cattle fat;
We to reward you for your care and pains,
Will visit soon your crowded stalls and plains,
And for your pampered cattle write at large,
With bloody bayonets, a full discharge.
You know that we light bobs are tough and hardy,
And at a push you'll never find us tardy.
We have a stomach both for beef and battle,
So honest Whigs, once more feed well your cattle,
Obey your chief's command, and then 'tis plain
We cannot want for beef the next campaign!
And if we want for fighting, be it known,
The fault, good neighbors, shall be all your own.[1]

[1] Rivington's Royal Gazette, January 2.

JANUARY 6.—IN imitation of her Majesty our truly amiable queen, of the noble Marchioness of Granby, and of those six respectable ladies of Westminster, (the owners of the Amazon,) who have respectively equipped private ships of war, lately, at their own expense, to assist in humbling the pride and perfidy of France, and in chastising the rebels of America, it is proposed by a number of the principal loyal ladies residing in New York, to subscribe a liberal sum for the purpose of fitting out immediately a formidable fast-sailing privateer, to be called The Fair American, and for the honor of the sex as well as for the sake of the name, it is not doubted that she will be extremely well manned, with gallant youths. The New York Ladies.

This instance, while it reflects great credit on the patriotism of the ladies, ought to be considered by the rebels as a proof of the flagrancy of their own insolence and obstinacy, in rejecting such generous offers of reconciliation, as to excite the indignation of the fair sex, whose natural characteristics are gentleness and benevolence.

> While rebel sons for parricide combine,
> Let fame record, how female virtues shine.[1]

THE following lines are humbly presented as a New Year's gift to those loyal ladies of the city of New York, who are uniting to equip a formidable privateer, to be called The Fair American; for the very laudable purpose of cruising against the detested rebel Corsairs, and their new Popish allies, the base, perfidious French, by their most respectable and obedient servant The Fair American Privateer.

EXUL VIRGINIENSIS.

> When female hearts beat high for virtuous fame,
> And patriot passions glow with hallowed flame,
> Their good designs, who can refrain to paint?
> Tho' weak his colors, and his lines tho' faint.
> Hail! lovely fair! who grace that safe retreat,
> Where Britain's friends in cordial union meet,

[1] Rivington's Royal Gazette, January 6.

Whose well-taught minds, in just connection view,
What's to your God, your king, and country due;
Since your sweet bosoms loyal ardors feel,
And true concern disclose for public weal;
Since you adopt our Royal Charlotte's plans,
Who to her sex a bright example stands;
Assured be, that every honest man
Will idolize the fair American;
Brave loyal tars, and hearts of oak, will vie
For you to fight or conquer, live or die;
By you inspir'd, they'll plead our common cause,
With vengeful thunder, 'gainst the Congress' laws;
Firm to sustain and resolute to dare,
The friends of George, no Gauls or Yankees bear;
With equal heat the French and rebels beat,
And if they rushed your lovely lips to meet,
Soon as full armed, you bid your privateer,
Go, share the trophies of the rising year,
Her martial crew, their vent'rous course they urge,
Thro' Neptune's plains, piratic gangs to scourge.
Our ancient foes, in naval combats foil,
Still in your laps to pour the golden spoil;
Some poet, too, will teach each British dame,
That New York ladies emulate their fame;
On their loved Queen still fix their faithful eyes,

learnedly demonstrated the probability and justice of this ancient system. How it was possible to deny that when mankind degraded themselves from the character of rational beings, it became proper that they should assume the figure of those beasts to whose properties they were already assimilated. On the other, how pleasing was it to trace the soul through its several stages, and to behold it rewarded or punished according to its deserts in a new state of existence. Many fanciful observations immediately occurred to the company. Besides several pair of turtle doves, some cock sparrows, and one or two butterflies whom we found among our acquaintances, we were led to take a survey of superior characters. We entertained ourselves with viewing the soul of Louis XIV. transmigrated into a half-starved jackass, loaded with heavy panniers, and perpetually goaded by a meagre Frenchman, who, from the most humble of his slaves, was become the master and tormentor of this absolute and universal monarch. Alexander the Great, for whose ambitious views this whole orb had been too confined, was changed into a little sorry horse, and doomed to spend his life in the diurnal drudgery of turning a mill to which he was constantly fixed with blinds over his eyes. Charles of Sweden made his appearance in the figure of a Russian bear, whilst his wiser competitor was placed at the head of a warlike and industrious monarchy of bees. The poetical soul of Sappho continued to warble in the character of the "Love-born nightingale," and that of our countryman Pope (into which those of Homer, Horace, Juvenal, and Lucretius had been before blended and transfused) was again revived and admired in the melodious Swan of Twickenham.

"Full of the ideas which this singular conversation had suggested, I retired to my chamber, and had not long pressed the downy pillow before the following vision appeared to my imagination:

"I fancied myself in a spacious apartment, which I soon discovered to be the hall wherein the infernal judges administered justice to the souls which had animated the bodies of men in the superior regions. To my great surprise, instead of those grim personages which I had been taught to expect, I found

the judges (who were then sitting) to be of a mild, gentle, and complacent appearance, unlike many dispensers of justice in the vital air, who add terror to severity, and by their very aspect not only awe the guilty, but discourage the innocent. At one end of the hall, after a short interval, appeared a numerous crowd of different shades, ushered in and conducted by Mercury, whose business it was to take charge of the criminals and see the sentences executed. As dreams are of an unaccountable nature, it will not (I presume) be thought strange that I should behold upon this occasion the shades of many men, who, for aught I know, may be still living and acting a conspicuous part upon the worldly theatre. But let this be as it will, I shall go on to relate simply what appeared to me, without troubling myself whether it may meet with credit from others.

"The first person called upon was the famous Chief-justice McKean,[1] who I found had been animated by the same spirit which formerly possessed the memorable Jeffries. I could not but observe a flash of indignation in the eyes of the judges upon the approach of this culprit. His more than savage cruelty, his horrid disregard to the many oaths of allegiance he had taken, and the vile sacrifices he had made of justice to the interests of rebellion, were openly rehearsed. Notwithstanding his uncommon impudence, for once he seemed abashed, and did not pretend to deny the charge. He was condemned to assume the shape of a blood-hound, and the souls of Roberts and Carlisle[2] were ordered to scourge him through the infernal regions.

"Next appeared the polite and travelled Mr. Deane, who from a tricking, hypocritical, New England attorney, was metamorphosed into a French marquis, with all the external frippery that so eminently distinguishes the most trifling characters of that trifling nation. The judges

Silas Deane.

[1] Thomas McKean, LL. D. He was a member of the Continental Congress, and voted for Independence. In 1799 he succeeded General Mifflin as governor of Pennsylvania, and remained in office until 1808. He died in 1817, aged eighty-four.

[2] Two Quakers, who were executed in Philadelphia for treason, on the 22d of November, 1778.

deliberated for a time whether they should form their sentence from the badness of his heart, or the vanity of his manners; but in consideration of the many mortifications he had lately experienced, they at length determined upon the latter, and the most excellent ambassador to his most Christian majesty, skipped off, with very little change in the character of "The monkey who had seen the world."

"The celebrated Gen. Lee, whose ingratitude to his parent country was regarded with the utmost detestation, assumed (by direction of the court) the figure of an adder; a reptile that is big with venom, and ready to wound the hand that protects, or the bosom that cherishes it, but whose poison frequently turns to its own destruction. General Charles Lee.

"The black soul of Livingston, which was 'fit for treason, sacrilege, and spoil,' and polluted with every species of murder and iniquity, was condemned to howl in the body of a wolf; and I beheld, with surprise, that he retained the same gaunt, hollow, and ferocious appearance, and that his tongue still continued to be red with gore. Just at this time, Mercury touched me with his wand, and thereby bestowed an insight into futurity, when I saw this very wolf hung up at the door of his fold, by a shepherd whose innocent flock had been from time to time thinned by the murdering jaws of this savage animal. William Livingston.

"The President of the Congress, Mr. Jay, next appeared before the tribunal, and his trial was conducted with all the solemnity due to so distinguished a character; I heard, with emotions of astonishment and concern, that in various human forms he had been remarkable for a mixture of the lowest cunning and most unfeeling barbarity; that having, in his last shape, received from nature such abilities as might have rendered him useful in his profession, and even serviceable to the public, he had, by a semblance of virtue, acquired the confidence of his fellow-citizens, which he afterwards abused to all the horrid purposes of the most wanton rebellion, and that being indefatigable in the pursuits of ambition and avarice, by all the ways of intrigue, perfidy, and dissimulation, he had acquired the station of a chief justice, and, John Jay.

in imitation of the infamous Dudley, had framed and enforced statutes that destroyed every species of private security and repose. In fine, that by his whole conduct he had exemplified his own maxim that princes were not the worst and most dreadful of tyrants,[1] and had given a fresh demonstration that power could never be well used when lodged in mean and improper hands.

"The court immediately thought fit to order that this criminal should transmigrate into the most insidious and most hateful of animals, a snake; but to prevent his being able any longer to deceive, and thereby destroy, a large set of rattles was affixed to his tail, that it might warn mankind to shun so poisonous a being.

"The whole Continental army now passed in review before me. They were forced to put on the shape of the timid hare, whose disposition they already possessed. With ears erect, they seemed watching the first approach of danger, and ready to fly even at the appearance of it. But what was very singular, a brass collar was affixed to the neck of one of their leaders, on which I saw distinctly the following lines:

'They win the fight, that win the race.'

Alluding to the maxim he had always pursued, of making a good and timely retreat.

"This timorous crew having hastily retired, I beheld a great and magnanimous commander of antiquity, transformed into a game cock, who at once began to crow and strut about as if he was meditating a combat, but upon the appearance of a few cropple crowned hens, he dismissed his purpose, and I could see him at some distance from the hall, brushing his wing, and ruffling his feathers at every Dame Partlet in the company. The oddity of this transformation, and of the circumstances attending it, excited in me such a disposition to laugh, that I immediately awakened, and was forced reluctantly to resign the character of *A Dreamer*."[2]

[1] See a pamphlet called (I think) The Nature and Extent of Parliamentary Power considered.

[2] Rivington's Royal Gazette, January 23.

JANUARY 19.—THE Tory freebooters, who have their haunts and caves in the pines, and have been for some time past a terror to the inhabitants of Monmouth county, in the Jerseys, have, during the course of the present week, met with a very eminent disaster. On Tuesday evening last, Captain Benjamin Dennis, who lately killed the infamous robber Fagan, with a party of his militia, went in pursuit of three of the most noted of the Pine Banditti, and was so fortunate as to fall in with them and kill them on the spot. Their names are Stephen Bourke, alias Emmans, Stephen West, and Ezekiel Williams. Yesterday they were brought up to Monmouth Court House, and two of them, it is said, will be hanged in chains. This signal piece of service was effected through the instrumentality of one John Van Kirk, who was prevailed upon to associate with them on purpose to discover their practices, and to lead them into our hands. He conducted himself with so much address that the robbers, and especially the three above named, who were the leading villains, looked upon him as one of their body, kept him constantly with them, and intrusted him with all their designs. Monmouth County Tories.

Van Kirk, at proper seasons, gave intelligence of their movements to Captain Dennis, who conducted himself accordingly. They were on the eve of setting off for New York, to make sale of their plunder, when Van Kirk informed Captain Dennis of the time of their intended departure, (which was to have been on Tuesday night last,) and of the course they would take to their boat; in consequence of which, and agreeable to the directions of Van Kirk, the captain and a small party of his militia planted themselves at Rock Pond, near the seashore, and shot Bourke, West, and Williams. We were in hopes at first of keeping Van Kirk under the rose, but the secret is out, and of course he must fly the county, for the Tories are so highly exasperated against him, that death will certainly be his fate if he does not speedily leave Monmouth. The Whigs are soliciting contributions in his favor, and, from present appearances, we have no doubt that they will present him with a very handsome sum. The destruction of the British fleet could not diffuse more universal joy through the in-

habitants of Monmouth, than has the death of the above egregious villains. A certain John Gilbertson, of the same group of villains, was killed about three weeks ago, by a party of the militia, near Tom's River.[1]

FEBRUARY 2.—THIS morning, his Excellency General Washington set off from Philadelphia to join the army in New Jersey. During the course of his short stay, (the only relief he has enjoyed from service since he first entered into it,) he has been honored with every mark of esteem which his accomplished fortitude as a soldier, and his exalted qualities as a gentleman and a citizen, entitle him to. Among other instances, he was welcomed at his first coming by an address from the Supreme Executive Council and the magistrates of the city, and politely entertained by the President of Congress, the President of the State, his Excellency the Minister of France, Don Juan Marrailles, a Spanish gentleman of distinction and amiable character, besides the numerous testimonials of regard shown to him by private gentlemen. The council of this State being desirous of having his picture in full length, requested his sitting for that purpose, which he politely complied with, and a striking likeness was taken by Mr. Peale of Philadelphia. The portrait is to be placed in the Council Chamber. Don Juan Marrailles has ordered five copies, four of which, we hear, are to be sent abroad. His excellency's stay was rendered the more agreeable by the company of his lady, and the domestic retirement which he enjoyed at the house of the Honorable Henry Laurens, Esquire, with whom he resided.[2]

Washington leaves Philadelphia.

Peale's Portrait of Washington.

FEBRUARY 4.—IT is painful to repeat the indubitable accounts we are continually receiving, of the cruel and inhuman treatment of the subjects of these States from the Britons in New York and other places. They who hear our countrymen, who have been so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of those unrelenting tyrants, relate the sad

American Prisoners at New York.

[1] New Jersey Gazette, February 3. [2] Pennsylvania Packet, February 4.

story of their captivity, the insults they have received, and the slow, cool, systematic manner in which great numbers of those who could not be prevailed on to enter their service, have been murdered, must have hearts of stone not to melt with pity for the sufferers, and burn with indignation at their tormentors. As we have daily fresh instances to prove the truth of such a representation, public justice requires that repeated public mention should be made of them. A cartel vessel lately carried about one hundred and thirty American prisoners from the prison ships in New York to New London, in Connecticut. Such was the condition in which these poor creatures were put on board the cartel, that in that short run, sixteen died on board; upwards of sixty, when they were landed, were scarcely able to move, and the remainder greatly emaciated and enfeebled; and many who continue alive, are never likely to recover their former health. The greatest inhumanity was experienced by the prisoners in a ship of which one Nelson, a Scotchman, had the superintendence. Upwards of three hundred American prisoners were confined at a time on board this ship. There was but one small fireplace allowed to cook the food of such a number. The allowance of the prisoners was, moreover, frequently delayed, insomuch that in the short days of November and December, it was not begun to be delivered out till eleven o'clock in the forenoon, so that the whole could not be served till three o'clock. At sunset the fire was ordered to be quenched; no plea for the many sick, from their absolute necessity, the shortness of the time, and the smallness of the hearth, was allowed to avail. The known consequence was, some had not their food dressed at all; many were obliged to eat it half raw. On board this ship, no flour, oatmeal, and things of like nature, suited to the condition of infirm people, were allowed to the many sick; nothing but ship bread, beef and pork. This is the account given by a number of prisoners, who are credible persons; and this is but a part of their sufferings; so that the excuse made by the enemy, that the prisoners were emaciated, and died by a contagious sickness, which no one could prevent, is futile. It requires no great sagacity to know, that crowding people together

Nelson's Prison Ship.

without fresh air, and feeding, or rather starving them in such a manner as the prisoners have been, must unavoidably produce a contagion. Nor is it want of candor to suppose, that many of our enemies saw with pleasure this contagion, which might have been so easily prevented, among the prisoners who could not be persuaded to enter their service. Some of them, no doubt, thought they acted in all this with the true spirit of the British Parliament, who began hostilities against America by shutting up the port of Boston, interdicting the fishery and those branches of trade that were deemed necessary to our subsistence; and when some members objected to the cruelty of such acts, some well-known friends to the ministry had the face to ring in the ears of others, Starvation, starvation to the rebels —starvation is the only thing that will bring them to their senses! In short, the inhumanity of the Britons, from the beginning of this war, and through every stage of it, is without a parallel in the annals of any civilized nation. These things ought never to be forgotten, though some would fain wink them out of sight. We are not, indeed, to resolve never to make peace with our enemies, but never to make a peace that will leave it in their power to act over again their intolerable oppressions and cruelties. We can never secure ourselves against this, but by maintaining, at all adventures, the sovereignty and independence of these States. Nothing but this can effectually prevent the present generation from enduring the severest punishment for their noble resistance to the tyranny of Britain, nor our posterity from groaning throughout all generations under the most abject and cruel bondage.[1]

FEBRUARY 7.—YESTERDAY being the anniversary of forming the alliance between France and the United States, the honorable the Congress at Philadelphia gave a public entertainment to his Excellency the Minister Plenipotentiary of his Most Christian Majesty, at which the following toasts were drank, under the discharge of cannon:

1. May the alliance between France and the United States

[1] New Hampshire Gazette, February 9.

be perpetual. 2. The United States. 3. His Most Christian Majesty. 4. The Queen of France. 5. His Most Catholic Majesty. 6. The Princes of the House of Bourbon. 7. Success to the allied arms. 8. General Washington and the army. 9. The friends of liberty in every part of the world. 10. May the new constellation rise to the zenith. 11. May the American stripes bring Great Britain to reason. 12. The memory of the patriots who have nobly fallen in defence of the liberty and independence of America. 13. A safe and honorable peace.

Anniversary of French Alliance.

The cheerfulness which existed in the company upon the happy occasion of their being assembled was not to be exceeded, and a thousand brilliancies, alluding to the alliance, were uttered. There can be no doubt but that every true American and every true Frenchman will contribute his efforts to preserve that connection which is formed by the alliance, and which is so necessary to the happiness and aggrandizement of both nations. Their mutual interests dictate such a conduct in the strongest and most affectionate terms. The principles of the alliance are founded in true policy and equal justice; and it is highly probable that mankind will have cause to rejoice in this union which has taken place between two nations; the one the most puissant in the old, and the other the most powerful in the new world.[1]

February 10.—Last Tuesday, about three o'clock in the morning, a party of the new levies from Staten Island went into Woodbridge, New Jersey, and marched up into the town, undiscovered, to the house of Charles Jackson, in which there happened to lay that night a scout of Continental troops from Bonem Town, consisting of twelve men. The sentinel did not discover them till they had well-nigh surrounded the house, it being very dark, when he fired and ran off, making his escape; the rest being unfortunately asleep, were taken by surprise without making any resistance. Their principal object was Captain Nathaniel Fitz Ran-

British Descent into New Jersey.

[1] New Jersey Gazette, February 17.

dolph, who lived at this house. He had just returned from Staten Island, having been over there with a small party, chiefly of the night, and was but a few minutes in the house before he was alarmed by the firing of the sentinel, when they instantly rushed into the house and seized him and Mr. Jackson with the scout. The party had gone before the inhabitants had time to collect, without doing any other damage except plundering the house of a few trifling articles, taking the shoe buckles out of the women's shoes, which was as little, or more than could be expected, considering the usual practice of the British troops, as the men were restrained from plundering by their officer, said to be a Captain Ryerson, of Buskirk's regiment, who seemed actuated by principles of honor and humanity; and upon this occasion imitated the laudable example of Captain Randolph, who has not only distinguished himself by his activity and bravery, but by his politeness and generosity towards such as he hath taken prisoners, never allowing his men to plunder—a practice most ignominious and base, by which Britons have, in the present contest with America greatly disgraced themselves, and deserve to be forever despised, in which their principal officers have joined, and so sunk themselves to a level with the meanest pilfering soldier.[1]

FEBRUARY 18.—THIS day, the anniversary of the alliance with France was celebrated at Pluckemin, in the Jerseys, at a very elegant entertainment and display of fire works given by General Knox, and the officers of the corps of artillery. It was postponed to this late day on account of his Excellency General Washington's absence from camp.

Celebration at Pluckemin.

General Washington, the principal officers of the army, Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Knox, the gentlemen and ladies for a large circuit round the camp, were of the company. Besides these, there was a vast concourse of spectators from every part of the Jerseys.[2]

A correspondent gives the following account of the rejoic

[1] New Jersey Gazette, February 17. [2] Same, March 3.

ings:—"On Thursday, the 18th, I rode from my lodging, near that celebrated spot where General Dickinson, in 1777, took from the enemy a large number of wagons, horses, &c., with but a handful of raw militia, to a place about eight or nine miles distant, called Pluckemin, where the artillery have their winter quarters. The huts of this corps are situated on a rising ground, at a small distance from the road, and unfold themselves in a very pretty manner as you approach. A range of field-pieces, mortars, howitzers, and heavy cannon, make the front line of a parallelogram; the other sides are composed of huts for the officers and privates; there is also an academy where lectures are read on tactics and gunnery, and work huts for those employed in the laboratory, all very judiciously arranged. This military village is superior, in some respects, to most of those I had seen. Its regularity, its appearance, and the ground on which it stands, throws over it a look of enchantment, although it is no more than the work of a few weeks.

"I am told the great philosopher and warrior of Prussia thinks it no dishonor to copy General Washington in the mode of quartering his troops. Indeed, this way of wintering an army has every thing to recommend it, and more especially in America, where a great plenty of wood naturally points to such a practice. Little aid from the country is required; and the hands that would be necessary for the sawing and transporting timber for barracks are, by this means, given up to the culture of our lands, or other useful employments.

"His excellency the commander-in-chief arrived from his head-quarters about three o'clock in the afternoon. Mrs. Washington was in a carriage, accompanied by that steady friend to the rights of mankind, Mr. Laurens, the late President of Congress. I had also the pleasure of seeing Mr. Duer, late a member of that honorable body from the State of New York.

"I was introduced to Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Knox, and a circle of *brilliants*, the *least* of which seemed more valuable than that stone of immense price which the King of Portugal received from his Brazilian possessions.

"About four o'clock the occasion was announced by a dis-

charge of thirteen round of cannon. We then repaired to the academy to dinner. The company was composed of the most respectable gentlemen and ladies for a considerable circuit round the camp, and as many of the officers of the army as could possibly attend.

"I had, till now, only seen the outside of the academy. It was raised several feet above the other buildings, and capped with a small cupola, which had a very good effect. The great room was fifty feet by thirty, arched in an agreeable manner, and neatly plastered within. At the lower end of the room was a small inclosure, elevated above the company, where the preceptor to the park gave his military lessons. This was converted into an orchestra, where the music of the army entertained the company. The style of the dinner was of that happy kind, between the extremes of parade and unmeaning profusion, and a too great sparingness and simplicity of dishes. Its luxury could not have displeased a republican. The toasts were descriptive of the day, while the joy and complacency of the company could have given umbrage to none, except *our* enemies the British.

"Just as night came on, we were called upon to the exhibition of fireworks. These were under the direction of Colonel Stevens, of the artillery. The eye was very agreeably struck with the frontispiece of a temple, about one hundred feet in length. It was divided into thirteen arches, each arch embellished with an illuminated painting, allegoric of the progress of our empire, or the wise policy of our alliance; the centre arch was ornamented with a pediment, and proportionably larger than the others; the whole supported by a colonnade of the Corinthian order. The different works in pyrotechny were very agreeably disposed, and displayed to great advantage.

"In all public rejoicings I make it a point to mix with the multitude; if they are not pleased, the demonstration may be considered as wrong. In the present instance I was charmed to find that every man's heart went along with the occasion.

"When the fireworks were finished, the company returned to the academy; the same room that had served to dine in served to dance in; the tables were removed, and had left a

range for about thirty couple, to foot it to no indifferent measure. As it was a festival given by men who had not enriched *themselves* by the war, the lights were cheap, and of their own manufacture; the seats the work of their own artisans; and for *knights of different orders*, there were hardy soldiers, happy in the thought of having some hand in bringing round what they were celebrating.

"The ball was opened by his excellency the general. When this man unbends from his station, and its weighty functions, he is even then like a philosopher, who mixes with the amusements of the world, that he may teach it what is right, or turn its trifles into instruction.

"As it is too late in the day for me to follow the windings of a fiddle, I contented myself with the conversation of some one or other of the ladies during the interval of dancing. I was particularly amused with the lively sallies of a Miss * * *, asking her if the *roaring* of the British lion in his late speech did not interrupt the spirit of the dance? 'Not at all,' said she, 'it rather enlivens; for I have heard that such animals always increase their howlings when most frightened. And do you not think,' added she, 'you, who should know more than young girls, that he has real cause of apprehension from the large armaments and honorable purposes of the Spaniards?' 'So,' said I, 'you suppose that the King of Spain acts in politics as the ladies do in affairs of love, smile in a man's face, while they are spreading out the net which is to entangle him for life.' 'At what season,' replied the fair, with a glance of ineffable archness, 'do men lose the power of paying such compliments?'

"If I have looked on the whole sex with an equal eye of observance, I here confess the atrocious philosophy; and were it not too late, I should wish to lead down the remainder of the dance with so sweetly vivacious a partner. But, alas! my dear friend, you will soon find that *sixty* is a better security against the hot-spur passions of man, than those beautiful *icicles* that Shakspeare tells us are curled of purest snow, and hung up 'on Diana's temple,' for the benefit, we may suppose, of her chaste attendants.

"I do not recollect that I have ever been more pleased on any occasion, or in so large a company. There could not have been less than sixty ladies. I had no eyes to encounter that shot forward in rays of studied superiority, nor any of those conscious interchanges, too often the result of great experience and knowledge. Through the whole, there was a remarkable style of looks and behavior, undebauched by British manners or British entertainments. Their charms were of that kind which give a proper determination to the spirits, and permanency to the affections. More than once I imagined myself in a circle of Samnites, where beauty and fidelity were made subservient to the interest of the State, and reserved for such citizens as had distinguished themselves in battle.

"Is it that the *women of Jersey*, by holding the space between two large cities, have continued exempt from the corruptions of either, and preserved a purity of manners superior to both? Or have I paid too great attention to their charms, and too little to those imperfections, which observers tell us, *are the natural growth of every soil?*"[1]

FEBRUARY 22.—THE attention of all ranks of people is fixed upon the expectation of hearing the important intelligence, which, it is said, the Congress received a few days ago from abroad, and the contents of which, it is added, they are in honor and policy bound not to divulge at present. There are various reports about it, but the two following are all we can get any particulars of at this time: One is, that the Spaniards have acceded to the independence of America, have agreed to assist France with thirty sail of the line, and lend the United States of America thirty millions of dollars, as they can better spare money than their troops at so great a distance. The other is, that the Dutch have agreed to supply the Americans with a considerable loan, which is to be guaranteed by France. Whatever be the intelligence, it is certain that the price of goods and

News from Spain.

The Dutch Loan.

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, March 6.

hard money has fallen greatly since an express boat arrived last week; but what part she comes from is also a secret.

FEBRUARY 26.—YESTERDAY morning a body of the British, consisting of the 42d and 33d regiments, and the light infantry of the guards, in number about a thousand, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Stirling, attempted to surprise the troops and inhabitants of Elizabethtown. They embarked at Long Island the evening before, about seven o'clock, and landed on the Salt Meadows, better than a mile to the left of Crane's ferry, between two and three in the morning. From thence they were conducted through a very difficult marsh to Woodruff's farms, which lies directly to the left of the town. British Descent on Elizabethtown, New Jersey.

The guard at Crane's ferry having discovered their landing, immediately despatched the intelligence to town, where the alarm being sounded, the troops were afforded an opportunity to collect. The number and movements of the enemy remaining doubtful by reason of the darkness, the troops were marched to the rear of the town, where the Whig inhabitants likewise retired.

A detachment of the enemy was despatched to the governor's house,[2] while the main body advanced to the skirts of the town, and from thence proceeded along the rear until they fell into the Brunswick road on the right. The governor happened to be absent from home that night, but if he had not, they would have been unsuccessful in this instance likewise, as the family received timely notice of their approach.[3]

[1] New Hampshire Gazette, March 16. [2] Governor William Livingston.

[3] The only part of the governor's family in the house, were two young ladies, his daughters, who had been alarmed before the enemy made their appearance, just long enough to dress themselves. On demanding his papers, after having made a fruitless search for his person, his eldest daughter, with great composure, carried the officers to a drawer filled with intercepted letters from London, taken in a British vessel, which they pocketed with the greatest avidity, and after having loaded themselves with part of the *precious intelligence*, carried off the remainder in the drawer itself. The officers in general behaved with great politeness, and exerted themselves in preventing the soldiers from plundering.—*New Jersey Journal*, March 2.

Finding themselves completely disappointed in every expectation, they made their visit in town very short; however, during their small halt, they set fire to the barracks, the school-house,[1] (in which were stored some few articles of provision,) and a blacksmith's shop. So soon as they began their retreat to their boats, General Maxwell marched such of his troops as were yet in reserve against their rear; the number of these, however, was small, several parties having been detached at different times to hang upon them.

About half way between the town and ferry, the enemy perceiving their rear in danger, from the sudden advance of our troops, and the assembling of the militia, faced about and paraded, as if for action. A few well-directed shot from our artillery induced them to renew their retreat, leaving two dead on the field. Perceiving an embarkation at the ferry would be attended with considerable hazard, their boats were moved better than a mile up Newark Bay, while the troops marched along the meadow's edge, in many places up to their middles in mud and mire. A galley and two or three gun boats covered their retreat at this place.

The American loss, exclusive of a few aged inhabitants whom the British took with them, but have since sent back, are, one private killed, two officers, to wit, Brigade Major Ogden and Lieutenant Rencastle, with four privates wounded, and seven privates missing. Major Ogden, who was reconnoitering the enemy shortly after their landing, very narrowly escaped being made prisoner; he was wounded in his right side by a bayonet, but we hope not dangerously.

The Rev. Mr. Hunter, chaplain to the brigade, on returning from the governor's house, where he had been to give the alarm, was made prisoner by them in the night, but he had the address very soon after to make his escape.

The enemy's loss we cannot ascertain, except the two killed, whom they left behind, two made prisoners, and one boat

[1] To the honor of the sex, it is to be remembered, that while the school-house, which had been made a repository for provisions, was on fire, the women, abandoning their own houses and effects, rescued the public stores from the flames with indefatigable alacrity.—*New Jersey Journal*, March 2.

taken. Cornelius Hetfield, Smith Hetfield, and Captain Luce, late of Elizabethtown, were their principal guides. They had collected a considerable number of horned cattle and horses, but their retreat was so precipitate, that they were obliged to leave them behind.[1]

FEBRUARY 27.—NIGHT before last, at eleven o'clock, the 17th, 44th, and 57th British regiments, the Hessian regiment du corps, Colonel Emmerick's chasseurs and dragoons, Colonel Robinson's provincial battalion, and a detachment of the royal artillery, under the command of Major-General Tryon, marched from King's Bridge, and proceeded to Horse Neck, in Connecticut, where they arrived at ten o'clock yesterday morning. Tryon's Descent on Horse Neck.

At their first entering the town, a body of rebel troops stationed there, under the command of General Putnam, fired a few random shot, but soon retreated in great confusion, leaving their three field-pieces (six-pounders) behind them, which his excellency[2] ordered to be spiked up, and the trunnions knocked off, also a large quantity of ammunition and stores found there to be destroyed. Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, of the 17th, with that regiment, and part of the 44th, was immediately detached to Greenwich, where he destroyed twenty-six salt pans, a great quantity of salt, a large new schooner, and two small vessels; after which he joined the detachment at Horse Neck, when the general, being informed that the rebels in that vicinity would be able to collect one thousand Continental and militia troops, early the next morning, determined to march at four o'clock. The troops passed many defiles, and got over Byram River before dusk, the rebels annoying the rear with a considerable fire, but soon after quitted the pursuit. The troops continued their march, and arrived at King's Bridge this afternoon at about four o'clock. This service was performed with a trifling loss, and the men who are missing, through excessive fatigue, are hourly expected in.[3]

[1] New Jersey Gazette, March 3.

[2] General Tryon.

[3] Rivington's Gazette, March 3. General Putnam, in an official letter from the camp at Reading, gives the following account of this expedition:—"A detach-

prising the troops at that place, and destroying the salt works

"A captain and thirty men were sent from our advance Neck, who discovered the enemy at New Rochelle, in advanc fore them undiscovered, as far as Rye Neck, where it growi observed and attacked them. They defended themselves as made their way good to Sawpitts, where they took advantag piece of ground and made some little stand; but the superior obliged them to retire over Byram Bridge, which they took u had an opportunity of reaching Horse Neck in safety.

"As I was there myself to see the situation of the guard formed on a hill by the meeting-house, ready to receive the vanced. They came on briskly, and I soon discovered that turn our flanks and possess themselves of a defile in our rear, ually prevent our retreat. I therefore ordered parties out directions to give me information of their approach, that we son. In the mean time a column advanced up the main road, of the troops (amounting only to about sixty) were posted. old field-pieces which were there a few times, and gave them ketry, but without any considerable effect; the superior force obliged our small detachment to abandon the place.

"I therefore directed the troops to retire and form on a from Horse Neck, while I proceeded to Stamford and collect and a few Continental troops which were there, with which I r and found that the enemy (after plundering the inhabitants o of their effects, and destroying a few salt works, a small slo on their return. The officer commanding the Continental Horse Neck, mistook my orders, and went much farther tha he could not come up with them to any advantage. I howe troops that came from Stamford to pursue them, thinking opportunity to pick up some stragglers. In this I was no Excellency will see by the list of prisoners. Besides these, were taken and sent off, so that I cannot tell to which partic belonged; one ammunition and one baggage wagon were ta there were about two hundred rounds of canister, grape, and

and the Savannah River. The following is the British account of the affair:—"The rebel army having penetrated, with near two thousand men, partly Continentals and partly militia, as far as Miller's burnt bridge, on Briar Creek, Colonel Prevost thought prudent to allow them to repair it, and to draw them on the south side of the creek before they were attacked; but information being received that they had sent off all their carts and wagons to Burton's ferry, over Savannah River, and proceeding but slowly in the repairs of the bridge, the colonel concluded that they had no further object in view, and that they meant to return shortly, in consequence of which, he ordered the first battalion of the 71st regiment, with about one hundred and fifty of the Carolina volunteers, to proceed to Buck Creek, three miles south of the burnt bridge, in order to mask the advance corps, with which he took a circuit of fifty miles in order to come on their rear, and attack them with five field-pieces, about eight hundred and fifty regulars, and about one hundred and eighty or two hundred of the Carolina volunteers and rangers. The march was begun privately on the first day of March, in the evening. The troops marched all night, and arrived about ten o'clock the next day, at a place where the rebels had lately destroyed a bridge. A temporary one was constructed, but for want of grapnels and cables, could not stand the strength of the current, the creek being both wide and rapid. A pontoon was then substituted, and though it occasioned considerable delay, the troops and artillery were carried over before daybreak on the third instant. The light infantry and the horse had been sent forward the preceding evening, to prevent the retreat of the enemy, and to conceal the intended movement. The scouts gave advice that they had discovered some parties of the enemy, when they were reinforced with a view to attack them, and to prevent their retreat to the main body of their army, and at the same time to conceal the march of the regular troops. In the attack, part of them escaped over the river, having a ferry there, a few of them were taken, and some saved themselves by the great speed of their horses; but as they had not discovered the troops, it gave no kind of apprehension that

General Ashe at Briar Creek.

it would alarm them, otherwise than to induce them to send party in quest of the scout we had shown in the rear.

"The prisoners we had taken concurred in their declaration that the rebels were unapprised of the vicinity of any enemies and trusting much to their superiority in numbers, were in the most perfect security. They also said that Major Ross, with three hundred light horse, had joined their army the preceding evening.

"The troops continued their march, and by half after four in the afternoon, the flying parties of horse drove in the enemy's picket, and took some prisoners, who informed us that they knew not of any number of troops but only a few scouters coming. The troops were rapidly formed, with the light infantry on the right, and two field-pieces were ordered to penetrate by a road leading towards the left of the rebel army. The centre was composed of the 2d battalion 71st, with some rangers, and Carolina foot on their left, and one howitzer and two six-pounders in their front. About one hundred and fifty horse were ordered to take the left of the whole, to turn the right flank of the enemy. A reserve was formed about four hundred yards to the rear, and consisted of three companies of grenadiers from Florida, and a troop of dragoons. About forty or fifty riflemen were posted to ambuscade a place through which the rebels might attempt, under cover of a swamp and thicket, to attack our left and rear.

"The enemy began a scattering fire of musketry, and fired some cannon, but were put to flight in an instant. They could not stand the spirited attack of Sir James Baird's light infantry on our right, and from that instant the success of the day was decided. They were pursued to the creek, into which, after throwing away their arms, the most active plunged and escaped by swimming; their right had no means of escaping, but over a lagoon very deep and broad, and then to cross the river Savannah. In that place, numbers have been drowned and perished, many were killed in the pursuit, and about one hundred taken prisoners. General Ashe, the commanding officer of their army, with some other officers of note, were mistaken by the 2d battalion 71st for some of our own people, as they passed

by them and took off their hats. Brigadier-General Elbert, Colonel M'Intosh, two other colonels, and twenty-three more officers have been taken, seven pieces of cannon, several stand of colors, their baggage, arms, ammunition, and every thing, in short, fell into the hands of the brave, victorious troops. Not a whole platoon of the rebel army escaped together, on our right or left. The panic occasioned by the terror of the bayonet, left them no alternative but that of plunging into the water, many of which, we are since informed, have been met without any other clothes but a shirt and breeches, and without arms, numbers of them badly wounded; few would have escaped if night had not come on so soon.

"The loss on our side was one officer wounded, five privates killed, and ten wounded; that of the enemy, about one hundred and fifty killed in the pursuit, vast numbers were drowned, and the rest rendered useless, having lost their arms and clothes.

"The coolness and intrepidity of the troops was conspicuous; not a word was heard but what was expressive of a wish to come up with the enemy; a cheerful, smiling countenance appeared on every side; the confidence of the troops was, to a degree, a sure and certain sign of the success they met with. Notwithstanding every fatigue, and even want of provisions for the whole day of the engagement, the troops formed, advanced rapidly, changed their disposition, and manœuvred with as much ease as they could have done on the same ground had no enemy been in sight."[1]

[1] New York Gazette, March 29. "The British account of this action," says Clift in his Diary, "is much more satisfactory than the rumors we get from our own people, (the Americans.) There is great reason to believe that some one is to blame for the defeat, as I hear the position was good and the men were willing." Gordon says: "Upon the appearance of the British light infantry, Ashe said to Elbert, who commanded the Continentals, 'Sir, you had better advance and engage them.' The Continentals did not exceed one hundred rank and file; but upon Elbert's ordering them, they formed, advanced thirty yards in front of the enemy, and commenced a very sharp fire upon them, and continued it about fifteen minutes. Ashe and the North Carolina militia remained about one hundred yards in the rear, entirely inactive. Instead of advancing to support the Continentals they were struck with such a panic at being so completely surprised that they went to the right about, and fled in confusion without discharging a single musket."—*History of the American Revolution.*

Sir William Howe.

Sir William Howe, when in America, says a correspondent in London, was the worst general that ever a British army was cursed with. The flower of our troops, which should have blossomed in the full bloom of victory, and have extended conquest through all the continent of America, was permitted to wither among the weeds of dissipation, and all its former glory to fade in the eyes of the surrounding enemy. Hundreds of young men were ruined at the gaming tables in Philadelphia and New York—places of certain destruction, protected and countenanced by the commander-in-chief. Our officers were practising at the dice-box, or studying the chances of picquet, when they should have been storming towns, and crushing the spirit of rebellion; and the harlot's eye glistened with wanton pleasure at the general's table when the brightness of his sword should have reflected terror on the face of the rebels. Cleopatra's banquet was in continual representation, and the American Antony at the head of each feast.

An army so commanded, or rather so indulged, might, indeed, to the general, gain the applause of giddy subalterns, and the thanks of gambling veterans; no wonder, then, that a triumphant arch was raised to the hero's fame: but to a soldier it intimated disgrace, for it was not adorned with one laurel of victory.[1]

Every step that General Howe took through the course of his most lucrative appointment, is now known to the people of England. The general of middle fortune, and yet humble abilities, has returned enriched by his command, and dignified by his sovereign. But when we investigate the source from whence this honor and these riches arose, we find that the latter was owing to an inaction which delayed conquest and prolonged the war, whilst the former is but a type of the crimson stream which wantonly flowed at Bunker's Hill.[2]

March 17.—It may not be amiss to observe, by way of re-

[1] Alluding to the Mischianza; see page 52, ante.

[2] "Ventidius," Upcott, v. 371.

freshing some people's memories, that the continent of North America extends from the frozen regions of the north, where the sun scarce deigns to cast a look, to the southern climes that burn beneath his vertical rays, and includes all the variety of soil and climate—that its coast is washed by the Atlantic for fifteen hundred miles—that it is intersected by rivers that may vie with the Thames and the Nile—that it extends westward as far as the imagination can travel, and is in itself an inexhaustible source of national wealth and strength. Remarks respecting America.

A copper-colored species of human beings occupy the immense tract of wilderness in common with wolves and bears; an edging or border of this boundless country is settled by European colonies, all of which, to the northward of the Mississippi, appertain to the British empire. Twelve of these colonies are at present in rebellion, but if fame says true, must, ere long, return, like the prodigal son, to the arms of an affectionate though offended parent.

The inhabitants of the revolted provinces may be classed as follows: First, avowed loyalists, who not only refuse to take an active part in the rebellion, but improve every opportunity to assist the King's troops, by supplying them with provisions, giving intelligence, bearing arms, &c. Many of these are languishing in prisons, and several have been executed by the rebels in solemn mockery of justice.

A *second class* consists of people who, though well wishers to Great Britain and her cause, are resolved to keep in terms with the powers that be. These pay taxes, subscribe tests, and take oaths, whenever they are called on; but notwithstanding their complying with the requisitions of the rebels, they are looked upon with a jealous eye, all their motions are watched, and frequently, especially when affairs put on a threatening aspect, they are obliged to renew their oaths of allegiance to the States.

A *third sort* consider themselves as independent of Great Britain, and wish to establish some permanent system of government amongst themselves, but are always opposed by

A *fourth sort*, who consider all government as dissolved,

and themselves in a state of absolute liberty, where they wish always to remain. This class is so far from being inconsiderable, that in several counties they have been able hitherto to prevent any courts being opened, and to render every attempt to administer justice abortive.

An effort was made in Massachusetts to establish a form of government, but a doubt was started, whether it was the proper business of the few or the many, or in other words, whether such a measure ought to originate with the assembly or the people. The politicians took different sides, and a paper war was commenced. The assembly, however, undertook to draw the outlines of a model, which was rejected by a majority of the town, so that at present, what civil government they have, is the remains of their charter institution, and consists of a council and house of representatives, without a governor.

The dismission of John Adams from the rebel embassy at the court of Versailles, indicates a decline of the influence of the northern faction, and bodes no good to American independence. John Adams is the kinsman and creature of Samuel Adams, the Cromwell of New England, to whose intriguing arts the declaration of independence is in a great measure to be attributed, the history of which will not be unentertaining.

When the northern delegates broached their political tenets in Congress, they were interrogated by some of the southern ones, whether they did or did not aim at independence, to which mark their violent principles seemed to tend? Samuel Adams, with as grave a face as hypocrisy ever wore, affirmed they did not, but in the evening of the same day, in a circle of confidential friends, (as he took them to be,) confessed that the independence of the colonies had been the great object of his life; that whenever he had met with a youth of parts, he had endeavored to instil such notions into his mind, and had neglected no opportunity, either in public or in private, of preparing the way for that event, which now, thank God, was at hand.

He watched the favorable moment when, by pleading the necessity of a foreign alliance, and urging the impracticability of obtaining it without a declaration of independence, he

finally succeeded in the accomplishment of his wishes; but now, at the first attempt, the voices in Congress are collected by colonies, and that of each colony is determined by a majority of the delegates of such colony. When a majority is thus obtained, no protest or dissent is entered, and the vote, by a regulation coeval with the Congress, passes for unanimous. On the first trial there were but six votes in Congress for independence, the other seven being against it. The delegates for Pennsylvania were known to be divided. Adams wrought upon the versatility of one of them, a Mr. Dickinson, and so carried his point. Thus a matter of such moment to both countries, and which, the rebels would make us believe, was the unanimous voice of the thirteen colonies, was finally determined by the single suffrage of Mr. Dickinson![1]

The Future of the United States.

The dependence of these colonies on the mother country was, a few years ago, esteemed so essential to their happiness, that the man who could suppose them to have formed the design of a separation, would have been accused of madness, and treated as their greatest enemy. How could it be imagined that the ties of religion, laws, manners, and commerce, not to mention those of duty and allegiance, would have been universally forgot, and that, too, at the very time when the colonists were professing the deepest sense of them? It is certain that the British nation could not, for a long time, be induced to believe that the colonies seriously entertained such a design; and those who, from the inordinate ambition of individuals, and the blind fury of a misguided populace, foretold the event, were doomed, like Cassandra, not to be credited, although they spoke the truth.

But remote from the probability as this design would some time ago have been imagined, it is by no means so strange as the conjunction which the colonies have formed with the French nation—a conjunction so unnatural, that we might as well have expected to see the tiger and the ox feed at one stall, or the lion and the lamb lie down together.

[1] "Decius," in the London Morning Post; Upcott, v. 201.

The seeming indifference with which many of the colonists regard this baneful alliance, may serve to remind us of an observation, founded in experience, that those things which would have struck us with amazement if related of former ages, pass without causing any such impression when they happen in our own times. A celebrated writer and great politician carries this matter so far as to declare, that he is well convinced the appointment of Caligula's horse to be consul was not thought very extraordinary when it actually took place, notwithstanding the gross absurdity of the fact, and the manner we are affected by it as it appears in the page of history.

When posterity shall observe the colonies disdainfully rejecting every advance to an accommodation made by the parent country, with the most liberal offers of freedom and security, and shall behold them, on the other hand, crouching, in the most humiliating manner, to a petty servant of the French despot, from whom they can expect neither liberty nor safety, they will doubtless be struck with indignation and surprise, though too many Americans at this day seem insensible to such emotions.

In politics, as well as in optics, it is necessary for clear and distinct vision, that the object should be placed at a certain distance, because otherwise, in the one case, we may indeed scan a part, but cannot comprehend the whole; and in the other, we are prevented from seeing clearly by that cloud of interest and prejudice which never fails to arise during the existence of the transaction.

For this reason, it may not be amiss in some cases to supply by art the distance that would otherwise be wanting, and we may procure that effect either by producing from history similar transactions, which cannot fail of seizing and affecting the mind of the reader, or by throwing into one striking picture the consequences of a measure before passion has prepared the people to embrace them.

Thus a lively representation of the distress to which Great Britain was reduced in the reign of King Charles, when designing men, under pretence of oppression, and with affected regard for liberty and property, overthrew the barriers which

the constitution had raised for the security of both; when a military force, for the purpose of a civil war, was intrusted to the direction of butchers, pettifoggers, draymen, and cobblers, and almost every character of worth and distinction in the nation was sooner or later exposed to ruin, with the unbounded despotism in one man which then ensued, and always will ensue, in similar circumstances, might have afforded excellent and obvious lessons to the colonies at the time that they engaged in this unnatural rebellion.

In like manner, the calamities which the Britons underwent, when attending only "*to the suggestions of present fears*," they invited the Saxons into the kingdom, would, if properly depictured, have been sufficient to deter any prudent people from pledging their country to foreigners, or giving them any considerable footing in it on account of domestic quarrels.

It is sufficient for the present purpose to have just hinted at these matters. The history of every age and every nation may, in like manner, afford excellent cautions to all persons of judgment and reflection. But it may not be improper to suggest a few particulars to the Americans respecting the probable consequences of their alliance and connection with France.

The event of war is always uncertain; but if we may judge from the wealth and resources of Britain—the spirit of the nation—the magnanimity of the king—the abilities, bravery, and experience of the commanders both by sea and land, joined to the approved discipline and valor of her troops, and the expertness and courage of her seamen, there is all imaginable reason to suppose that the Grand Monarque will ere long be glad to renounce his perfidious alliance, and the Americans be forced to sue with disgrace for those terms which they might before have accepted with honor. On the other hand, even if America, by the power of France and French troops, should oblige Britain to relinquish her just claim to an equitable union of force and interests, what advantage would the colonies reap from the event? Religion, with tattered garments and mournful eye, would lament the success which exposed her to the shackles of Popish superstition, and the lash of unfeeling persecutors; whilst indignant freedom would fly with disgust from

a land devoted to the arbitrary domination of a French tyrant.

Let us for a moment suppose the American triumph complete, and that some of those events which must inevitably follow it, had already taken place; and let us imagine ourselves reading a few passages of an American newspaper, containing an account of some other particulars, which we may reasonably judge to be of the following nature:

Boston, November 10, 1789.—His Excellency Count Tyran, has this day published, by authority from his Majesty, a proclamation for the supression of heresy and establishment of the inquisition in this town, which has already began its functions in many other places of the continent under his Majesty's dominion.

The use of the Bible in the vulgar tongue is strictly prohibited, on pain of being punished by discretion of the inquisition.

November 11.—The Catholic religion is not only outwardly professed, but has made the utmost progress among all ranks of people here, owing, in a great measure, to the unwearied labors of the Dominican and Franciscan friars, who omit no opportunity of scattering the seeds of religion, and converting the wives and daughters of heretics. We hear that the building formerly called the Old South Meeting, is fitting up for a cathedral, and that several other old meeting-houses are soon to be repaired for convents.

November 12.—This day being Sunday, the famous Samuel Adams read his recantation of heresy, after which he was present at mass, and we hear he will soon receive priest's orders to qualify him for a member of the American Sorbonne.

November 13.—A vessel is just arrived from Nantes, which brings advice that the king has conferred the sole and exclusive right of fishing in the American seas upon a company of merchants in Havre de Grace, and that any of his American subjects who infringe that right will be punished in the severest manner.

The king has been pleased to order that five thousand of the inhabitants of Massachusetts Bay shall be drafted to supply

his garrisons in the West Indies; the officers for them are already arrived from France.

Hartford, November 14.—His Excellency the Marquis D'Imperieuse has, by command of his Majesty, prohibited the making or vending of rum within his government, it having been found by experience to interfere with the sale of French brandy.

New York, November 15.—The edict for prohibiting the use of the English language, and establishing that of the French in all law proceedings, will take place on the 20th instant. At the same time, the ordinance for abolishing trials by juries, and introducing the imperial law, will begin to take effect.

Philadelphia, November 16.—On Tuesday last arrived here the St. Esprit, from Bordeaux, with a most valuable cargo of rosaries, mass books, and indulgences, which have been long expected. It is said she has twenty thousand pair of wooden shoes on board. N. B. They are found to be much lighter than any made of English leather.

On Monday next Te Deum will be celebrated in the Grand Cathedral, on account of a great victory obtained over the Dutch in Flanders. It is hoped that the Protestant heresy will soon be extirpated in all parts of Europe. A grand Auto de Fé is to be performed on Wednesday next. Father Le Cruel, president of the inquisition in this city, out of a tender regard for the salvation of mankind, has thought proper that an example should be made of an old fellow of the age of ninety, convicted of Quakerism, and of reading the Bible, a copy of which, in the English language, was found in his possession. He was hardened and obstinate beyond measure, and could not be prevailed on to retract his errors.

November 17.—A criminal of importance, who has been long imprisoned in the New Bastile, was this day privately beheaded. He commanded the American forces against Great Britain for a considerable time, but was confined by order of government on suspicion of possessing a dangerous influence in a country newly conquered, and not thoroughly settled.

November 19.—Mr. Duer was, by order of the viceroy, and at the request of the holy tribunal, sentenced to the galleys for

profane and obscene language. He would have been broke on the wheel, had he not pleaded his former services in reducing the country to his Majesty's obedience.

The king has been pleased to parcel out a great part of the lands in America to noblemen of distinction, who will grant them again to the peasantry upon leases at will, with the reservation of proper rents and services.

His Majesty has been graciously pleased to order that none of the natives of America shall keep any firearms in their possession, upon pain of being sentenced to the galleys.

November 20.—It is expected that the *gabelle* upon salt will produce a considerable revenue to the crown. After paying the customary duties in France, it is chargeable only with thirty livres per bushel additional duty in America. No salt can be imported except from the French territories in Europe.

November 21.—Obadiah Standfast, the Quaker, was this day burnt, pursuant to his sentence.

November 22.—We hear from Williamsburg, in Virginia, that some commotions took place there when the new capitation tax was first executed. But the regiment of Bretagne, being stationed in that neighborhood, speedily suppressed them by firing upon the populace, and killing fifty on the spot. It is hoped that this example will prevent any future insurrection in that part of the country.

November 23.—His Majesty has directed his viceroy to send five hundred sons of the principal inhabitants of America, to be educated in France, where the utmost care will be taken to imbue them with a just regard for the Catholic faith, and a due sense of subordination to government.

It is ordered that all the trade of America shall be carried on in French "bottoms, navigated by French seamen."

Such is the glorious specimen of happiness to be enjoyed by America, in case the interposition of France shall enable her to shake off her dependence on Great Britain—*Di talem avertite casum.*[1]

[1] Rivington's Royal Gazette, March 17.

MARCH 18.—YESTERDAY, the anniversary of Saint Patrick, the tutelar saint of Ireland, was celebrated in New York by the natives of that kingdom, with their accustomed hilarity. The volunteers of Ireland, preceded by their band of music, marched into the city, and formed before the house of their colonel, Lord Rawdon, who put himself at their head, and, after paying his compliments to his Excellency General Knyphausen, and to General Jones, accompanied them to the Bowery, where a dinner was provided, consisting of five hundred covers. After the men were seated, and had proceeded to the enjoyment of a noble banquet, the officers returned to town, and dined with his lordship. The soldierly appearance of the men, their order of march, hand in hand, being all natives of Ireland, had a striking effect. The Irish Battalion.

This single battalion, though only formed a few months ago, marched four hundred *strapping fellows*, neither influenced by Yankee or Ague; a number, perhaps, equal to all the recruits forced into the rebel army in the same space of time, which shows how easily troops may be formed on this continent, from the people who have been seduced into America, and spurn at the treason and tyranny of the Congress, providing proper measures are followed, and they are headed by men of their choice. And, also, that such men, however long they may have remained in the haunts of hypocrisy, cunning, and disaffection, being naturally gallant and loyal, crowd with ardor to stand forth in the cause of their king, of their country, and of real, honest, general liberty, whenever an opportunity offers.[1]

MARCH 30.—THE predatory plan of the Tories that have lately infested the southern coasts of Massachusetts, is more extensive than was at first imagined. The infamous Brigadier Ruggles, a native of Massachusetts, flourishes with his royal commission at the head of this band of robbers. The direction of their motions is committed to this parricide. The noted Gilbert is his second. It seems British Privateers.

[1] New York Gazette, March 22.

the governmental folks at New York, heartily fatigued with having so many importunate hungry Tories hanging upon them, have come to a kind of compromise with these wretches. They are now to prowl for their own living. The British king allows them small armed vessels, and salt provisions; respecting other things they are to find themselves. Equipped upon so honorable a footing, they are to seek their pay, and maintain their families, by plunder and robbery. Their leader at Sandwich and Falmouth, Edward Winslow, of Plymouth, is a specimen of the future fate of many of them. He is gone back to Rhode Island with the gout in his stomach, occasioned by a musket ball, and probably will rob no more.[1]

Condition of the Rebel Army.

APRIL 17.—BY a person who was, like many others, forced into the rebel army against his consent, and yesterday escaped from Newark, we are assured that the rebel troops, being served with salt beef, (which is exceedingly putrid from bad salt and ill curing,) and being only allowed a small proportion of wretched whiskey every other day, are uncommonly sickly and discontented; that two regiments in the neighborhood of Washington's quarters had mutinied, and that the most part of the men only wanted an opportunity either of deserting to the British, or of turning their arms against those who have inveigled them into a service which they despise and detest, and who, after having long crammed them with promises and lies, are now carrying the experiment beyond sufferance by refusing them wholesome food.[2]

The Recruiting Service.

APRIL 22.—IT may be relied on, that the recruiting service for the Continental army has lately gone on with more rapidity and success than for a long time past. A single officer, who has not been long upon that service, will soon send forward from the neighborhood of Boston, in Massachusetts, no less than two hundred recruits. Others have met with like success. At the same time, we are well informed, that by far the greater part of the brave Americans, under

[1] New Hampshire Gazette, April 27. [2] Rivington's Gazette, April 17.

General Washington, have re-enlisted during the war. Nine-tenths of the Southern forces have done it. The men are highly pleased with their excellent clothing, which is now acknowledged to be equal, if not superior, to that of any soldiery in the world. They are equally pleased with the plenty and quality of their provisions, and the attention that has been paid by the several States, as well as by Congress, to their families. Many of these noble-spirited men, upon their re-enlistment, have laughingly said, "The term is too short; the war, we know, can last but a little while; bring us an indenture for ninety-nine years."[1]

Jonathan Hopper.

YESTERDAY evening, Captain Jonathan Hopper, a brave and spirited officer of the militia of Bergen County, in New Jersey, was basely murdered by a party of ruffians from New York. He discovered them breaking open his stable, and hailed them, upon which they fired, and wounded him; he returned to his house, they followed, burst open the door, and bayoneted him in upwards of twenty places. One of them, named Stephen Rider, was formerly one of his neighbors.[2]

Expedition against the Onondagas.

APRIL 24.—THIS afternoon, the detachment sent out last Monday on an expedition against the Indians at Onondaga,[3] returned to Fort Schuyler. The following account of it is given by a writer in the New York Packet:—"An enterprise against the Onondaga settlements of the Indians having been projected and approved of by his Excellency General Washington, and the direction of it committed to Brigadier-General James Clinton, commanding in the northern department, he, on the seventh of April, issued his orders, and gave the execution of them to Colonel Van Schaack, commander of the 1st battalion of New York Continental troops, appointing as second and third in command Lieuten-

[1] New Hampshire Gazette, April 27. [2] New Jersey Gazette, May 12.

[3] Onondaga is about two hundred miles west of Albany, in New York, and about eighty miles from Fort Stanwix.—*Gaine's Mercury*, May 17.

ant-Colonel Willet and Major Cochran, of the 3d New York battalion, all officers of approved courage and abilities. The detachment for the service consisted of six companies of New York, one of Pennsylvania, one of Massachusetts troops, and one of riflemen, amounting, in the whole, to five hundred and four rank and file, and fifty-one officers.

"Fort Schuyler being appointed the place of rendezvous from thence, early on Monday morning, the nineteenth of April the whole party began their march, provision for eight days having been previously sent off in twenty-nine batteaux into Wood Creek.

"After a march of twenty-two miles, the troops arrived about three o'clock in the evening at the old Scow Place, but the boats having much farther to come, did not arrive till ten o'clock. As soon as the boats arrived, the whole of the troops embarked, and, upon entering the lake, were much impeded by a cold head wind.

"At eight o'clock in the morning of the twentieth, the troops halted at Pisser's Bay till all the boats came up, and then proceeded to the Onondaga landing, opposite to old Fort Brewerton, which they reached at three o'clock in the afternoon. From thence, after leaving all their boats with a proper guard, they marched eight or nine miles on their way to the Onondaga settlement, and, not being able to continue their march in the dark, lay on their arms all night, without fire.

"Very early on the twenty-first they proceeded to the Salt Lake, an arm of which (two hundred yards over, and four feet deep) they forded, with their pouches hung to their fixed bayonets, and advanced to the Onondaga Creek, where Captain Graham took prisoner an Onondaga warrior. The creek not being fordable, the troops crossed it on a log, and as soon as they were over, the utmost endeavors were used to surround the settlements, but as they extended eight miles, besides some scattered habitations lying back of the castles, it was impossible; and on the opposite side of the creek, though our troops entered their first settlement wholly undiscovered by them, they soon discovered some of our advanced parties, and took the alarm in all their settlements. The colonel, however, or-

dered different routes to be taken by different parties, in order to surround as many of their settlements as possible at the same time; but the Indians fled precipitately to the woods, not taking any thing with them. Our troops took thirty-three Indians and one white man prisoners, and killed twelve Indians. The whole of their settlements, consisting of about fifty houses, with a large quantity of corn and beans, were burnt, a number of fine horses, and every other kind of stock were killed. About one hundred guns, some of which were rifles, were among the plunder, the whole of which, after the men were loaded with as much as they could carry, was destroyed, with a considerable quantity of ammunition; one swivel, taken at the council house, had the trunnions broken off, and was otherwise much damaged, and, in fine, the destruction of all their settlements was complete.

"After this, the troops began to march on their return, recrossed the creek, and forded the arm of the lake, on the side of which they encamped on a good ground. They had only been once interrupted by a small party of Indians, who fired upon them from the opposite side of the creek, but were soon beaten back by Lieutenant Evans' riflemen, who killed one of them.

"On the twenty-second the troops marched to the landing, embarked in good order, and rowed to Seven Mile Island; on the twenty-third crossed the lake, and landed two miles up Wood Creek. On Saturday, the twenty-fourth, at twelve o'clock, the whole detachment returned in safety to Fort Schuyler, having been out five days and a half."[1]

Colonel Hyde's Visit to Jersey.

APRIL 27.—YESTERDAY, the British, in two divisions, landed in the county of Monmouth, in New Jersey; one party at Shoal Harbor, which marched to Middletown, and entered the village at daybreak; the other went in flat-bottomed boats, into Shrewsbury River, landed at Red Bank, and then proceeded to Trenton Falls. Colonel Ford, with the Continental troops, retired to Colt's Neck.

[1] New Jersey Gazette, May 12.

Near the middle of the day the party which had landed at Shrewsbury River, crossed the river and went to Middletown, where both the divisions formed a junction. They sent their boats round to the bay shore, near one Harber's plantation, where they had thirteen sloops ready to take them off. At eight o'clock, Captain Burrows, who had mustered twelve men, gave them to understand that they were surrounded by the militia. They continued in the village till three o'clock, when they began their retreat. Captain Burrows was then joined by three other men, and kept a constant fire upon them for two miles, when Colonel Holmes, of the militia, with about sixty of his men, reinforced Captain Burrows, and then the enemy's retreat was precipitate; they were drove on board at sunset, and immediately set sail for New York. Their numbers were about eight hundred, commanded by Colonel Hyde. We had but two men slightly wounded. The enemy left three dead behind them, their wounded they carried off, as their rear made a stand at every hill, house, and barn in their route. One of the inhabitants says fifteen wounded were carried on board their boats. In their progress, or rather flight, they plundered the inhabitants, and burnt several houses and barns. Had they landed in the day, or stayed till the militia could be collected to half their number, (which we always reckon sufficient to drub them,) they would doubtless have repented their invasion. But ever choosing, like their brother thieves, the hours of darkness to perpetrate the works of darkness, they generally land in the night, and before the militia can be collected, flee to their vessels with precipitation, snatching up in their flight what plunder they can, and then magnify in their lying Gazettes, one of those sheep-stealing nocturnal robberies, into one of the Duke of Marlborough's victories in Flanders.[1]

[1] New Hampshire Gazette, May 25. The following is another account of this affair:—"On Monday last, the 26th of April, about break of day, a detachment of British, consisting of seven hundred men, were discovered by a scouting party of Colonel Ford's, coming up the North River, about half a mile below Red Bank, who immediately gave the alarm. The enemy directly landed four hundred men at Painter's Point, and about forty of them marched up to Shrewsbury; the remainder went about half a mile to the westward and came out about William Wardell's place, with a view to cut off the retreat of near three hundred of our

MAY 19.—MR. ZEDWITZ, late a lieutenant-colonel belonging to the State of New York, in the service of the United States, was, a few days ago, taken up near Morris Town, in Jersey, dressed in women's clothes. About the time the British army took possession of New York, he was tried by a court-martial and found guilty of attempting to give information to the enemy, for which he was sentenced to imprisonment during the war.[1] He lately made his escape from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and was thus disguised endeavoring to get to New York. He will probably meet the punishment his treachery justly merits.[2] Colonel Zedwitz.

MAY 29.—A CORRESPONDENT in Charleston, South Carolina, gives the following account of the late movements of the two armies at the southward:—"On the twenty-eighth of April, a party of the British army, under the command of Major Fraser, landed nine miles below Purysburg, and on the next morning, Lieutenant-Colonel Maitland, with the light infantry of the line and a battalion of the 1st, landed four miles higher up Savannah River. Colonel McIntosh, who Operations in the South.

people posted on that station. Colonel Ford's party (uncertain of the enemy's force) retreated, and got about four hundred yards ahead of them; the enemy pursued them to the Falls, firing all the way, but could not overtake them. They then set fire to High Sheriff Van Brenck's house, and a small house, the property of and adjoining to Colonel Hendrickson's dwelling-house, which were burnt to the ground. They also fired the houses of Captain Richard M'Knight and John Little, Esq.; but they were extinguished by the activity of the inhabitants before they had suffered much damage. The enemy then returned to Shrewsbury, plundering all the way to Colonel Breeze's, whom they robbed of all his money and most of his plate; and at Justice Holmes', where they plundered and destroyed every thing they could lay their hands upon, and then retreated to their boats, a few militia firing on them. They then went to Middleton, and joined three hundred who had crossed over there, when the four hundred marched to Shrewsbury, and stayed till evening, burning a house and barn and plundering some of the inhabitants. Colonel Holmes had by this time assembled one hundred and forty of the militia, who drove them to their boats near the gut dividing the Highlands from Sandy Hook. One of the enemy was killed and another taken prisoner. The enemy carried off with them Justice Covenhoven and son, likewise several others. They got off by sunset, and returned to New York, taking away some cattle and horses."—*Pennsylvania Packet*, May 1.

[1] See page 299, vol. i.

[2] New Jersey Gazette, May 19.

commanded at Purysburg, having only two hundred men, the major part of whom were militia, (after calling in all his outposts,) was obliged to retire as the enemy advanced towards the town, of which they took possession that afternoon.

"General Moultrie was at this time posted at Black Swamp, with about eight hundred men. The enemy's drawing more of their forces on this side the river, and advancing higher up, evidently indicated an intention of attacking the general before he could be joined by Colonel McIntosh. General Lincoln, with the main body of the army, being then eighty miles further up the country, should the enemy have succeeded in the attempt, there would be no obstacle in their march to Charleston, and as their force was treble General Moultrie's, the worst was to be apprehended. These considerations induced the general to retire on the thirtieth, and that night he met Colonel McIntosh on his march to join him at Black Swamp. The event proved the propriety of the movement, as next morning the British were in possession of the ground the Americans had evacuated.

"The general halted at Coosawhatchie that night, and having marched over the bridge, before daylight next morning proceeded to Tulifinny, and took post there. A field-officer's guard was left at the bridge.

"Early in the morning of the second of May, advice was received that the enemy were in motion, and about two o'clock in the afternoon an attack was commenced by their advanced party of light infantry at the bridge, where the guard had been reinforced by one hundred and fifty riflemen. Their superior numbers rendered it impossible to stop their progress. Little other loss was sustained in this skirmish than Colonel John Laurens being wounded in the right arm, which deprived the army of that gallant officer's services.

"The general's army being chiefly composed of militia, whose families and effects lay in the way of the enemy, was every moment diminishing, and laid him under the necessity of retiring, which he did by the Saltketcher road, having destroyed the bridges of Tulifinny and Pocotaligo in his way. The army halted for a few hours at the meeting-house, and

then marched to Ashepoo. They passed the bridge in the forenoon of the fourth, and took post for the rest of the day on the high grounds near Mr. Pinckney's houses. Intelligence was this night received that the enemy's advanced party had reached Godfrey's, near Savannah, and that their main body had found means to cross Saltketcher River, notwithstanding the Americans had taken the precaution to destroy the bridge; this, joined to the inferior number of our army, which was considerably less than when it left Black Swamp, and the nature of the country, which rendered it impossible to make a stand without being exposed, obliged the general to quit Ashepoo between three and four o'clock in the morning of the fifth.

"At night the enemy halted at Mr. Ferguson's plantation, called Spring Grove, having destroyed Jacksonborough Bridge on their way, and reached Bacon's Bridge next night, when General Moultrie left the army, and proceeded to Charleston.

"Major Butler, who joined the army at Jacksonborough, with a party of horse, on the sixth, fell in with a foraging party of the enemy, sixteen miles to the southward of Parker's ferry. Three of them, belonging to the 71st light infantry, were taken prisoners, and a few horse killed and wounded.

"Part of Count Pulaski's legion arrived on the eighth; on the ninth, Colonel McIntosh, with the troops left at Bacon's Bridge, and a detachment from Orangeburgh, arrived in town. And next day, Colonel Harris, who had been detached by General Lincoln, with two hundred Continental troops, to reinforce General Moultrie, and Colonel Neal, with three hundred men from Orangeburgh, also arrived.

"In the evening of the tenth, intelligence was received of the royal army being encamped on the south side of Ashley ferry, where they appeared so suddenly as to prevent the ferry boats being destroyed. The troops stationed in town, regulars and militia, were under arms the whole night.

"The enemy began to cross Ashley ferry at ten in the forenoon of the eleventh. Their advanced party, composed of light infantry, cavalry, and savages, took post half a mile from the ferry. General Pulaski, after reconnoitring them, left a detachment to watch their motions, and repaired to town in

order to confer with the council. During this interval, the enemy had completed their passage of the river, and were advancing in three columns towards the town. Their advanced guard consisted of two hundred horse, four hundred Highlanders, and some Indians; their rear guard of cavalry.

"At the distance of five miles from town, some of the count's party were ordered to fire, principally with a view of announcing the enemy's approach. The enemy made frequent halts in order to explore the ground over which they were to pass.

"The count, who had ordered the infantry of his corps to form an ambuscade, and directed a detachment of volunteer horse which he fell in with to second his infantry, advanced and made his disposition for inducing the enemy to detach their cavalry from the head of their column. A close fire began, when both our cavalry and infantry charged; but the latter were exceedingly embarrassed and confined in their movements by the volunteer horse, owing to a misapprehension of orders. Notwithstanding these difficulties, and the superiority of the enemy's numbers, the ground was obstinately disputed. But at length the order for retreat became necessary, and the enemy, by their prudence in not advancing, escaped the fire of the artillery from our works. The British loss was forty-five soldiers and officers, and ours thirty in all.

"About ten o'clock at night, an alarm being given by one of our sentinels, occasioned a general fire of cannon and musketry from the lines and armed vessels stationed on the flanks. Major Benjamin Huger, who has been sent out with a party to fill up a gap in the abbatis, and three privates, were unfortunately killed. He was a gentleman whose memory will be ever dear to all those who had the happiness of knowing him; and whether considered as a citizen, as a soldier, as the father of a family, or as a friend, is universally regretted. The enemy had several men killed, they say chiefly from the shipping.

"On the morning of the twelfth, Major Gardner, of the 60th regiment, was met with at some distance from the lines, bearing a flag from General Prevost. Several others passed and repassed, but in the afternoon all further intercourse of that

kind was discontinued, and every preparation made for vigorously repelling a general assault, expected at night, which, however, was never attempted.

"Early in the morning of the thirteenth, Count Pulaski went out with a small party of horse to reconnoitre; and the surprise was scarcely to be conceived which was occasioned by his sending intelligence of the enemy having decamped and recrossed Ashley River. Eleven deserters, and about as many prisoners, were brought into town during the course of the day. The sudden departure of the enemy gave rise to a variety of conjectures. The most probable appeared to be their being misinformed respecting the strength of the garrison and works, and their having some intimation of General Lincoln's approach. They were, for several days after their retreat, encamped in different places in the neighborhood of Ashley ferry, and on James' Island. On General Lincoln's coming to Ashley ferry, they drew in force towards Wappoo, and it was imagined meant to hazard an action; but they suddenly decamped on the night of the twenty-seventh, and passed over to John's Island, where, by the last accounts, they are at present. Some are of the opinion that they intend proceeding through the islands to Port Royal.

"As some movements of the enemy gave reason to imagine they intended attacking Fort Johnson, and the greater part of the forces then in this neighborhood being required for the defence of the works in town, that fortification was blown up on the twelfth. Great part of the ball, &c., have been since brought off. Thirty of Captain Matthew's company of the Charleston militia being sent down to cover a party employed in bringing off some more of the iron work, were attacked on Saturday by Major Gardner, with a superior number of men, but were fortunate enough to escape with the loss of seven wounded and one taken prisoner."[1]

An officer of distinction in the British army gives the following "authentic account" of the foregoing operations in South Carolina:—"The success which his Majesty's army has

[1] Copied from a "Rebel Paper" into Gaine's Mercury, July 26.

h in South Carolina, by penetrating, without any loss
, to the very gates of Charleston, and obliging the
ount of enemy to burn its beautiful suburbs, will hardly
ations
uth. be credited. The natural difficulties of the coun-
e thought a sufficient barrier, with General Moultrie's
o stop us from penetrating any distance into the prov-
at the spirit shown by the troops, their patience and
rance under the severest fatigues, were such as would
rmounted greater obstacles than the resistance of the

e arrived before Charleston on the eleventh, in the even-
er almost totally destroying or taking that famous le-
Pulaski's, by forty-five of our gallant dragoons, under
mand of the brave Captain Tawes. Amongst the killed
enemy, was Count Pulaski's colonel, and several pri-
esides a great number of prisoners taken. The enemy
xt morning to know what terms we would grant. Four
ere allowed them to surrender prisoners of war, or take
is of allegiance to his Majesty, and be protected in their
and property, and return to the class of peaceful citi-
But an express having arrived in the mean time from

were informed that nothing could be granted but the most favorable terms, as to security of persons and property if the place was surrendered; this they declined on the encouragement received from General Lincoln, the arrival of their armed vessels to flank their works, and the number of guns mounted on them. The storming of the place was the next point to be considered, but though it was not doubted but it might be carried in that way, yet, as it would probably have been attended with the loss of a considerable number of men, which may be avoided by proceeding on another plan, (where the success will be at least equally certain, and the risk less,) it was therefore determined to keep the field, as we were so situated as to insure a communication with our shipping, receive the necessary supplies, and from thence act as circumstances should require. This measure is now pursued, and the army are in possession of James' and John's Islands, the enemy having precipitately abandoned the very strong fort situated on the former island, called Fort Johnson."[1]

Fort Lafayette Taken.

MAY 31.—DAY before yesterday, fifteen hundred men, consisting of British and Hessian grenadiers, light infantry, volunteers of Ireland and Yagers, landed on Teller's Point, eight miles below Peekskill, on the North River,[2] and the following day another party landed on the west side of the river, where they burnt some houses, and opened two small batteries, from which they threw shells, and cannonaded Fort de la Fayette across the river, all day; at the same time two galleys kept up a severe fire on the fort. They have continued their firing till eleven o'clock to-day. Meanwhile their army marched from Teller's to Verplanck's Point, on which the fort stands. By a flag they demanded a surrender; the parley continued two hours, when Captain Armstrong

young Mr. Laurens to recommend it to them to arm their domestics, and at the same time recommending Mr. Laurens as a proper person to head them. This is said to be the cause of Carolinians being willing to remain in a state of neutrality. —*Gaine's Mercury*, July 12.

[1] Georgia Gazette, June 10, and Gaine's Mercury, July 12.

[2] In the State of New York.

thought fit to surrender. General McDougall has not received a justifiable reason why the fort was given up.

This little fort was built on purpose to secure King's fe from the insults of the enemy's vessels, which frequently int rupted the American boats in crossing. It was small, and wo contain, with conveniency, about a company of men. The doubt was strong, and covered a barbette battery, mount three pieces of cannon. We had in the barbette a company artillery; they were all drawn off but a sergeant, a corporal, a twelve privates. In the redoubt were a captain, two sub terns, three sergeants, and forty-four rank and file. They l provisions and water sufficient to serve them thirty days.[1]

A British officer gives the following account of this affair "On Monday morning, the thirty-first of May, part of the arm under the command of Major-General Vaugh landed on the east side of Hudson River, ab eight miles below Verplanck's Point. The corps intended to l on the west side, under his excellency the commander-in-ch with Major-General Pattison, proceeded up within three m of Stony Point, where they landed, about which time the reb who had a block-house and some unfinished works on a hei of that point, commanding the ferry, as well as Fort la Fay on the east side of the river, set fire to the block-house, a ran off to the mountains. That corps, about four o'clock in afternoon, continued their march round, and took possess of the heights; during this time the galleys fired some s at Fort la Fayette, on the east side of Verplanck's Point; th were returned from the fort, which was a small but compl work. Artillery was now necessary in order to expedite business; his excellency the general ordered Major-Gene Pattison to command the troops and carry on the attack. the night, the artillery for that service, notwithstanding gr difficulties from a bad landing place and a very steep pr piece, were got up, and batteries completed by five o'clock the morning, when orders were given for firing upon the e my's works; which, notwithstanding the great distance, v

British Account of Fort Lafayette.

[1] New Jersey Gazette, June 9.

soon perceived to be effectual. The galleys and batteries continued the cannonade about two hours, when the main body, under Major-General Vaughan, having made a detour and approached the fort, the commander-in-chief being there in person, sent orders to General Pattison and the galleys to cease firing, the enemy having surrendered; they laid down their arms, became prisoners of war, and on Thursday morning arrived in New York.

"The commodore had, previous to the attack, ordered up the Vulture sloop-of-war above the fort, with a row-galley, which prevented the enemy's retreat from the fort." [1]

[1] Gaine's Mercury, June 7

CHAPTER V.

JUNE 1.—AMONG the many errors America has been guilty of during her contest with Great Britain, few have been greater, or attended with more fatal consequences to these States, than her lenity to the Tories. At first it might have been right, or perhaps political; but is it not surprising that, after repeated proofs of the same evils resulting therefrom, it should still be continued? We are all crying out against the depreciation of our money, and entering into measures to restore it to its value; while the Tories, who are one principal cause of the depreciation, are taken no notice of, but suffered to live quietly among us. We can no longer be silent on this subject, and see the independence of the country, after standing every shock from without, endangered by internal enemies. Rouse, America! your danger is great—great from a quarter where you least expect it. The Tories, the Tories will yet be the ruin of you! 'Tis high time they were separated from among you. They are now busy engaged in undermining your liberties. They have a thousand ways of doing it, and they make use of them all. Who were the occasion of this war? The Tories! Who persuaded the tyrant of Britain to prosecute it in a manner before unknown to civilized nations, and shocking even to barbarians? The Tories! Who prevailed on the savages of the wilderness to join the standard of the enemy? The Tories! Who have assisted the Indians in taking the scalp from the aged matron, the blooming fair one, the helpless infant, and the dying hero? The Tories! Who advised and who assisted in burning your towns, ravaging your country, and violating the chastity of your women? The

The Tories.

Tories! Who are the occasion that thousands of you now mourn the loss of your dearest connections? The Tories! Who have always counteracted the endeavors of Congress to secure the liberties of this country? The Tories! Who refused their money when as good as specie, though stamped with the image of his most sacred Majesty? The Tories! Who continue to refuse it? The Tories! Who do all in their power to depreciate it? The Tories! Who propagate lies among us to discourage the Whigs? The Tories! Who corrupt the minds of the good people of these States by every species of insidious counsel? The Tories! Who hold a traitorous correspondence with the enemy? The Tories! Who daily sends them intelligence? The Tories! Who take the oaths of allegiance to the States one day, and break them the next? The Tories! Who prevent your battalions from being filled? The Tories! Who dissuade men from entering the army? The Tories! Who persuade those who have enlisted to desert? The Tories! Who harbor those who do desert? The Tories! In short, who wish to see us conquered, to see us slaves, to see us hewers of wood and drawers of water? The Tories!

And is it possible that we should suffer men, who have been guilty of all these and a thousand other calamities which this country has experienced, to live among us! To live among us, did I say? Nay, do they not move in our Assemblies? Do they not insult us with their impudence? Do they not hold traitorous assemblies of their own? Do they not walk the streets at noon day, and taste the air of liberty? In short, do they not enjoy every privilege of the brave soldier who has spilt his blood, or the honest patriot who has sacrificed his all in our righteous cause? Yes—to our eternal shame be it spoken—they do. Those very men who wish to entail slavery on our country, are caressed and harbored among us. Posterity will not believe it; if they do, they will curse the memory of their forefathers for their shameful lenity. Can we ever expect any grateful return for our humanity, if it deserves that name? Believe not a spark of that or any other virtue is to be found in the Tory's breast; for what principle

nations, and every species of wickedness the
cor can suggest? for what can restrain those
imbrued their hands in their country's bloc

David Matthews. villain Matthews, when permit
us at New York, plot the assass
Washington? He did; he was detected, an
his deserts, he would now have been in gibb
turing our unfortunate friends, prisoners ir
every species of barbarity. Can we hear th
a Tory among us? For my own part, when
the street, or at the coffee house, my blood
Their guilt is equalled only by their impud
and seem to bid defiance to every one. In
in every company, they spread their damna
then laugh at the pusillanimity of those wh
punished. I flatter myself, however, with t
seeing a period to their reign, and a total end
in America. Awake, Americans, to a sense
No time to be lost. Instantly banish every
you. Let America be sacred alone to freeme

Drive far from you every baneful wretch
you fettered with the chains of tyranny. S
they may enjoy their beloved slavery to perfe
to the island of Britain; there let them drink t
and eat the bread of bitterness all the days of

much worse, than you have presented them, but how can we banish them? They have taken the oaths, and are under the protection of the laws. Some of these miscreants, 'tis true, have put on a sham repentance, and have dared to call the Almighty to witness to their perjuries—perjuries I call them, for have we not seen hundreds of them taking the oaths of allegiance one day and breaking them the next or the first safe opportunity? Nay, do they not tell you, to your faces, that no faith is to be kept with rebels, with which name they have still the effrontery to insult you? Are men who act on principles like these to be trusted? Do you think them less able or less willing to assist the enemy than heretofore? No; on the least turn of fortune against us, those men whom we now trust so near us, would convince us our confidence and lenity had been misplaced; they would soon forget the oaths with which they now amuse us—they would hail the enemy to our capital—they would point out those among us who had been active in our country's cause; and if any, unfortunately obliged to stay, and submit to the mercy of the enemy, a prison or dungeon and irons would be their portion. Then, though too late, we should repent our shameful lenity and our reliance on their oaths.

But, say others, who are worked on more by their fears than their reason, if we send them to the enemy, they will increase their strength, and be embodied against us. Fear not this; they may eat the bread and spend the money of their idol king, but will never be of any material injury to us in the field. They will never be formidable as soldiers. Their wicked principles make cowards of them all. They never were, they never will be, of service to the enemy in battle. They never could be brought to storm the works or stand the fire of Americans in the open field. Their cowardice will secure us from any danger we may apprehend from their embodying against us; but nothing can prevent the thousand mischiefs they can do while among us. Think of these things betimes, before it be too late, and we and our posterity forever have reason to repent our lenity to the Tories.[1]

[1] "A Whig," in the Pennsylvania Packet, August 5.

JUNE 19.—YESTERDAY morning, about four o'clock, thirty two refugees, commanded by Captain Bonnel and other officers landed at Greenwich, in Connecticut. A thick fo favored their entrance, and they marched throug the town undiscovered; but the rebel guard being at lengt alarmed, and imagining the refugees to be more numerou than in fact they were, fled with precipitation before them and so close was the pursuit, that some were overtaken an secured. The inhabitants of the town refused to open thei doors to the refugees, and reduced them to the necessity of er tering the windows; notwithstanding which, they plundere the houses of nothing but arms and ammunition; their princ pal object being horned cattle, of which they brought off thirty eight, also four horses, and ten or twelve prisoners. Amon the latter is a most pestilent rebel priest, and preacher of sed tion, who, when taken, swore that there was no firearms in hi house, but, upon his being cautioned against equivocation, an threatened with the consequences which would result fror persisting in it, his timid spouse produced his firelock, and cartouch box with eighteen rounds in it. The refugees pr ceeded about six miles into the country, collecting cattle, &c On their return they were attacked by a body of rebels, sup posed to consist of about a hundred and fifty, with two fiel pieces; but they kept at such a distance, that one loyalist onl was wounded by their fire. Before the refugees embarked they landed a field-piece, which was of great service, and afte engaging the rebels two hours, during which time they ex pended all their ammunition, they got safe on board, and ar rived at Oyster Bay about noon with their cattle and prisoners They were obliged to leave a number of the former on the rebe shore for want of boats to bring them off.[1]

Bonnel's Attack on Greenwich.

JUNE 20.—THIS day the South Carolina troops attempte to force the British lines at Stono Ferry. The numbers withi and without were rather too nearly equal for th enterprise. The Americans attacked boldly, fough gallantly, and retired in soldierly order. It had been precon

Battle of Stono Ferry.

[1] New Hampshire Gazette, July 13.

certed that seven hundred men should be detached from Charleston to James' Island, where a show should be made of a design to land on John's Island, in order to attract the enemy's attention, while General Lincoln should attack their redoubts and trenches. By some unlucky accident the appointment was not kept, and the seven hundred did not reach James' Island till afternoon. This failure enabled the British to draw a large reinforcement from John's Island to the main, and brought their number to be nearly equal to that of General Lincoln's troops. Maugre this balk or blunder, the general, at half-past seven in the morning, began to assault. The order of the battle was as follows: General Huger, with the two Continental brigades, and 2d battalion of light infantry, commanded by Colonel Henderson, on the left, where the most strenuous efforts were to be made, opposed to the Highlanders; General Sumter, with the North and South Carolina brigades of militia, and 1st battalion of light infantry, commanded by Colonel Malmadie, on the right; the Virginia brigades of militia formed a corps of reserve.

Colonel Malmadie began the action. On the extension of General Huger's division to the left, two hundred Highlanders sallied out, and his warm discharge of musketry was exchanged, but on our light infantry's quick advance to the charge, the Highlanders shrunk into the works, leaving twenty-seven dead, and several wounded on the ground, among the latter a Captain Bennet. The action continued with great warmth fifty-six minutes. The enemy's works being found much stronger than was expected, the American field-pieces making no impression on them, and intelligence being likewise received that the enemy had drawn in a reinforcement of five hundred men from John's Island, General Lincoln gave orders for retreating, which the troops performed in good order, carrying off their dead and wounded. The light infantry covered the rear, and maintained so good a countenance, that the enemy did not attempt to follow more than four hundred yards, and at a respectable distance.[1]

[1] New Hampshire Gazette, August 10. An officer in Lincoln's army gives the

JUNE 29.—LAST night a party of rebels, supposed from Horse Neck, headed by one Ben Kirby, whose father lives on Long Island, and is known to be an atrocious rebel, about twelve o'clock attacked the house of Abraham Walton, Esq., at Musqueto Cove, forced open the door with the butt ends of their muskets, seized upon the person of Mr. Walton, who was much indisposed in bed, used him very coarsely, obliged him to walk four miles, plundered the house, took away all the silver plate they could find, and demanded Mrs. Walton's money, which she delivered. From Mr. Walton's they proceeded to several of the neighbors, as Dr. Brooks, Mr. Albert Coles, &c., and carried them all off together to Connecticut, where they are to be interrogated by our old acquaintance General Lewis Morris, of Morrisania. These vermin, during this predatory business, appeared to be in great perturbation. Kirby is a native of Long Island, had taken the oath of allegiance, but on Count D'Estaing's arrival at Sandy Hook, revolted to Jonathan.[1]

Abraham Walton.

following account of this battle:—"General Lincoln having received such intelligence of the intention, strength, and position of the enemy, as rendered it advisable to attack them at Stono ferry, did so with great vigor this morning, about seven o'clock. They were advantageously posted, and covered by three strong redoubts, and a well-constructed abattis supported by several pieces of artillery. The picket having been driven in, the attack began on the right, which was instantly continued through the line. A large body of Highlanders sallied out on the left of the Americans, but were soon driven into their redoubts with considerable slaughter. The action continued without intermission fifty-six minutes, when, as the general could not draw the enemy out of their lines, (which were so strongly constructed that the American light field-pieces could make no impression upon them,) as the force of the enemy was much greater than had been represented, and as they had, during the engagement, obtained a large reinforcement from John's Island, the American troops were withdrawn from the lines, and all their artillery and wounded brought off. Their loss is inconsiderable. Many of the wounded are already on duty, and most of the rest, (their wounds being slight,) it is judged, will soon recover. The enemy's loss is supposed to be much greater, as the number of their dead were reckoned on the ground; and it is observed that their field-pieces were several times left without a man to work them. Upon the whole, though the Americans had not the wished-for success, they are convinced that they would have beaten the enemy if they had quitted their lines. It is probable from the enemy's sticking close to them that they were of the same opinion."—*New York Journal*, August 2.

[1] Rivington's Gazette, July 3.

Should America continue firmly to oppose the tyranny of Britain, says a correspondent, may not the promise of the present day sanctify a conjecture, that in a few years the rising grandeur of this new world will invite every man from Europe who is not attached to it by landed property or other similar cause. There is a field opening for every species of manufacture, art and science, trade and commerce. Finely situated for the encouragement and cultivation of business, every artificer will fly here and transplant with him the art he possesses. Secure from tyrannical burdens, he will apply himself assiduously in the prospect of reaping what he sowed, and will assist in rearing this new republic to a pitch of grandeur superior, perhaps, to any state now existing.[1]

The Future of America.

Last week died, at Hammersmith, in England, Mrs. Ross, celebrated for her beauty and constancy. Having met with opposition in her engagement with Captain Charles Ross, she followed him, in men's clothes, to America, where, after such a research and fatigue as scarce any of her sex could have undergone, she found him in the woods lying for dead, after a skirmish with the Indians, and with a poisoned wound. Having previously studied surgery in England, she, with an ardor and vigilance which only such a passion could inspire, saved his life by sucking his wound, the only expedient that could have effected it at the crisis he was in, and nursing him with scarce a covering from the sky for the space of six weeks. During this time she remained unsuspected by him, having dyed her skin with lime and bark; and keeping to a man's habit, still supported by the transport of hearing his unceasing aspirations of love and regret for that dear though (he then thought) distant object of his soul, being charged by him with transmitting to her (had the captain died) his remains, and dying asseverations of constancy and gratitude for the unparalleled care and tenderness of his nurse, the bearer of them; but, recovering, they removed into Philadelphia, where, as soon as she had found a clergyman to join her to him forever, she

The Story of Mrs. Ross.

[1] New Hampshire Gazette, June 29.

appeared as herself, the priest accompanying her. They lived for the space of four years in a fondness almost ideal to the present age of corruption, and that could only be interrupted by her declining health, the fatigue she had undergone, and the poison not properly expelled which she had imbibed from his wound, undermining her constitution. The knowledge he had of it, and piercing regret of having been the occasion, affecting him still more sensibly, he died with a broken heart last spring at John's Town, in New York. She lived to return and implore forgiveness of her family, whom she had distressed so long by their ignorance of her destiny. She died, in consequence of her grief and affection, at the age of twenty-six.[1]

THE AMERICAN VICAR OF BRAY.

When Royal George rul'd o'er this land,
And loyalty no harm meant,
For church and king I made a stand,
And so I got preferment.
I still opposed all party tricks,
For reasons I thought clear ones,
And swore it was their politics,
To make us Presbyterians.

And this is law I will maintain,
Until my dying day, sir,
Let whatsoever king will reign,
I'll be a Vicar of Bray, sir.

When Stamp Act pass'd the Parliament,
To bring some grist to mill, sir,
To back it was my firm intent,
But soon there came repeal, sir.
I quickly join'd the common cry,
That we should all be slaves, sir,
The House of Commons was a sty,
The King and Lords were knaves, sir.

Now all went smooth as smooth could be,
I strutted and look'd big, sir;
And when they laid a tax on tea,
I was believed a Whig, sir.

[1] Gaine's Mercury, October 4.

I laugh'd at all the vain pretence
Of taxing at this distance,
And swore before I'd pay my pence,
I'd make a firm resistance.

A Congress now was quickly call'd,
That we might act together;
I thought that Britain would appall'd
Be glad to make fair weather,
And soon repeal th' obnoxious bill,
As she had done before, sir,
That we may gather wealth at will,
And so be tax'd no more, sir.

But Britain was not quickly scar'd,
She told another story;
When independence was declar'd,
I figur'd as a Tory;
Declar'd it was rebellion base,
To take up arms—I curs'd it—
For faith it seemed a settled case,
That we should soon be worsted.

When penal laws were pass'd by vote,
I thought *the test* a grievance,
Yet sooner than I'd loose a goat,
I swore the State allegiance.
The then disguise could hardly pass,
For I was much suspected;
I felt myself much like the ass
In lion's skin detected.

The French alliance now came forth,
The papists flocked in shoals, sir,
Frizeur Marquises, Valets of birth,
And priests to save our souls, sir.
Our "good ally," with tow'ring wing,
Embrac'd the flattering hope, sir,
That we should own him for our king,
And then invite the Pope, sir.

When Howe, with drums and great parade,
March'd through this famous town, sir,
I cried, "May Fame his temples shade
"With laurels for a crown, sir."

With zeal I swore to make amends
To good old constitution,
And drank confusion to the friends
Of our late revolution.

But poor Burgoyne's denounced my fate,
The Whigs began to glory,
I now bewail'd my wretched state,
That I was e'er a Tory.
By night the British left the shore,
Nor car'd for friends a fig, sir,
I turn'd the cat in pan once more,
And so become a Whig, sir.

I call'd the army butch'ring dogs,
A bloody tyrant King, sir,
The Commons, Lords, a set of rogues,
That all deserved to swing, sir.
Since fate has made us great and free,
And Providence can't falter,
So long till death my king shall be,
Unless the times should alter.[1]

[redacted] 30.—That wretched tool of a brutish tyrant, Sir [redacted]linton, in a proclamation, dated this day, has declared,

the service of these States who may be injured by the ruffian tyrant or any of his slaves; and his slave Sir Harry ought to be told what retaliation he is to expect from the insulted majesty of our nation in this instance.'

JULY 2.—LAST night, Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton marched out with a detachment of cavalry, and early this morning attacked a party of the rebel Nags, commanded by a Colonel Sheldon, in the neighborhood of Bedford. The Americans' situation was in a wood, with a morass on each side, which was interscected by a road, along which they, with great precipitancy, retreated. The rebel officers and men quitted their jades, and threw themselves over the fences to gain the swamp. By so sudden a flight, in such a narrow road, no great impression could be made, only on the rear, of whom about twenty-two were killed and wounded. Two corps of rebel militia, which had formed on their rear, at the approach of the legion, quitted their post, retreating to the morass. The colonel, finding it impracticable, with his fatigued horses, to pursue them further, returned to the camp of the rebels, burned and destroyed their whole baggage, and brought off a standard, about an hundred helmets, and seventeen prisoners, with the loss of one corporal of the legion killed, and one light horseman wounded by some skulking militia firing from the fences on his return. They were cautioned by the commanding officer to desist from firing, on pain of their houses being consumed, but still foolhardily persevering in their hostility, he was constrained to carry his menaces into execution, and several houses were accordingly destroyed.

Tarleton's Attack on Bedford, N. Y.

Among the prisoners is one of the Vantassels, from near Tarrytown, of a pedigree partly Indian and partly Batavian. This despicable caitiff has of late amused himself with cruelly flagellating numbers of inoffensive women, whom he had suspected of frequenting the New York markets. Four of this hardy varlets brothers are also in safe custody, held as hostages for four men of the provincial corps who have been made pris-

[1] An "American Soldier," in the New York Packet, November 18.

oners on the North River, tried and *destined to the cord* by their new republican legislature. The Yankees have been formally apprised that the fate of the Vantassel fraternity will depend immediately upon that of the loyal provincials; when once the gallows of castigation shall be erected on the side of loyalty, a period to the public and wanton murder of the King's friends will most assuredly follow.

One Hunt, formerly a breeches maker of New York, but of late a vender of the confiscated estates of loyal refugees, an orator, and a messenger employed by the Congress, was at the same time delivered to the custody of Mr. Cunningham,[1] to sympathize at leisure, en provost, with his mongrel friend Vantassel on the disastrous condition of their paper piastres, the dwindled number of Mr. Washington's scaled miserables, and the chop-fallen countenance of each delegate at this time composing the distracted Continental Congress.[2]

JULY 5.—YESTERDAY being the anniversary of the day which gave freedom to the vast republic of America, the Congress, the President, and the Council of the State, with the other civil and military officers, and a number of principal gentlemen and ladies, at twelve o'clock, attended at the Roman Chapel, in Philadelphia, agreeable to invitation received from the Minister Plenipotentiary of his Most Christian Majesty. A Te Deum was performed on the occasion to the great satisfaction of all present, and his excellency's chaplain delivered a short and elegant address to his audience, of which we have been favored with the following translation:

Catholic Celebration at Philadelphia.

"GENTLEMEN:—We are assembled to celebrate the anniversary of that day which Providence had marked in his eternal decrees to become the epocha of liberty and independence to the thirteen United States of America. That Being whose almighty hand holds all existence beneath its dominion, undoubtedly produces in the depth of his wisdom those great events which astonish the universe, and of which the most presumptuous, though instrumental in accomplishing them, dare not at-

[1] The keeper of the Provost Prison in New York.

[2] Rivington's Gazette, July 7.

tribute to themselves the merit. But the finger of God is still more peculiarly evident in that happy, that glorious revolution, which calls forth this day's festivity. He hath struck the oppressors of a people, free and peaceable, with that spirit of delusion, which renders the wicked artificers of their own proper misfortunes. Permit me, my dear brethren, citizens of the United States, to address you on this occasion. It is that God —that all-powerful God who hath directed your steps, when you knew not where to apply for counsel—who, when you were without arms, fought for you with the sword of eternal justice—who, when you were in adversity, poured into your hearts the spirit of courage, of wisdom, and of fortitude, and who has at length raised up for your support a youthful sovereign whose virtues bless and adorn a sensible, a faithful, and a generous nation. This nation has blended her interests with your interests, and her sentiments with yours. She participates in all your joys, and this day unites her voice to yours at the foot of the altars of the eternal God, to celebrate that glorious revolution which has placed the sons of America among the free and independent nations of the earth!

"We have nothing to apprehend but the anger of Heaven, or that the measure of our guilt should exceed the measure of his mercy. Let us then prostrate ourselves at the feet of the immortal God, who holds the fate of empires in his hands, and raises them up at his pleasure, or breaks them to dust—let us conjure him to enlighten our enemies, and to dispose their hearts to enjoy that tranquillity and happiness which the revolution we now celebrate has established for a great part of the human race—let us implore him to conduct us by that way which his Providence has marked out for arriving at so desirable an end—let us offer unto him hearts imbued with sentiments of respect, consecrated by religion, by humanity and patriotism. Never is the august ministry of his altars more acceptable to his divine Majesty than when it lays at his feet homages, offerings, and vows so pure, so worthy the common parent of mankind. God will not respect our joy, for he is the author of it; nor will he reject our prayers, for they ask but the full accomplishment of the decrees he hath manifested.

Filled with this spirit, let us in concert with each other, raise our hearts to the Eternal—let us implore his infinite mercy to be pleased to inspire the rulers of both nations with the wisdom and force necessary to perfect what it hath begun. Let us, in a word, unite our voices to beseech him to dispense his blessing upon the counsels and arms of the allies, that we may soon enjoy the sweets of a peace which will cement the Union, and establish the prosperity of the two empires. It is with this view that we shall cause that canticle to be performed which the custom of the Catholic Church hath consecrated, to be at once a testimonial of public joy, a thanksgiving for benefits received from Heaven, and a prayer for the continuance of its mercies."[1]

Tryon's Descent on New Haven.

JULY 7.—ON Sunday night last, (4th,) a fleet of British ships and vessels were observed in Long Island Sound, standing towards New Haven, and about two o'clock the next morning the fleet, consisting of the Camilla and Scorpion men-of-war, with tenders, row-galleys, and transports, to the number of forty-eight, commanded by Sir George Collier, anchored off West Haven. They had on board, it is said, between two and three thousand land forces, commanded by Governor Tryon, who, a little after sunrise, landed most of the troops on West Haven Point. The alarm guns were fired, the drums beat to arms, and every preparation which the confusion and distress of the inhabitants (on the near and sudden approach of so terrible an enemy) would permit, was made for defence and resistance. The bridge on the western road was taken up, and a number of field-pieces were placed and served to such advantage as prevented the enemy's approaching the town by that route. They then proceeded on the west side of the creek, in order to cross at the bridge on the Amity road, but were bravely opposed by small parties of Americans, particularly by about twenty-five under the command of a lieutenant of the militia, who drove upwards of two hundred of the enemy for near half a mile, and

[1] New York Journal, July 26.

retarded their getting into the town for about three hours, giving all the women, except those who entertained too favorable an opinion of them, time to escape.

The British intended to have destroyed the powder and paper mills, the latter of which several of them entered, but were obliged to retire (before they had time to do any mischief) by a party of Americans posted there and at the bridge, who made fourteen of them prisoners. The main body of the enemy in a column, and two flanking parties, then forded the stream, some distance below the bridge, and proceeded through the enclosed grounds to the town. The people, though yet assembled in very small numbers, kept up a scattering fire with them all the way to the entrance of the town, and several were killed and wounded on each side. Between twelve and one o'clock the enemy entered the town in the most malignant disposition, enraged by the opposition from a number much inferior to their own, proud of their superiority, ashamed of the difficulty of overcoming the resistance of so small a number, and cruel in their resentment. They vented their fury upon the persons and effects of all who unfortunately fell under their power. They plundered the houses of every thing they could carry away or convert to their own use, and broke or destroyed every whole article of household goods and furniture, together with the window glass and sashes. A few houses, however, escaped plunder, and a few persons abuse. These were such as were either noted Tories, or those that had been particularly recommended by such of those at whose houses the officers happened to put up, or who were spared through caprice or accident. Some few of the inhabitants, both male and female, were noted Tories, who stayed in through choice, and were glad of such visitants. Some others, though professing to be Whigs, had conceived a good opinion of the enemy, and believed they would behave well and politely to those who were peaceable and did not oppose them. These, too, stayed in of choice; a very small number, and no women among them that we have heard of, were unwillingly caught in town, having no opportunity to get out. The few men who stayed in town, most of whom were old, infirm, or

were treated with the greatest abuse and insolent fero-
tripped and plundered of every thing valuable about
and on the slightest pretences, or even without any pre-
t all, inhumanly stabbed with bayonets, shot, or other-
nurdered, with circumstances of savage and wanton
. One Kennedy, a noted Tory who rejoiced at their
, they plundered of his buckles, &c., and on his ex-
g some resentment, immediately stabbed him to death.
old man of the name of English, (whose daughter was
providing for their entertainment,) on expression of
f, uttered in the most gentle, inoffensive manner, they
red by running through the body several times with
ts; and as he lay on his back bleeding on the floor in
onies of death, his daughter coming in, exclaimed—
how could you murder my poor old father so cruelly?"
them asking, "Is he your father?" to which she an-
, "Oh! yes, he is my father," the inhuman villain im-
ely stood and stamped on his breast, and then upon his
rushing down his nose. Mr. Bears, the elder, a man of
respectable and inoffensive character, had been enter-

nswer, they stabbed with a bayonet, which some person of ıe town seeing, told them the man was crazy, and had not ›oken a word these six weeks. "Damn him," replied the ıurderer, "it is time he should be made to speak;" and forc-ıg the point of the bayonet into his mouth, thrust it into his ›ngue, drew it out and cut it off. The man died in a few ours. And so firmly were these British miscreants possessed f the diabolical spirit of murder, that it did not quit them in he last stage of life, but went with them into eternity, to at-end them at their appearance before their Judge! One Mr. Gilbert, a man advanced in years, having faithfully attended ıis duty in the field, in defence of the just rights and liberty ›f his country against the invasion of the bloody tyrants, happened to give a mortal wound to one of their officers, and afterwards was taken prisoner by the enemy, and brought to the man he had wounded. The dying wretch, instigated by infernal malice and revenge, said to the men under his com-mand, "That man has murdered me; kill him, kill him!" And this murderous order was instantly executed accordingly; so that both spirits took their departure nearly together, and might, perhaps, together be summoned to make their appear-ance before the awful tribunal. What a contrast in their cir-cumstances!

The behavior of this crew of British miscreants to the un-happy women, who conceiving too favorable an opinion of them, and confiding in their politeness and generosity, had stayed in town and trusted themselves in their hands; to these they behaved with worse than savage cruelty, and though most, if not all of them, were reputed of Tory principles, yet very few, if any, of the young women, (except some who fled for protection to a few protected persons) nor not all the old, or even the negroes, escaped violation—some in the presence of their husbands, and others by great numbers successively. Some of these unhappy victims they carried off with them in their vessels. These are some of the exploits of Britons (long famous for justice and generosity, but now, alas! how fallen) at New Haven.

After keeping possession of the town all night, (and a night

of horror it was to the inhabitants,) pretty early yesterday morning a considerable body of militia, being collected under the command of General Ward, General Hart, and other officers, and great numbers continually coming in from every quarter, the enemy unexpectedly and with great stillness and despatch, retreated with their vessels, taking with them about twenty of the inhabitants prisoners, with three or four families, and a few other persons who chose to accompany them.

While the British General Garth, with his division, plundered New Haven, Sir George Collier brought his fleet into the harbor, landed Governor Tryon with the rest of the troops, at East Haven, and then began a heavy cannonade on the little fort at Black Rock, which was handsomely defended as long as it was tenable, and then evacuated. On Tuesday afternoon the militia collected in such numbers, and pressed so close upon Governor Tryon that he thought best to retreat on board his fleet, and before morning had set sail to the westward.

The abusive and cruel treatment of the inhabitants of New Haven, the wanton and malicious destruction of that part of their property that could not be carried away, and the burning of the warehouses on the wharf with the vessels that lay there, as also part of the houses at East Haven, sufficiently prove that it was not owing to good will that the town of New Haven was not burned. The most probable conjecture is, that it was spared for the sake of the plunder.

The American loss at New Haven is twenty-three killed and fifteen wounded; that of the enemy cannot be exactly ascertained, but is known to exceed one hundred, and some report one hundred and fifty, among which are two adjutants, and some other officers they much lament. The number of Americans killed, exceeding that of the wounded, has been uncommon in former wars, but has frequently happened in this between Britain and America, and can only be accounted for by supposing that they generally murder our wounded men that fall into their hands.[1]

[1] New York Journal, July 19.

The British fleet, with the same accursed crew of abandoned, bloody miscreants who left New Haven yesterday, arrived at Fairfield this afternoon, and continued their plundering and destruction. A correspondent gives the following account of their ravages:—"About four o'clock on the morning of the seventh of July, the approach of the fleet was announced by the firing of a gun from a small fort on Grover's Hill, contiguous to the Sound. They seemed, however, to be passing by. About seven o'clock we with pleasure beheld them all to the westward of us, steering, as we thought, for New York. A very thick fog came on which deprived us of them till between the hours of nine and ten, when, the mist clearing away, we beheld the whole fleet right under our western shore, and some of them close in with Kinzie's Point. They presently came to anchor, and lay till about four in the afternoon, when they began to land the troops a little to the eastward of Kinzie's Point, at a place called the Pines. From thence the troops marched along the beach until they came to a lane opposite the centre of the town, through which they proceeded, and in about an hour paraded in three divisions on the green between the meeting-house and court house. From thence they detached their guards, and then dividing into small parties, proceeded on their infernal business. Their commanding officers were Sir George Collier by sea, Generals Tryon and Garth by land.

The Burning of Fairfield.

"The approach of the fleet was so sudden that but a few men could be collected, though the alarm guns were fired immediately upon the dissipation of the fog. There was no thought of opposing their landing, as our force was nothing to theirs. Our little party, however, posted themselves so as to annoy them to the best advantage, expecting that they would land at the Point. When our people found them landing on their left, and marching in their rear to take possession of the town, they retreated immediately to the court house green; and as the enemy advanced through the beach lane, they gave them such a warm reception with a field-piece, which threw both round and grape shot, and with their musketry, as quite disconcerted them for some time. The column,

however, quickly recovered its solidity, and advancing rapidly, forced our small body to retreat to the heights back of the town, where they were joined by numbers who were coming in from the country. The enemy were likewise galled very much, as they turned from the back of the lane, by the cannon which played from Grover's Hill.

"The town was almost cleared of inhabitants—a few women, some of them ladies of the most respectable families and character, tarried with a view of saving their property. They imagined that their sex and character would avail to such a purpose; they put such confidence in the generosity of an enemy who were once famed for humanity and politeness, and thought that kind treatment and submissive behavior from them would secure them against harsh treatment and rough usage. Alas! they were miserably mistaken; they every one bitterly repented their confidence and presumption.

"The parties that were first set loose for rapine and plunder, were the Hessians. They entered the houses, attacked the persons of Whig and Tory indiscriminately, breaking open desks, trunks, chests, closets, and taking away every thing of value; they robbed women of buckles, rings, bonnets, aprons, and handkerchiefs; they abused them with the foulest and most profane language, threatened their lives, presenting bayonets to their breasts, not in the least regarding the most earnest cries and entreaties; there was likewise heard the dashing of looking glasses, furniture, china, and whatever came in their power. A nursing infant was plundered of part of its clothing, while the bayonet was held to his mother.

"Another party that came on were the American refugees, who, in revenge for their confiscated estates, carried on the same business. They were not, however, so abusive to the women as the former, but appeared very furious against the town and country.

"The Britons were the least inveterate. Some of the officers seemed to pity the misfortunes of the country, but in excuse said they had no other way to gain their authority over us. Individuals among the British troop were exceedingly abusive, especially to women. They solicited, they attempted

heir chastity; and though no rape was committed, yet some ere forced to submit to the most indelicate and rough treatnent. They exerted their utmost strength in the defence of heir virtue, and some still bear the scars and bruises of the orrid conflict.

"Just about an hour before sunset the conflagration began t the house of Josiah Jennings, which was consumed, with the eighboring buildings. In the evening, the house of Elijah Abel, Esq., sheriff of the county, was consumed, with a few thers. In the night, several buildings were burnt in the main treet. General Tryon was in various parts of the town—the ood women begging and entreating him to spare their houses. Mr. Sayre, the Church of England's missionary, a gentleman irmly and zealously engaged in the British interest, and who as suffered considerably in their cause, joined the women in heir entreaties, begged the general to spare the town; but is request was denied. He then begged that a few houses night be kept as a shelter for some who could provide habitaions nowhere else; this was likewise denied him. At length Mr. Tryon consented to spare the buildings and property of Mr. Burr and the writer of this epistle. They had both been plundered ere this. He likewise said that the houses of public worship should be spared. He was far from being in a good temper of mind during the whole affair. General Garth, at he other end of the town, treated the inhabitants with as nuch humanity as his errand would admit of.

"At sunrise, some considerable part of the town was standng; but in about two hours the conflagration became general. The burning pirates carried on their business with horrible alacrity, headed by two or three persons who were born and ired in the neighboring towns. All the town, from the bridge owards Stratford to the Mill river, (a few houses excepted,) vere consumed.

"About eight o'clock the enemy sounded a retreat. The neeting-house and a few other houses were standing, which ifforded some pleasure amidst our woe; but the rear guard, consisting of a banditti of the vilest that was ever let loose among men, set fire to every thing which General Tryon had

left—the large and elegant meeting, the ministers' houses, Mr. Burr's, and other houses which had received protection. They tore Tryon's protections in pieces, damn'd "General Tryon and his protections," and abused women most shamefully; they ran off in a very disgraceful manner. Happily our men came in, and extinguished the flames in several houses, so that we are not entirely destroyed. The Church of England building was destroyed; but by whom, or at what time, I am not able to say.

"The rear guard, which behaved in such a scandalous manner, were chiefly Germans called Jagers, which carry a small rifle-gun, and fight in a skulking manner, much like our Indians. They may emphatically be called the sons of plunder and devastation.

"Our fort yet stands. The enemy sent a row galley to silence it, and there was a constant firing between them all night. One or two attempts were made to take it by parties of troops, but it was most bravely and obstinately defended by Lieutenant Isaac Jarvis, who had but twenty-three besides himself. The militia followed the bloody incendiaries to the place of embarkation, where they galled them considerably. The embarkation took place about twelve o'clock, and the cruel foe set sail for Long Island about two o'clock in the afternoon. Many were killed on both sides; the number cannot be ascertained. They carried with them several prisoners, but no person of distinction. Old Mr. Solomon Sturgis, an Irish servant belonging to Mr. Penfield, and an old negro man belonging to Mr. Jonathan Lewis, were put to the bayonet. Mr. Job Bartram was shot through the breast; the ball came out just under his shoulder-blade; he fought bravely, as did also many others."[1]

[1] New London Gazette, August 4. The British troops, after destroying Fairfield, crossed the Sound to Huntington, Long Island, where they remained until the eleventh of July, when they appeared before Norwalk. Their subsequent operations are thus recorded in Gaine's Mercury, of August 12:—"The sun being nearly set before the 54th, the Landgrave's regiment, and the Jagers were in the boats, it was near nine o'clock in the evening when the troops landed at the Cow Pasture, a peninsula on the east of the harbor, within a mile and a half of the bridge which formed the communication between the east and west parts of No

A British writer gives the following account of the burning of Fairfield:—"About five o'clock in the afternoon the British troops landed about a mile and a half west of the fort at Fairfield. One division, consisting of Jagers, flank companies of guards, Fanning's corps, and regiment of Landgrave, with General Tryon, moved up in columns to gain the right of the town, and were cannonaded from the fort hill above it, without suffering any loss. The advanced corps drew up a little short of the town, where they proposed remaining; but the enemy bringing a six-pounder on their left to enfilade them, they were obliged to move towards, and drive the enemy from the lower heights in front of the town, which they occupied with this field-piece. This they effected with little loss and difficulty, Jonathan very prudently removing himself to the upper heights, at a very decent distance, where he amused himself with firing long shot till about eight o'clock; when, upon the approach of General Garth with another division, he thought proper to retire entirely, after a narrow escape of being cut off by the forces

British Account of the Burning of Fairfield.

walk, nearly equally divided by a salt creek. The King's American regiment being unable to join the army before three the next morning, the troops lay that night on their arms.

"In the march at the first dawn of day, the 54th led the column, and soon fell in with the rebel outposts, and driving the enemy with great alacrity and spirit, dispossessed them of Drummond (Grummon) Hill, and the heights at the end of the village, east from and commanding the bridge.

"It being now about four o'clock in the morning and the rebels having taken post within a random cannon shot upon the hills on the north, the troops halted, and the second division landing at the Old Wells, on the west side of the harbor, had advanced and formed the junction.

"General Garth's division passed the bridge by nine, and proceeded to the north end of the village, from whence, and especially from the houses, there had been a fire for five hours upon our advanced guards. The fusileers, supported by the light infantry of the guards, began the attack, and soon cleared that quarter, pushing their main body and a hundred cavalry from the northern heights, and taking one piece of their cannon.

"After many salt pans were destroyed, whale boats carried on board the fleet, and the magazines, stores, and vessels set in flames, by which the greater part of the dwelling-houses were consumed, the advanced corps were drawn back, and the troops retired in two columns to the place of their first debarkation, and unassaulted took ship and returned to Huntington Bay."

under that general. Not a single house was touched, as the general had taken some pains the two days before to circulate their address and proclamation;[1] and New Haven, though so fine a town, and of so much use to the rebellious colonists, was spared, in hopes these deluded people would at last be made sensible that lenity, whilst it could be shown without prejudice to ourselves, was the wish of British souls and British commanders. New Haven, except one or two storehouses and one or two small vessels, was left unhurt.

[1] The following is the address to the inhabitants of Connecticut by Commodore Sir George Collier and Major General William Tryon:—"The ungenerous and wanton insurrection against the sovereignty of Great Britain, into which this colony has been deluded by the artifices of desperate and designing men, for private purposes, might well justify in you every fear which conscious guilt could form, respecting the intentions of the present armament.

"Your towns, your property, yourselves, lie still within the grasp of that power, whose forbearance you have ungenerously construed into fear; but whose lenity has persisted in its mild and noble efforts, even though branded with the most unworthy imputation.

"The existence of a single habitation on your defenceless coast, ought to be a constant reproof to your ingratitude. Can the strength of your whole province cope with the force which might at any time be poured through every district in your country? You are conscious it cannot. Why then will you persist in a ruinous and ill-judged resistance?

"We have hoped that you would recover from the phrensy which has distracted this unhappy country; and we believe the day to be now come when the greater part of this continent begin to blush at their delusion. You, who lie so much in our power, afford the most striking monument of our mercy, and therefore ought to set the first example of returning to allegiance.

"Reflect upon what gratitude requires of you; if that is insufficient to move you, attend to your own interest. We offer you a refuge against the distress which you universally acknowledge broods with increasing and intolerable weight over all your country.

"Leaving you to consult with each other upon this invitation, We now do declare,—That whosoever shall be found, and remain in peace at his usual place of residence, shall be shielded from any insult, either to his person or his property, excepting such as bear offices, either civil or military, under your present usurped government: of whom it will be further required, that they shall give proofs of their penitence and voluntary submission; and they shall then partake of the like immunity.

"Those, whose folly and obstinacy may slight this favorable warning, must take notice, that they are not to expect a continuance of that lenity which their inveteracy would now render blamable."—*Rivington's Gazette*, July 7.

"Uninfluenced by this gentle treatment, their hearts seemed hardened like the hearts of Pharaoh's servants. Fairfield, till six in the evening, remained as before, when an order came for the advanced troops to retire a little nearer the town. Jonathan, imagining the dread of him had inspired this motion, felt very bold, and advancing nearer, got in behind some houses in front of the town, and flattering himself he was then in security, threw his shot something thicker about him. The troops faced about, drove Jonathan from his fancied fortress, and then set fire to these few alone which had emboldened and afforded cover to their enemies; these houses were in front of the town. General Tryon then sent a flag to them by the clergyman of the place, offering, if they would return to their allegiance, the town should be spared, and those who would come in should remain unmolested. This generous offer Jonathan did not think fit to comply with, but cannonaded his own town all night; the consequence of which was, in the morning the troops set it on fire, and they re-embarked, leaving their conduct in these two instances to inspire proper reflections in their enemies."[1]

JULY 10.—STILL the rebels cherish one another with the assurances of eating their next Christmas dinner in New York, (peradventure in the provost.) Indeed, Mr. Washington has declared he will very soon visit that capital with his army, as it is confessed, without the least reserve, there are many SONS OF LIBERTY in New York that hold a constant intercourse and correspondence with the commander-in-chief of the rebel army, from whom he is supplied with accurate communications of all arrivals and departures, and of every thing daily carrying on there, both in the military and civil branches. The rebel prisoners on Long Island, (notwithstanding being indulged with their parole,) and the whitewashed inhabitants hold a constant correspondence with the inhabitants of Connecticut; and, through their means, goods to great amount are every week conveyed to them. It provokes

Sons of Liberty in New York.

[1] Rivington's Gazette, July 14.

the well affected to government, at a distance from New York, to perceive such comfort and accommodations afforded to the most ungrateful and insidious people on earth.[1]

To the British.

JULY 15.—THE British, in conjunction with their allies, the Tories, seem desirous to extirpate religion, with the Whigs, out of the country. An arduous task, indeed! They manifest peculiar malice against the Presbyterian churches, having, during this month, burnt three in New York State, and two in Connecticut. What, Britons! because we won't worship your idol King, will you prevent us from worshipping the King of kings? Heaven forbid! We despair not of being able soon to rebuild our churches; till then the canopy of heaven, a barn, or the shady woods will serve the purpose. If you burn our elegant houses, we will dwell in huts till we can build better. We have too long imitated your excesses; now you teach us economy and humility.[2]

Wayne takes Stony Point.

JULY 16.—This morning, General Wayne, with the light infantry, consisting of about twelve hundred men, drawn from the whole of the American army on each side of the North River, surprised the British garrison, consisting of five hundred men, commanded by a Colonel Johnson, in their works at Stony Point, on the west side of King's Ferry, and made the whole prisoners, with the loss of four Americans killed, and General Wayne slightly wounded.[3]

The detachment marched in two divisions, and about one o'clock came up to the enemy's pickets, who, by firing their pieces, gave the alarm, and with all possible speed ran to the fort, from every quarter of which, in a short time, they made an incessant fire upon our people. They, with fixed bayonets and uncharged pieces, advanced with quick but silent motion, through a heavy fire of cannon and musketry, till getting over the abbatis, and scrambling up the precipices, the enemy called out, "Come on, ye damn'd rebels: come on!" Some

[1] Rivington's Gazette, July 17. [2] New Hampshire Gazette, August 10.
[3] New Hampshire Gazette, July 27.

of our people softly answered, "Don't be in such a hurry, my lads; we will be with you presently." And accordingly, in a little more than twenty minutes from the time the enemy began first to fire, our troops, overcoming all obstructions and resistance, entered the fort. Spurred on by their resentment of the former cruel bayoneting, which many of them and others of our people had experienced, and of the more recent and savage barbarity of plundering and burning unguarded towns, murdering old and unarmed men, abusing and forcing defenceless women, and reducing multitudes of innocent people from comfortable livings to the most distressful want of the means of subsistence;—deeply affected by these cruel injuries, our people entered the fort with the resolution of putting every man to the sword; but the cry of "Mercy! mercy! dear Americans! mercy! quarter! brave Americans! quarter! quarter!" disarmed their resentment in an instant; insomuch that even Colonel Johnson, the commandant, freely and candidly acknowledges that not a drop of blood was spilt unnecessarily. Oh, Britain! turn thine eye inward,—behold, and tremble at thyself![1]

Colonel Fleury, who commanded the van-guard and behaved with his usual gallantry, was the first man who mounted the bastion and struck the British flag. All our officers and men behaved with remarkable bravery. They were even emulous to go upon the Forlorn Hope, which was decided by lot, when one gentleman thereby excluded from that command, spoke of himself as a child of misfortune from the cradle, while the other leaped for joy.

Of the Americans, about twenty-five are killed, and upwards of fifty wounded, among whom are General Wayne,

[1] A correspondent in England says:—"The American account of Stony Point is as pompous a parade of their courage as the French displayed of their manœuvres in our channel. The fact is, that they surprised the garrison, and bayoneted the men after the surrender was made. Had Colonel Johnson and his party been prepared for their reception the Americans would have fled at the very sight of the British bayonets; and in that case have as disgracefully retreated without making the attempt, as they shamefully afterwards abandoned the conquest they had made."—*Upcott*, v. 389.

who received a slight wound on the side of his face;[1] Colone Hay, of Pennsylvania, a wound in his thigh; and of Colone Meigs's regiment, Captain Phelps, wounded in the arm; Cap tain Selden, badly in the hip; Lieutenant Palmer, in the arm and thigh; Ensign Hall, in the hip, and his arm broken; fiv of the wounded privates are dead, the rest likely to recover.

Of the enemy killed, about sixty; and of whom was Colone Few, of the 17th grenadiers, who was too obstinate to submit and another officer who has died of his wounds. Their wounde are also supposed to be about sixty, among whom are two o three officers. The prisoners of the enemy amount to fou hundred and five, including the commandant, Lieutenant-Col onel Johnson, of the 17th regiment, and twenty-three othe officers, all of whom are to be sent off to Pennsylvania.

Among the prisoners are two sons of Beverly Robinson, (o New York, now a Colonel in the service of the enemy agains his country!) and a son of the late Rev. Dr. Auchmuty, lat rector of Trinity Church. It was with great difficulty thes three were saved by our officers from being sacrificed to th resentment of the soldiery, who being about to retaliate upo them with bayonets, (the usage our people have repeatedl received from the British troops,) they begged for mercy, an to excite pity, said they were Americans. This plea provin them to be traitors as well as enemies, naturally increased th fury of the soldiers, who were upon the point of plungin bayonets into their breasts, when they were restrained b their officers.[2]

[1] When the gallant General Wayne received his wound in storming the for at Stony Point, he was a good deal staggered, and fell upon one knee. But th moment he recovered himself, he called to his aids, who supported him, and said "Lead me forward, if I am mortally wounded, let me die in the fort."—*Ne Hampshire Gazette*, September 7.

[2] New York Journal, August 2. Rivington, in the Royal Gazette of July 21 gives the following "best account yet," of this action:—"We are informed tha a large detachment of the rebel army, commanded by Mr. Wayne, last Friday morn ing, about one o'clock, attacked the fort at Stony Point, on the Hudson River garrisoned by the 17th regiment, two companies of grenadiers of the 71st, on company of Colonel Beverly Robinson's regiment, under the command of Lieu tenant-Colonel Johnson of the 17th regiment. The enemy were repulsed severa

NOTHING can exceed the spirit and intrepidity of our brave countrymen in storming and carrying the British fortress at Stony Point. It demonstrates that the Americans have soldiers equal to any in the world; and that they can attack and vanquish the Britons in their strongest works. No action during the war, performed by the British military, has equalled this coup de main. The generosity shown by our men to the vanquished, when the parties of our enemy are repeating their savage barbarities, whenever they come by surprise, is unexampled. How much more honorable and manly is it to carry fortresses sword in hand, than to burn defenceless towns, and distress unarmed citizens, and even women and children? What action has Clinton to boast of, this campaign, that may be compared with this master-piece of soldiership by General Wayne? And how much provocation had he to have bayoneted the whole British garrison, when he recollected how cruelly the British had massacred the men he commanded some time ago, who fell into their merciless hands? How many of these brave men were killed in cold blood, after they could make no resistance? Clinton must be highly chagrined at this conquest, and employ some good pen to disguise and palliate this affair at the court of London. He has exceeded Howe in the ferocity and savageness of his exploits; but perhaps will not succeed better than he in accomplishing the designs of Britain.[1]

The Storming of Stony Point.

times, and lost a considerable number killed on the spot, but being supported by Mr. Washington with the main body of the rebel army, the garrison gave way to a vast superiority of numbers. The loss of the enemy, though considerable, is not yet known.

"Of the British troops, thirty were killed, including Colonel Few of the 17th regiment, forty-eight wounded, and two hundred and six prisoners. On Sunday some rebel provision vessels attempting to pass down the river by Verplank's to Stony Point, were prevented by a severe cannonade from Lieutenant-Colonel Webster, who commands at, and has very effectually defended that post, which is now become perfectly secure, as the rebels, baffled in their attempts upon Verplank's Point, on Monday *evacuated Stony Point*, and it was that evening again taken possession of by the British forces. Amongst the enemy's wounded, was Mr. Wayne, who commanded the attack."

[1] New Hampshire Gazette, July 27.

JLY 20.—We have just seen a rebel newspaper which con-
a very curious article relative to the late attack on Stony
of Stony criticized. Point. The article is written in that turgid style,
and in that little spirit of triumph, which distin-
almost all the rebel publications, on the acquisition of
rifling advantage; and is at once a just sample of the
ence and temper of the rebels. It begins thus: "Our
it light infantry, who, under the brave, intrepid General
ne, have gained immortal honor by storming the British
on at Stony Point, were composed of drafts from each
. The firm coolness with which they marched," &c. It
eds in the same style of bombast and exaggeration to de-
the *amazing* fortitude, *wonderful* prowess, and *aston-*
y humanity which marked the conduct of the rebel troops,
the beginning to the end of the whole business.
ar be it from me to detract from any bravery or humanity
i may have been shown by the rebels on this occasion. I
ct those qualities even in an enemy; and so far as the
s exhibited either, or both, at Stony Point, (of which,
ver, I am unable to judge at present,) I give them full

stanced, would venture to attack about four hundred men? for, if my information be right, the effective men at Stony Point did not exceed that number. Among troops accustomed to face and meet their enemies, I am sure this would not be esteemed any mighty affair. When the British troops, not amounting to twelve hundred men, really stormed the rebel forts at the Highlands, in open day—forts that were defended by a garrison three times as numerous as that at Stony Point—there was not half so much said about it as there is said here of General Wayne's exploit. Such things are expected from British troops: there is nothing unusual in it, and therefore little is said about it.

Our writer reminds me of a passage in De Solis's history of the conquest of Mexico. While Cortez was subduing that empire, a Spaniard was killed in a fray with the natives. The Mexicans got possession of the corpse, and viewed it with a mixture of admiration and joy: admiration at their own prowess in killing a Spaniard, and joy to find that the Spaniards were vulnerable and mortal! Similar to this is an incident related by Josephus, when Titus besieged Jerusalem. The Roman general constructed works, and planted engines on them to batter the walls. The Jews made a sally, destroyed the works, and burnt the engines. They exulted most extravagantly on this little success, which only served to confirm their obstinacy, hasten their ruin, and stimulate them to greater cruelties against their wretched brethren, who groaned under all the horrors of foreign and domestic war.

This writer is so hugely elevated with the affair at Stony Point, that he thinks Britain should now confirm the independency of America publicly! Can any one be so stupid as to imagine that such a trifling affair could be any way decisive at present, or influence the conduct of Britain? Or are incidents of this kind unusual in the course of war? I could mention several instances where outposts belonging to the greatest generals that ever led armies into the field, have been attacked and carried; and in wars, too, where those generals have been most successful. People who are so easily elevated, betray their own weakness, both in judgment and resources, and gen-

are easily depressed. Their minds, like a pendulum, ibrate to either extreme equally, as circumstances occur; is an indubitable proof how low the affairs of the rebels nk, when so trivial an advantage is puffed off with so parade. It evidently shows that they are obliged to very little incident which can serve, by exaggeration, to rt the flagging spirits of their party.

r writer goes on to extol the "humanity of the rebels," ontrasts it with the "savage barbarity of burning un- ed towns, deflowering defenceless women," &c. As far th will permit, I am willing to believe, for the honor of ica, that the rebels on this occasion relaxed in their usual rity. As it is the first instance, it should be recorded, h it would have lost nothing had it been expressed in less erated terms.

e rebels have hitherto been infamous for their wanton ies. Their brutal treatment of Governor Franklin, and other persons of distinction whom I could mention,— barbarity to loyalists in general, and at this present hour ging men for acting according to the dictates of con-

New Haven was in the possession of the King's troops, yet they did not burn it. The reason was, they were not fired at from the houses during their approach to, or retreat from, the town. Some of the inhabitants, however, did what would have justified the British troops in consigning it to the flames. Sentries placed to guard particular houses have been fired at from those very houses, and killed. An officer of distinction took a prisoner who was on horseback, and had a gun; the prisoner apparently submitted, but watching for an opportunity, he discharged his gun at the officer, and wounded him. The wounded officer was carried into an adjoining house to have his wound dressed; the owner of the house seemed to be kind and attentive to the officer; the latter, in gratitude for his attention, ordered the soldiery, on his departure, to be particularly careful of the house, that no injuries should be offered to it. Yet, no sooner was the officer gone, and at the distance of fifty yards, than this very man discharged a loaded musket at him. These are samples of rebel humanity, which *sweetly harmonize* with our writer's sentiments.

In fine, this writer, and all others of his stamp, should remember that the colonies are now in a state of revolt and rebellion against their rightful sovereign. The British legislature is unalterably determined to bring them back to their allegiance. The most generous overtures have been made to them—*a redress of grievances, an exemption from taxes, and a free trade, have been offered.* These liberal terms would indubitably make America the happiest, freest, and most flourishing country in the world. But the American Congress have madly and insolently rejected these terms. The Congress, therefore, and their partisans, are justly chargeable, before God and the world, with all the calamities which America now suffers, and with all those other and greater calamities which it will probably hereafter suffer in the course of this unnatural contest.[1]

August 3.—This morning, arrived at Boston, in Massachu-

[1] "Candidus," in the New York Gazette, August 16.

setts, a French frigate of thirty-two guns, from France, in which came passengers his excellency the CHEVALIER DE LA LUZERNE, Plenipotentiary from his most Christian Majesty, to the United States, with his secretary, &c.; as also the Honorable John Adams, Esquire, late a commissioner from the United States to the Court of France. His excellency and suite landed on General Hancock's wharf, about five o'clock this afternoon, where they were received by a committee from the Honorable Council of the State, who were waiting with carriages for their reception. They were conducted to the house late the residence of the Continental general. He was saluted by a discharge of thirteen cannon, on his landing, from the fortress on Fort Hill, and every other mark of respect shown him which circumstances would admit.[1]

Chevalier de la Luzerne arrives at Boston.

SIR HENRY CLINTON'S SOLILOQUY,

Upon his recovery from the phrensy into which he was thrown by the storming of Stony Point.

"To fight, or not to fight, that is the question!"
Whether 'tis best within[2] Manhattan's isle,
Snug to encamp, secure from war's alarms!
Or, mounting Hudson's oft-attempted wave,
Encircled with my British German bands,
At once let loose the terrors of my arm,
And crush rebellion at its farthest source!
"To fight—perchance to beat! Ah, there's the rub."
(Conscience makes a coward of Sir Harry!)
Well I remember the opprobrious time,
When Tryon and Sir George, by my command,
O'er poor Connecticut's defenceless towns
Pour'd out the flaming vials of my wrath,
Murder'd the old, and plundered the infirm;
Torrent-like, when brave Wayne's determined corps
Resistless rush'd o'er all my boasted works,
And in an instant quench'd the British fire!
What dread ideas fill my tortured brain!
West Point still rises to my troubled view!
Unnerves my heart! and damps my ardent passion
For the charge!
There proud America's undaunted host
With vict'ry flush'd, and pulses beating high,

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, August 17.

[2] York Island.

Unfurl their glitt'ring ensigns to the air,
And claim, impatient claim, the promis'd fight!
There god-like Washington triumphant stands,
Smiles at my losses and defies my power!
What's to be done?—at Charleston baffled twice,
At Monmouth routed with a dire disgrace!
Britannia blushing!—my sovereign's hopes,
So flatt'ring late, all vanishing to nought!
"It must be so!" soon as to-morrow's sun
Thro' Ether darts his horizontal rays,
Strait I'll embark!
Unfold the spreading canvas to the winds,
And bend my course to England's peaceful shore,
Join Gage, Burgoyne, and Howe, ill-fated chiefs,
Who trod before me this disastrous round;
Beneath their wither'd laurels lay me down,
And sleep the hours away! nor dream again
Of conquering Freedom's all-subduing sons![1]

The Crisis.

During the course of the present war, the situation of our public affairs, as well as the enemy's, has several times been so nicely critical, that each alternately seemed to be upon the balance between total ruin and complete victory; and the event has been determined by causes so wholly unforeseen and beyond human power, that he must be a strangely blind and inattentive observer who does not discern and ascribe it to the overruling hand of Divine Providence. Hence we may infer, that though our cause being just, Heaven is on our side, and will finally crown it with such success, yet that the general prevalence of wickedness among us renders us unfit for the blessings of peace, lengthens out the calamities of war upon us, and prevents the success of our arms. If, then, we are really friends to the rights and freedom of our country, let every one of us forsake the evil of his ways, that draws down and continues the judgments of God upon the land. Let us consider that the highest interest of every individual indispensably requires it, and together with the common interest of our country unitedly claims it at our hands. Let us consider that while we continue in any vicious practices, we are not only ruining ourselves, but our country:

[1] "S." in the New York Packet, August 19.

we are troublers of the land, and the cause of its public calamities; we prevent the success of its arms, (the return and blessing,) and do it more harm than all its foreign enemies. But if we reform our lives, and put away evil from among us, particularly that uncharitableness which shows itself in extortion, preying upon one another's necessities, and many other ways of injustice and oppression, together with debauchery, obscenity, horrible profaneness, and other gross immoralities, and act like reasonable creatures who must give an account of their actions, we may safely rely on Heaven for success in all our enterprises—for the return of peace and all its blessings—for happy lives and comfortable deaths.[1]

A GENTLEMAN from America observed in a large company in France, that the Americans were all enthusiasts for liberty. "No," said a French Whig, "that is impossible; for if only one-half of them were inspired with a proper *enthusiastic* affection for liberty, they would have risen long ago as *one* man, and not have suffered a single British soldier to have remained on the continent."[2]

AUGUST 13.—A WRITER in the London Evening Post of this day, says:—"If freedom of speech, and the most vigorous opposition to ministers, were ever necessary in a free country, they are certainly at this awful period; a period which not only marks the decline of a great empire, but the immediate fall of it; a period in which one man seems to have usurped the sole direction of government; and having procured a set of profligate associates to go through thick and thin with him, has bribed the senate, and deluded the people into an approbation of measures which humanity shudders at, and common sense condemns.

The Court of England.

"A writer who has lately taken up the pen to expose the secret designs of the crown against the liberties and grandeur of Britain, in speaking of the contest with America, observes that, 'to the cruelty and injustice of drawing the sword, were added insult and calumny. Both Houses of Parliament were

[1] New York Journal, September 6. [2] Pennsylvania Packet, August 7.

prodigal in their abuse of the Americans, whom they stigmatized as cowards and blockheads. Allowing these stigmas to have been just, is it not a reflection (says the writer) to have sued to these very cowards and blockheads for peace, after a contest of four years, in which the strength of this country had been in vain exerted to subjugate them?'

"To this passage a bold but admirable note is subjoined, as it proves the author to have a perfect knowledge of the man, of whom it may be said, 'Omnis illa tempestas Cæsare impulsore exercitata est;' we have extracted it for the perusal of our readers. 'Lord Sandwich in one House, and General Grant in the other, were the first to brand the Americans as cowards. The former summoned the ghost of Sir Peter Warren from its silent mansion, in support of his illiberal reproach, while the latter declared that with five hundred men he would march from one extreme of the continent to the other. These were opinions of men high in the royal confidence of their sovereign—opinions abhorrent to reason and philosophy, but which were received with avidity because they were consonant with the sanguinary and obdurate temper of a man who seems desirous of exchanging his ancient and venerable motto for the more classical and pleasing one of *sic volo, sic jubeo.* Had either of the senators above mentioned consulted Horace, they would have been informed that the lion could not beget the lamb, nor the bird of Jove the timid dove.

'Fortes creantur fortibus
Est in Juvencis, est in equis patrum
Virtus; nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.'"[1]

Hamilton's work on the Revolution.

It is said little Hamilton, the poet and composer to the Lord Protector Mr. Washington, is engaged upon a literary work which is intended to give posterity a true estimate of the present rebellion and its supporters, in case Clinton's light bobs should extirpate the whole race of rebels this campaign.

[1] Political Mirror; or a summary review of the present reign.—*New Jersey Gazette*, January 12, 1780.

s the facile penman has seen a great deal of life in a very
ears, and is withal a "*tarnation cute obsarver*," it is prob-
ıe will afford posterity great amusement as well as in-
ion. It is said that the best *American* artists are engaged
strate the work, which is to be much enhanced in value
e presence of a vignette, representing a combat between
sbyterian deacon, and the flesh and the devil, (in which
acon gets whipped.)

ıe great interest Mr. Washington has in the work will be
ned, when we consider that he wore out four pair of
r vallies (leather breeches) a few weeks ago, sitting for
cture to a peddling limner in Philadelphia, especially to
nate the writer's ideas. Of the nature of the other
ations, we know of but two:—One, of Polly Wayne's
le "boldly" retreating from Stony Point, after a "man-
ossession of that fortress for three hours; the other, a
iew (by far the most intelligent and pleasing) of the tit-
Lord Stirling, on his return from one of his nightly *feu*
es at Bergen, in Jersey, and supposed to be mumming
ual boast in a strain something like this:—

Great Britain. On the seventeenth day of the month the repeal of the stamp act passed the House of Commons. On the seventeenth day of the month the news of it arrived at Boston. On the seventeenth day of the month and the seventh day of the week was the battle on Bunker's Hill, from which time just three years, on the seventeenth day of the month was the commencement of hostilities between France and Great Britain. On the seventh day of the week was the battle of Germantown; and on the seventh day of the month was the battle of Stillwater. In August, 1776, instructions were drawn up by the authority of the King of Great Britain, and directed to General Carleton in Canada, relative to the late inglorious expedition of the British northern army. This despatch not arriving in seven months from the above date, new instructions were formed, from which it appears that Burgoyne was to proceed with an army of about seven thousand, and St. Leger with about seven hundred, besides Canadians and Indians, to force their way to Albany. In seven months from the last-mentioned period, on the seventeenth day of the month, in the seventeenth year of the reign of the tyrant George the Third, who is the seventh monarch from the tyrant Charles the First, in seven years and seven months from the first blood shed by the British troops in the present unhappy contest; the massacre in King's street, Boston, which was seven years from the assumed right of the British Parliament to tax America; in seventy years from the union of England and Scotland; in seventeen months from the late important capture, on the seventh day of the month, of seven sail of vessels richly laden. In the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven, Burgoyne and his whole army surrendered.

Seven marks the crisis of the rising States,
When Britain's hero bows to valiant Gates,
In seventy-seven our troops to conquest led,
Our foes fell captives, or like dastards fled.
When seventeen years the tyrant George had reign'd,
His troops were vanquish'd and his glory stain'd.
Seven years and months successive interven'd,
From Preston's carnage to the important scene,

When freedom's sons in one firm band combin'd,
Our foes surrender'd and their arms resign'd.
With joy revere the perfect number seven,
And prize the bounties of indulgent Heaven,
And let seven thunders blast the tyrant's ire,
And warm our heroes with electric fire.[1]

IORTLY after the conclusion of the late war, the Court of
'e, as a reward for the Count D'Estaing's services, be-
dote of stowed upon him the government of St. Domin-
staing. go, where he no sooner arrived than he testified
mity against Great Britain by fitting out a squadron of
ships-of-war, in June, 1764, and possessed himself of
s Island, just ceded to England by the treaty of peace.
caused a great clamor in London, and it was imagined
l have made a fresh rupture with France. That court,
ver, disavowed his proceedings, and restored the island,
ning, at the same time, the Count D'Estaing to make such
ation for the damage we had sustained, as the Governor
maica (Mr. Lyttleton) should deem adequate thereto.
1 D'Estaing received these instructions, he declared he
l no longer hold a government where he was to be the

American party was commanded by Major Lee, of the horse, who, in a letter to General Washington, gives the following particular account of the affair:[1] "I took command of the troops employed on this occasion, on the 18th. They amounted to four hundred infantry, composed of detachments of the Virginia and Maryland divisions, and one troop of dismounted dragoons. The troops moved from the vicinity of the New Bridge about four o'clock in the afternoon—patrols of horse being detached to watch the communication with the North River, and parties of infantry stationed at the different avenues leading to Powle's Hook. My anxiety to render the march as easy as possible, induced me to pursue the Bergen road lower than intended. After filing into the mountains, the timidity or treachery of the principal guide prolonged a short march into a march of three hours; by this means the troops were exceedingly harassed; and, being obliged to pass through deep, mountainous woods to regain our route, some parties of the rear were unfortunately separated. This affected me most sensibly, as it not only diminished the number of the men destined for the assault, but deprived me of the aid of several officers of distinguished merit.

"On reaching the point of separation, I found my first disposition impracticable, both from the near approach of day, and the rising of the tide. Not a moment being to spare, I paid no attention to the punctilios of honor or rank, but ordered the troops to advance in their then disposition. Lieutenant Rudolph, whom I had previously detached to reconnoitre the passages of the canal, returned to me at this point of time, and reported that all was silence within the works: that he had fathomed the canal, and found the passage on the centre route still admissible. This intervening intelligence was immediately communicated from front to rear, and the troops pushed on with that resolution, order, and coolness, which insures success.

"The forlorn hopes, led by Lieutenant M'Callister of the

[1] Extract of a letter from an officer at Paramus, August 21, in the New Hampshire Gazette, September 7.

Maryland, and Lieutenant Rudolph of the dragoons, marched on with trailed arms in most profound silence. Such was the singular address of these two gentlemen, that the first notice to the garrison was the forlorns plunging into the canal. A firing immediately commenced from the block-houses, and along the line of abattis, but did not in the least check the advance of the troops. The forlorn, supported by Major Clarke at the head of the right column, broke through all opposition, and found an entrance into the main work. So rapid was the movements of the troops, that we gained the fort before the discharge of a single piece of artillery. The centre column, commanded by Captain Forsyth, on passing the abattis, took a direction to their left. Lieutenant Armstrong led on the advance of this column. They soon possessed themselves of the officers and troops posted at the house No. 6, and fully completed every object of their destination. The rear column, under Captain Handy, moved forward in support of the whole. Thus were we completely victorious in the space of a few moments.

"The appearance of daylight, my apprehension lest some accident might have befallen the boats, the numerous difficulties of the retreat, the harassed state of the troops, and the destruction of all our ammunition by passing the canal, conspired in influencing me to retire at the moment of victory. Major Clarke, with the right column, was immediately put in motion with the greater part of the prisoners. Captain Handy followed on with the remainder. Lieutenants Armstrong and Reed formed the rear guard.

"Immediately on the commencement of the retreat, I sent forward Captain Forsyth to Prior's Mill to collect such men from the different columns as were most fit for action, and to take post on the heights of Bergen to cover the retreat. On my reaching this place, I was informed by Cornet Neill (who had been posted there during the night for the purpose of laying the bridge and communicating with the boats) that my messenger directed to him previous to the attack, had not arrived, nor had he heard from Captain Peyton, who had charge of the boats.

"Struck with apprehension that I should be disappointed in the route of retreat, I rode forward to the front under Major Clarke, whom I found very near the point of embarkation, and no boats to receive them. In this very critical situation, I lost no time in my decision, but ordered the troops to regain Bergen road, and move on to the New Bridge. At the same time, I communicated my disappointment to Lord Stirling by express, then returned to Prior's Bridge to the rear guard.

"Oppressed by every possible misfortune, at the head of troops worn down by a rapid march of thirty miles, through mountains, swamps, and deep morasses, without the least refreshment during the whole march, ammunition destroyed, encumbered with prisoners, and a retreat of fourteen miles to make good, on a route admissible of interception at several points by a march of two, three, or four miles, one body moving in our rear, and another (from the intelligence I had received from the captured officers) in all probability well advanced on our right, a retreat naturally impossible to our left, under all these distressing circumstances, my sole dependence was in the persevering gallantry of the officers, and obstinate courage of the troops. In this I was fully satisfied by the shouts of the soldiery, who gave every proof of unimpaired vigor at the moment the enemy's approach was announced.

"Having gained the point of interception opposite Weehock, (Weehawken,) Captain Handy was directed to move with his division on the mountain road, in order to facilitate the retreat. Captain Catlett, of the second Virginia regiment, fortunately joined me at this moment at the head of fifty men with good ammunition. I immediately halted this officer, and having detached two parties, the one on the Bergen road in the rear of Major Clarke, the other on the banks of the North River, I moved with the party under command of the captain on the centre route. By these precautions a sudden approach of the enemy was fully prevented. I am very much indebted to this officer and the gentlemen under him, for their alacrity and vigilance on this occasion.

"On the rear's approach to the Fort Lee road, we met a detachment under the command of Colonel Ball, which Lord

Stirling had pushed forward, on the first notice of our situation, to support the retreat. The colonel moved on and occupied a position which effectually covered us.

"Some little time after this, a body of the enemy made their appearance, issuing out of the woods on our right, and moving through the fields directly to the road. They immediately commenced a fire upon our rear. Lieutenant Reed was ordered to face them, while Lieutenant Rudolph threw himself with a party into a stone house which commanded the road. These two officers were directed mutually to support each other, and give time for the troops to pass the English Neighborhood Creek, at the liberty pole. On the enemy's observing this disposition, they immediately retired by the same route they had approached, and gained the woods. The precipitation with which they retired prevented the possibility of Colonel Ball's falling in with them, and saved the whole.

"The body which moved in our rear, having excessively fatigued themselves by the rapidity of their march, thought prudent to halt before they came in contact with us.

"Thus was every attempt to cut off our rear completely baffled. The troops arrived safely at the New Bridge with all the prisoners, about one o'clock P. M., on the nineteenth. I should commit the highest injustice, was I not to assure your excellency that my endeavors were fully seconded by every officer in his station; nor can any discrimination justly be made, but what arose from opportunity. The troops vied with each other in patience under their many sufferings, and conducted themselves in every vicissitude of fortune with a resolution which reflects the highest honor on them. During the whole action, not a single musket was fired on our side; the bayonet was our sole dependence.

"Having gained the fort, such was the order of the troops, and attention of the officers, that the soldiers were prevented from plundering, although in the midst of every sort. American humanity has been again signally manifested. Self-preservation strongly dictated, on the retreat, the putting the prisoners to death, and British cruelty fully justified it; notwithstanding which, not a man was wantonly hurt.

"During the progress of the troops in the works, from the different reports of my officers I conclude not more than fifty of the enemy were killed, and a few wounded. Among the killed is one officer, supposed (from his description) to be a captain in Colonel Buskirk's regiment. Our loss on this occasion is very trifling. I have not yet had a report from the detachment of Virginians; but, as I conclude their loss to be proportionate to the loss of the other troops, I can venture to pronounce that the loss of the whole in killed, wounded, and missing, will not exceed twenty. As soon as the report comes to hand, I will transmit to head-quarters an accurate return. I herewith enclose a return of the prisoners taken from the enemy.

"At every point of the enterprise I stood highly indebted to Major Clarke for his zeal, activity, and example. Captains Handy and Forsyth have claim to my particular thanks for the support I experienced from them on every occasion. The Captains Reed, M'Clane, Smith, Crump, and Wilmot, behaved with the greatest zeal and intrepidity. I must acknowledge myself very much indebted to Major Burnet and Captain Peyton, of the dragoons, for their counsel and indefatigability in the previous preparations for the attack. The premature withdrawal of the boats was owing to the non-arrival of my despatches; and though a most mortifying circumstance, can be called nothing more than unfortunate. Lieutenant Vanderville, who was to have commanded one of the forlorns, but was thrown out by the alteration of the disposition of the battle, conducted himself perfectly soldier-like. The whole of the officers behaved with the greatest propriety; and, as I said before, no discrimination can justly be made, but what arose from opportunity.

"The Lieutenants M'Callister, Armstrong, Reed, and Rudolph, distinguished themselves remarkably. Too much praise cannot be given to those gentlemen for their prowess and example. Captain Bradford, of the train, who volunteered it with me for the purpose of taking direction of the artillery, deserves my warmest thanks for his zeal and activity. I am personally indebted to Captain Rudolph, and Dr. Irvine of

the dragoons, who attended me during the expedition, for their many services.

"I beg leave to present your excellency with the flag of the fort by the hands of Mr. M'Callister, the gentleman into whose possession it fell.

"Among the many unfortunate circumstances which crossed our wishes, none was more so than the accidental absence of Colonel Buskirk, and the greatest part of his regiment. They had set out on an expedition up the North River the very night of the attack. A company of vigilant Hessians had taken their place in the fort, which rendered the secrecy of approach more precarious, and, at the same time, diminished the object of the enterprise by a reduction of the number of the garrison. Major Sutherland fortunately saved himself by a soldier's counterfeiting his person. This imposition was not discovered until too late.

"I intended to have burnt the barracks; but on finding a number of sick soldiers and women with young children in them, humanity forbade the execution of my intention. The key of the magazine could not be found, nor could it be broken open in the little time we had to spare, many attempts having been made to that purpose by the Lieutenants M'Callister and Reed. It was completely impracticable to bring off any pieces of artillery. I consulted Captain Bradford on the point, who confirms me in my opinion. The circumstance of spiking them being trivial, it was omitted altogether.

"After most of the troops had retired from the works, and were passed and passing the canal, a fire of musketry commenced from a few stragglers, who had collected in an old work on the right of the main fort. Their fire being ineffectual, and the object trifling, I determined not to break in upon the order of retreat, but continue passing the defile in front. I cannot conclude this relation without expressing my warmest thanks to Lord Stirling for the full patronage I received from him in every stage of the enterprise. I must also return my thanks to the cavalry for their vigilant execution of the duties assigned them." [1]

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, September 2. General Sir Henry Clinton, in a letter

AUGUST 24.—YESTERDAY being the anniversary of the birth of his most Christian Majesty, LEWIS the XVIth, the vessels in the harbor of Philadelphia were decorated with union flags; thirteen rounds were fired by many of them, as also from the State artillery at the coffee-house. The bells were rang, and in the evening the city was entertained by a most brilliant display of fireworks, from a stage erected before the door of his Excellency the President of the State. All ranks of people testified by their countenances and behavior the most sincere joy in paying these marks of respect to the birthday of an illustrious Prince, who has justly merited from the world, and in particular from these States, the exalted title of the PROTECTOR OF THE RIGHTS OF MANKIND.[1]

Birthday of Louis XVI. Celebrated.

AUGUST 25.—YESTERDAY evening, the Chevalier de la Luzerne, accompanied with M. de Valnais, consul of France, M. de Marbois, counsellor of parliament, M. de Chavagnes, captain in the royal navy of France, and a number of other gentlemen of distinction, both French and Americans, made a visit to Harvard College, at the invi-

Luzerne visits Harvard College.

to Lord George Germaine, dated New York, August 21, 1779, says of this action: "On the 19th instant, the garrison of Powle's Hook being reinforced, Lieutenant-Colonel Buskirk was detached with part of the troops to cut off some small parties who interrupted the supplies of provision; a considerable body of the rebels availed themselves of that opportunity to attempt the post. At three in the morning they advanced to the gate of the works, and being mistaken by a negligent guard for Lieutenant-Colonel Buskirk's corps returning, entered without opposition. I fear they found the garrison so scandalously absorbed, in consequence of their security, that they made themselves masters of a block-house and two redoubts with scarcely any difficulty. The alarm being now spread, Major Sutherland, the commandant, threw himself, with forty Hessians, into a redoubt, by an incessant fire from which he forced the enemy to quit the post without either damaging any of the cannon or setting fire to the barracks. In short, their retreat was as disgraceful as their attempt was well-conducted. They carried off with them near forty invalids, prisoners. A detachment being sent over from New York, Major Sutherland pursued the enemy, and coming up with their rear made a captain and some privates prisoners. Lieutenant-Colonel Buskirk, on his return, had a small skirmish with the rebels, and took four prisoners without any loss on his part."—*Upcott*, v. 327.

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, August 24.

tation of the president and corporation. The Chevalier and company having alighted from their carriages, passed through the college yard between two lines of students in their academical habits, their heads uncovered, to the door of Harvard Hall, where they were received by the president, corporation, professors, and tutors, and conducted to the library. Soon after they were seated, the president rose, and in the name of the corporation and the whole university, addressed the Chevalier in the Latin language, congratulating his safe arrival, making the most respectful mention of our illustrious ally, his most Christian Majesty; expressing the warmest wishes for the perpetuation of the alliance, and the completion of its important and happy design, and for the prosperity of religion and learning throughout the world.

The Chevalier replied in the most polite manner, and in the same language, assuring his audience that his wishes had been most fortunately crowned by seeing a country, once indeed the region of ignorance and barbarity, now the seat of freedom, commerce, virtue, and the liberal arts; and expressing, at the same time, the uncommon joy he should derive from finding the turbulent scenes of war, and the public negotiation in which he was engaged, preparing the way for a closer alliance between the arts and sciences in distant nations, to their mutual improvement, and the common benefit of mankind. After amusing themselves among the rich variety of books deposited in the library, the company were conducted into a large and elegant philosophy room, where a very decent entertainment was provided. After dinner they viewed the curiosities of the museum, and the philosophical apparatus fabricated by some of the best artists in Europe.

Every countenance indicated pleasure, and every circumstance of the day testified the joy that was diffused through the whole university upon this agreeable occasion.[1]

[1] New Hampshire Gazette, September 7.

CHAPTER VI.

SEPTEMBER 4.—THIS morning, the Congress being informed that Mr. William Henry Drayton, one of the delegates of the State of South Carolina, died last night, and that circumstances required that his remains should be interred this evening, they "*Resolved*, That the Congress would, in a body, attend the funeral this evening at six o'clock, as mourners, with a crape round the left arm, and would continue in mourning for the space of one month." They further resolved that Mr. Laurens, Mr. Matthews, and Mr. Harnett be a committee to superintend the funeral; and that the Rev. Mr. White, the attending chaplain, should be notified to officiate on the occasion. They also directed the committee to invite the General Assembly, the President and Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, the Minister Plenipotentiary of France, and other persons of distinction in town, to attend the funeral. Death of William Henry Drayton.

Accordingly, at six o'clock this evening, the corpse was carried in procession to Christ Church—the President, two members of the Executive Council, the Judge of the Admiralty, and the Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, and Brigadier-General Hogan, supported the pall. Besides the President and members of Congress as mourners, the Minister and Consul of France, several civil and military officers of the United States, and a number of inhabitants and strangers of distinction, attended the funeral. After Divine service had been performed by the Rev. Mr. White, rector of the Episcopal churches in Philadelphia, and one of the chaplains of Congress, the corpse was interred in the adjoining cemetery.

Mr. Drayton's age did not exceed thirty-eight years;—he died of a putrid fever. His health had been almost insensibly impaired by a sedentary life, and incessant attention to business for near two years' attendance on Congress, which his constitution, though naturally strong, was unable longer to sustain. His family was always among the number of the most respectable and opulent in South Carolina. He had taken an early and decided part in the present contest, and been honored from time to time by his country, with the most important and confidential offices. At the time of his death he was chief-justice of that State, and one of its delegates to Congress. His literary attainments, acquired by good talents and an excellent education, are well known here and in Europe, where several of his political papers have been admired and read in different languages.

To speak particularly of his character would perhaps be improper in a newspaper, which, like the grave, generally places the dead on a level, without respect to the wise man or the fool, the saint or the sinner. Let this subject, therefore, be reserved for the pen of some impartial historian, who, when he shall inform posterity that William Henry Drayton was an honest, independent patriot, and an upright, candid gentleman, will, at the same time, communicate facts more than sufficient to establish and support his title to that character.[1]

Sullivan's Expedition.

SEPTEMBER 16.—THE expedition of General Sullivan against the Indians has been crowned with complete success. Forty of their towns have been reduced to ashes: one of them (Genesee) contained about one hundred and twenty-eight houses; all of their corn destroyed, computed to amount to one hundred and sixty thousand bushels, besides large quantities of other articles. The whole country of the Senecas, and other tribes of the Six Nations, have been overrun and destroyed, and they compelled to fly to Niagara for security; and all this done with the loss of less than forty men on our part, including killed, wounded, taken, and those who died

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, September 11.

natural deaths. In course of the expedition, it became necessary to lessen the issues of provisions to half the usual allowance, in which the troops acquiesced with the greatest cheerfulness, being determined to prosecute the enterprise to a complete and successful issue.

Colonel Brodhead, who commanded a party from Fort Pitt, has penetrated the Indian country, lying on the Alleghany River, one hundred and eighty miles, burnt ten of the Mingo, Munsey, and Seneca towns in that quarter, containing one hundred and sixty-five houses, and destroyed all the fields of corn, computed to be five hundred acres, with the only loss on our side of three men slightly wounded. Forty-three of their warriors were met by Lieutenant Harding and an advance party of twenty-two men, who attacked the savages, and routed them, killed five on the spot, and took all their canoes and blankets.[1] Brodhead's Visit to the Seneca Towns.

A gentleman who attended Colonel Brodhead, gives the following particular account of the expedition:—"The many savage barbarities and horrid depredations committed by the Seneca and Munsey nations upon the western frontiers, had determined Colonel Brodhead, as the most effectual way to prevent such hostilities in future, and revenge the past, to carry the war into their own country, and strike a decisive blow at their towns.

"On the 11th of August, our little army, consisting of only six hundred and five rank and file, marched from Pittsburg with one month's provision. At Mahoning, fifteen miles above the Old Kittanning, we were detained four days by the excessive rains, from whence (leaving the river, which flows in a thousand manners) we proceeded by a blind path leading to Cuscushing, through a country almost impassable by reason of the stupendous heights and frightful declivities, with a continued range of craggy hills, overspread with fallen timber, thorns, and underwood; here and there an intervening valley, whose deep, impenetrable gloom has always been impervious to the piercing rays of the warmest sun. At Cus-

[1] New Hampshire Gazette, November 2.

march upon. In the midst of these defi
party, consisting of fifteen white men and eig
covered between thirty and forty warriors l
canoes, who, having also seen part of our t
stripped themselves and prepared for ac
Harding, who commanded our advance, di
a semi-circular form, and began the attack
ble fury, tomahawk in hand, that the sava
sustain the charge, but fled with the utmost
itation, some plunging themselves into the
favored by the thickness of the bushes, ma
the main, leaving five dead on the field, w
our side except three men slightly wounde
alarm, supposing it to be more serious, the
for fight; both officers and men, enraged
eltics, animated by the calmness, resolution
the commandant, showed the utmost ardor t
the action been general, we had every pr
ample success from a brave commander at
men. Continuing our march, we arrived
Buchan, where, leaving our baggage, st
guard, we proceeded to their towns with th
which we found at the distance of about tw
with extensive cornfields on both sides of
serted by the inhabitants on our approach
set in flames, and committed their pagod an
river. The corn, amounting in the whole t

springs, much resembling British oil, and if applied to woollen cloth, burns it in an instant.

"After burning the old towns of Conauwago and Mahusquachinkocken, we arrived at Pittsburg, the fourteenth instant, with the scalps we had taken, and three thousand dollars' worth of plunder; having, in the course of thirty-three days, completed a march of near four hundred miles, through a country the Indians had hitherto thought impenetrable by us, and considered as a sufficient barrier for the security of their towns; and, indeed, nothing but the absolute necessity of such a measure, and a noble spirit of enterprise, could be a sufficient inducement to undertake so arduous a task, and encounter those difficulties and obstacles which require the most consummate fortitude to surmount."[1]

Confusion at Philadelphia.

SEPTEMBER 30.—WE hear that the committee at Philadelphia is dissolved, and that the utmost confusion now reigns in that city; that their currency is got as low as twenty-eight for one; that General Lee has had a duel with Mr. Clarkson, aide-de-camp to General Arnold, in which the former was wounded in the side slightly; that General Washington remains at West Point, Lord Stirling in the Clove; that about sixty of Baylor's light horse moved down to Monmouth a few days ago; that Major Hays commands at Elizabethtown at present; that the news of the Spaniards interfering in the present war is but very coolly received in most parts of the country, the sensible part of the people being of opinion that some European powers will join Great Britain, and in the end that America will fall a prey to one of the powers at war.[2]

Prince's Escape from the Prison Ship.

OCTOBER 7.—YESTERDAY morning, about one o'clock, made their escape from the Good Hope prison-ship, lying in the North River at New York, nine captains and two privates. Among the number was Captain James Prince, who had been confined four months, and having no

[1] Extract of a letter from Pittsburg, September 16, in the New York Gazette, November 1.

[2] New York Gazette, October 4.

prospect of being exchanged, concerted a plan in conjunction with the other gentlemen, to make their escape, which they effected in the following manner: They confined the mate, disarmed the sentinels, and hoisted out the boat which was on deck. They brought off nine stand of arms, one pair of pistols, and a sufficient quantity of ammunition, being determined not to be taken alive. They had scarcely got clear of the ship before the alarm was given, when they were fired on by three different ships, but fortunately no person was hurt. Captain Prince speaks in the highest terms of Captain Charles Nelson, who commanded the prison-ship, using the prisoners with a great deal of humanity, and in particular himself.[1]

Lewis Fenton Killed.

October 21.—This day, a Mr. Van Mater was knocked off his horse on the road near Longstreet's mill, in Monmouth county, New Jersey, by Lewis Fenton and one Debow, by whom he was stabbed in the arms and otherwise much abused, besides being robbed of his saddle. In the mean time, another person coming up, drew the attention of the robbers, and gave Van Mater an opportunity to make his escape. He went directly and informed a sergeant's guard of Major Lee's light dragoons, who were in the neighborhood, of what had happened. The sergeant immediately impressed a wagon and horses, and ordered three of his men to secrete themselves in it under some hay. Having changed his clothes and procured a guide, he made haste, thus equipped, to the place where Fenton lay. On the approach of the wagon, Fenton (his companion being gone) rushed out to plunder it. Upon demanding what they had in it, he was answered, "a little wine and spirits." These articles he said he wanted; and while advancing towards the wagon to take possession of them, one of the soldiers, being previously informed who he was, shot him through the head, which killed him instantly on the spot. Thus did this villain end his days, which it is hoped will at least be a warning to others, if not, induce them to throw themselves on the mercy of their injured country.[2]

[1] New Hampshire Gazette, November 2. [2] Same.

If we may venture to conjecture from many expressions dropped from the different flags of truce arrived in New York lately, it is greatly to be believed that the Congress has made a solemn request to the Court of France to find a polite pretext of inviting Mr. Washington to the Court of Versailles, by way of getting rid of a man whom they no longer wish should control their rebellious measures.[1] Washington.

October 22.—On the first day of last month (September) Count D'Estaing arrived off the coast of Georgia, in order to co-operate with the Americans under the command of General Lincoln, in the reduction of Savannah. Upon the fifteenth, says a correspondent, the Count summoned the town to surrender, in the true style of a Frenchman.[2] A proper answer was returned. In the mean time Moncrieffe was indefatigable in putting the place in a proper state of defence. A few days afterwards, the French and rebels began to throw up works upon the hill to the left of Tatnall's, within about three or four hundred yards of the British lines, when three companies of light infantry were sent out in hopes of drawing on a general action; but were obliged to retire, being opposed by ten times their number, after fighting like lions in the sight of the whole army. The British loss was Lieutenant M'Pherson killed, and about fifteen privates killed and wounded; and it is beyond doubt that the French had upwards of fifty killed, and a considerable number wounded. Major Graham commanded in this little affair. After this, the British never attempted to interrupt the Monsieurs, who could be heard working like devils every night. British Account of the Siege of Savannah.

About one o'clock in the morning of the third instant, they began a most dreadful cannonade and bombardment, which

[1] Rivington's Gazette, October 23.

[2] The Count summoned General Prevost to surrender to the arms of the King of France. General Lincoln remonstrated with him on his summons to surrender to the arms of France *only*, while the Americans were acting in conjunction with him. The matter, however, was soon settled, and the mode of all future negotiations amicably adjusted.—*Gordon*, iii. 31.

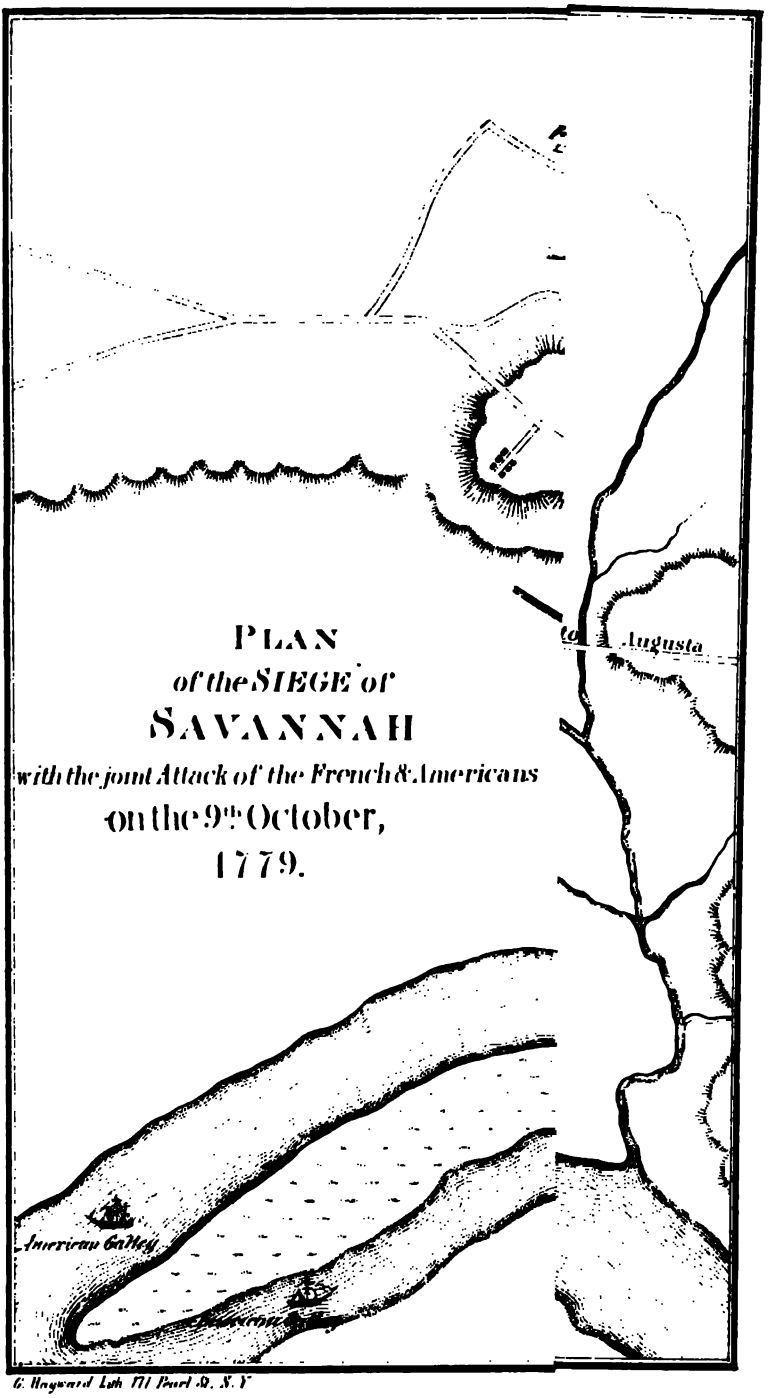
rebels since they were defeated, that they were almost ready to cut one another's throats.[1]

The Siege of Savannah.

The chief-justice of Georgia, in a letter to his wife, dated November ninth, gives the following particular account of the siege of Savannah:—"Soon after my arrival, I made application to the barrack-master to be provided with apartments; but Savannah was so full that it was with difficulty I got two rooms in a house in which the town adjutant and his wife were quartered; and those worthy people showed me great civility, doing every thing in their power to make my life comfortable. After some time my health was so much impaired with living in town, that I proposed going to my house in the country, which is on the Salts. With the assistance of friends and a good deal of trouble, I at last moved my baggage and some provisions to the country, where I soon grew better; but I had not been there many days, and had scarcely completed the removal of my baggage, when (on the third of September) the Count D'Estaing, with twenty-two sail of the line, and fourteen frigates, and a number of transports, appeared on the coast, and a descent being preconcerted with the rebels in South Carolina, the latter had sent parties within ten miles of Savannah, and taken several prisoners, negroes, and horses. I now moved into town, and ordered my negroes to bring in my baggage; but before that was completed, the French landed on the twelfth of September, and came into my neighborhood, by which means I lost the wine, provisions, furniture, some books, and other articles that were left behind. Several of my negroes were also left at the plantation, and Fanny, that was just delivered, ran into the woods to avoid being taken. The house in which I was quartered, was that in which Mrs. Lloyd formerly lived; and under the house there was a cellar, which a merchant desired the town adjutant and myself would permit him to apply to the barrack-master for the use of, and we accordingly consented to it. This merchant lent his cellar to two others,

[1] Extract of a letter from Savannah, in Rivington's Gazette, November 20.

who, without the knowledge of the town adjutant or myself, inhumanly put twenty-five puncheons of rum into the cellar, after the town had been invested, and Count D'Estaing had demanded the surrender thereof to the arms of France. The French and Americans had invested the town, and the French had intrenched themselves up to the chin, about two hundred yards from our lines, some time before their artillery and ammunition came up from their ships; and as a slight cannonade had passed over, many began to flatter themselves that the enemy would go away without any further effects. But in this they found themselves much mistaken; for at midnight of the third of October, when all the women and children were asleep, the French opened a battery of nine mortars, and kept up a very heavy bombardment for an hour and a half, in which time those who counted the shells found that they fired one hundred, which were chiefly directed to the town. I heard one of the shells whistle over my quarters, and presently afterwards I got up and dressed myself; and as our neighborhood seemed to be in the line of fire, I went out with a view to go to the eastward, out of the way; but a shell that seemed to be falling near me, rather puzzled me how to keep clear of it, and I returned to the house not a little alarmed. I then proceeded to the westward, and then the shells seemed to fall all around; there I soon joined a number of gentlemen who had left their houses on account of the bombardment, and like me, were retiring from the line of fire to Yammacraw; here we stayed till between one and two in the morning, when the bombardment ceased. Fortunately for us, there was no cannonade at the same time, and in the night shells are so discernible that they are more easily avoided than in the day. Being indisposed, I had not slept a wink from my going to bed at nine till the bombardment began at twelve; and before I returned again, it was near three in the morning, when from fatigue I soon fell asleep; but at five I was awakened with a very heavy cannonade from a French frigate to the north of the town, and with a bombardment and cannonade from the French lines in the south, which soon hurried me out of bed; and before I could get my clothes on, an eighteen-


PLAN
of the SIEGE of
SAVANNAH
with the joint Attack of the French & Americans
on the 9th October,
1779.
Augusta
American Galley
G. Hayward Lith 171 Pearl St. N.Y.

pounder entered the house, stuck in the middle partition, and drove the plastering all about. We who were in the house now found ourselves in a cross fire; and notwithstanding the rum in the cellar, we thought it less dangerous to descend there than to continue in the house, as the fall of a shell into the cellar was not so probable as the being killed in the house with a cannon ball; for the cellar being under ground, a shot in its usual direction would not reach us. The cellar was so full of rum and provisions, that Mrs. Cooper, the negroes, and myself, could hardly creep in; and after we had descended into it, some shot struck the house, and one passed through the kitchen, from which the negroes had then lately come down; and had they not luckily moved away, it is probable that several of them would have been killed. Whilst we were in the cellar, two shells burst not far from the door, and many others fell in the neighborhood all around us. In this situation a number of us continued in a damp cellar, until the cannonade and bombardment almost ceased, for the French to cool their artillery; and then we ascended to breakfast. As the cannonade and bombardment were chiefly directed to the town, no mischief was done in the lines that I heard of; but a Mr. Pollard, deputy barrack-master, was killed by a shell in that house on the bay which was formerly inhabited by Mr. Moss; and the daughter of one Thomson was almost shot in two by a cannon ball, at the house next to where Mr. Elliott lived. I am told there were other lives lost, but I have not heard the particulars. Fortunately for us, after breakfast the town adjutant's wife and myself went over to Captain Knowles, who is agent for the transports, and to whose cellar Mr. Prevost, the general's lady, and several gentlemen and ladies had retired for security. This house was directly opposite to my quarters, and about thirty or forty feet distant. The general's lady and Captain Knowles invited us to stay there, which invitation we accepted, and we continued in the cellar, with several others, as agreeably as the situation of matters would admit of, until three o'clock on Tuesday morning. During the whole of this time the French kept up a brisk cannonade and bombardment, the shot frequently struck

near us, and the shells fell on each side of us with so much violence, that in their fall they shook the ground, and many of them burst with a great explosion. On Monday night we heard a shot strike my quarters, and in the morning we found an eighteen-pounder had entered the house and fallen near the head of my negro, Dick, who providentially received no hurt. The guns seemed to approach on each side, and about three o'clock on Wednesday morning a shell whistled close by Captain Knowles' house. Soon afterwards another came nearer, and seemed to strike my quarters, and I thought I heard the cry of people in distress. We all jumped up, and before I could dress myself, my quarters were so much in flames that I could not venture further than the door, for fear of an explosion from the rum. George and Jemmy were over with me in Captain Knowles' cellar; the others were at my quarters. George ran over before me, and fortunately for me drew out of the flames the two black trunks with some of my apparel, &c., that I brought out with me, and then removed them over to Captain Knowles' passage, which was all the property I saved, except a little black trunk that was put into one of the large ones by accident; for I momently expected that the explosion of the rum would blow up the house, and kill every one near it; and as soon as the French observed the flames, they kept up a very heavy cannonade and bombardment, and pointed their fire to that object to prevent any person approaching to extinguish the flames. I retired to Captain Knowles', where, in vain, I called out for some negroes to help me to save my two trunks, for I expected that Captain Knowles' house, and the commodore's next to it, would be destroyed. No negro came to my assistance, and I was informed that mine, who slept at the quarters, being frightened at the shell, had ran away; but unfortunately that information was not true. Being in the direction of the French fire, I was every moment in danger of being smashed to pieces with a shell, or shot in two with a cannon ball; and as each of the trunks were too large for me to carry off, I thought it safest to abandon them, and retire to a place of safety, than to run the risk of losing my life as well as my property. I had some

distance to go before I got out of the line of fire, and I did not know the way under Savannah Bluff, where I should have been safe from cannon balls; and, therefore, whenever I came to the opening of a street, I watched the flashes of the mortars and guns, and pushed on until I came under cover of a house; and when I got to the common, and heard the whistling of a shot or shell, I fell on my face. But the stopping under cover of a house was no security, for the shot went through many houses; and Thomson's daughter was killed at the side opposite to that where the shot entered. At last I reached an encampment made by Governor Wright's negroes on the common between Savannah and Yammacraw, and it being dark I fell down into a trench which they had dug. I proposed to stop at the house of a Mr. Tully; but a soldier, who was on guard at the Hessian Hospital at Yammacraw, advised me to go further from the line of fire, and conducted me to the house of Mr. Moses Nones, at the west end of Yammacraw, which was quite out of the direction of the enemy's batteries. This place was crowded, both inside and out, with a number of whites and negroes, who had fled from the town. Women and children were constantly flocking there, melting into tears, and lamenting their unhappy fate, and the destruction of their houses and property. Several of them I helped out of a chair, which was immediately despatched to fetch more from the danger they were threatened with. The appearance of the town afforded a melancholy prospect, for there was hardly a house which had not been shot through, and some of them were almost destroyed. Ambrose, Wright, and Stute's, in which we lived, had upwards of fifty shot that went through each of them, as I am informed; and old Mr. Habersham's house, in which Major Prevost lived, was almost destroyed with shot and shells. In the streets, and on the common, there was a number of large holes made in the ground by the shells, so that it was not without some difficulty the chair got on; and in the church, and Mr. Jones' house, I observed that the shells came in at the roof, and went through to the ground; and a number of other houses suffered by shells. The troops in the lines were much safer from the bombardment than the people

in town. Those who pitched marquees on the common to the south-west of the town, were quite out of the line of fire; and some of the militia officers' ladies, and several other women, repaired to the lines for safety, and not one of them were hurt. Many of the inhabitants went on board the ships in the river, and others retired to Hutchinson's island, opposite the town, which you may remember is a rice swamp, and very unwholesome, particularly in the fall. I twice took a stroll to that island, and in Mr. M'Gillvray's rice barn the ladies told me there were fifty men, women, and children. Other places seemed to be equally crowded; but neither the ships nor island were places of security, for many shells fell into the river, and some into the shipping, and it required only a greater elevation of the French mortars and more powder, to throw the shells among them on the island. One of their brass cannon threw a great number of balls into a point of Hutchinson's island that lay next the town; besides, a descent on the island was expected from the French frigate and galleys in the back river; and at one time, some gun-boats from the French ships landed there, but a party of armed negroes drove them off. In short, the situation of Savannah was at one time deplorable. A small garrison in an extensive country was surrounded on the land by a powerful enemy, and its seacoast blocked up by one of the strongest fleets that ever visited America. There was not a single spot where the women and children could be put in safety; and the numerous desertions daily weakened that force which was at first inadequate to man such extensive lines; but the situation of the ground would not permit the able engineer to narrow them. However, with the assistance of God, British valor surmounted every difficulty, and the siege has rendered famous a sickly hole, which was in woods, and had only one white man in it at the time General Oglethorpe landed. But insignificant as some may think it, this place is the key of the southern provinces, and the Gibraltar of the Gulf passage; for to the south of this province there is not a port on the continent that will receive a sloop of war. Most of the houses in the town had banks of earth thrown up, and those that had cellars secured

them as well as circumstances would admit of. Captain Knowles, for the security of the ladies in his cellar, had in some places thrown up a bank of sand on the outside, and in other places put large casks filled with sand; he also propped up the floor over the cellar, and put such a quantity of sand on it that it was bomb-proof. This worthy man and able officer, had been taken prisoner by the rebels in Carolina, and was on parole unexchanged; he therefore could not go into the batteries, which was a loss to his Majesty's service. To add to our misfortunes, we heard during the siege that the Experiment, Sir James Wallace commander, was taken on the coast by the French fleet. She had money on board to pay the troops, a brigadier-general for this place, and several other officers. On the seventh and eighth of October, at night, the French fired carcases on the town to set it on fire; but by the vigilance of those who were appointed by the general to act as firemen, only one house was burnt. The enemy finding that their artillery did not make such an impression on the town as to bring about a capitulation, at half-past four on the morning of Saturday the nineteenth of October, marched up in columns, and attacked two redoubts on the west; but the principal attack was made on a redoubt built by the spring near the edge of the road that goes out to Mr. M'Gillvray's plantation. The enemy showed themselves in parties all round the lines, and were, by the blessing of God, repulsed everywhere. But the principal slaughter was at the redoubt near the spring, where their loss was very great. On the side of the British troops only one captain and seven men were killed. However, I do not mean to be particular on this head, as his excellency the general's account will be exact and authentic. I shall only observe, that some who were taken prisoners by the French, and afterwards exchanged, said that the French acknowledged that they embarked twenty-five hundred men less than they landed. Even the people at Charleston admit that twelve hundred French and rebels fell on the ninth. Amongst the slain were Charles Price, formerly prothonotary, who was killed in the governor's plantation, nearly opposite his own house; young Baillie and John Jones, who formerly lived out

at Sunbury, and some others from Carolina and Georgia, whom you did not know. The French behaved with great bravery, and several of them got on the top of the redoubt; but they all accuse the rebels of backwardness, and the French officers mentioned them in the most contemptible manner to the British officers that went out with flags. The affair of the ninth made such an impression on the enemy, that their fire was afterwards very slack, and they were chiefly employed in removing their cannon and stores. On the nineteenth of October, the French quitted their lines, on the twenty-first of the same month they embarked, and two or three days ago the last of their ships quitted this port. You will naturally wish to know what the amount of the forces were that acted against us. I have it from good authority that about forty-five hundred men landed from the French ships; and although the number of rebels is not known, yet they are generally agreed to have amounted to about twenty-five hundred at least; some say a greater number. The French fleet consisted of twenty-two sail of the line and fourteen frigates, as I mentioned before, besides a number of Carolina galleys and privateers; and the French took from us the Experiment of fifty guns, Sir James Wallace commander, and the Ariel of twenty, commanded by Captain M'Kenzie. The British regulars in the lines never amounted to two thousand effective men: the militia that came in were about three hundred and fifty, and the sailors hardly exceeded that number. Many who did not think so much of religion before, now acknowledge that our deliverance was miraculous, and arose from the immediate interposition of God in our favor. Had the French marched up to town immediately, or had they prevented Colonel Maitland joining us with the troops under his command, I will leave you to judge what the consequences must have been. At first I found numbers in despair; but I did all that I could to support those who desponded, and I would not suffer the language of fear to pass my lips. Colonel Maitland died on the night of the twenty-sixth of the month, (October,) regretted by all that knew him. The French and Americans plundered the country in the most shameful manner. Not content with

taking away provisions and stock, they even robbed poor people of their bedding and clothes. Colonel Mullryne came in before the siege, as did most of his Majesty's well-affected subjects; but Mrs. Mullryne was at her own house all the time, and it would shock you to hear her relate how basely the French and Americans treated her. They pillaged the house of every thing but the furniture of one room. Many of those who had taken the oaths to government after Colonel Campbell's arrival, and had obtained his Majesty's protection, thought the French and rebels were so sure of taking the town, that they joined them. Several of these false brethren are now in jail."[1]

Reasons of the Defeat at Savannah.

The following are some of the reasons that have been assigned why the assault on Savannah did not succeed, viz.:

First. The enemy had a much more numerous garrison than had been represented, being said to consist of about seventeen hundred effective regulars, and a great number of sailors, marines, militia, armed blacks, &c.

Secondly. Their having the advantage of the presence, skill, and activity of Colonel Maitland; who, while the American army were obliged to wait for the bringing up proper cannon and mortars from the fleet, (which took up many days, and was attended with inconceivable difficulties on account of the distance of the shipping and a series of tempestuous weather,) was night and day incessantly engaged in adding to the strength and number of the works, upon which it is said he employed upwards of two hundred negroes.

Thirdly. The enemy having by some means or other discovered the approach of the American columns a full hour before it was possible for them to reach their respective stations, by which they had an opportunity of pouring upon their respective assailants such a heavy and incessant front, flank, and cross fire, as no troops whatever could have sustained without being disordered, and occasioned the order for discontinuing the assault, even while the brave French troops had gained one of the enemy's works, and ours, as brave troops, another.[2]

[1] Upcott, v. 335.

[2] New York Journal, December 20.

Colonel Delancey told a good story last night at Panton's, of General Robertson and the commander-in-chief's cook. It is well known that the general is almost too fond of the table, and he especially feels his failing at this time, when it is almost impossible to obtain any fresh provisions.

General Robertson and the Cook.

One morning the general, in a fit of despair at seeing nothing but salt codfish for breakfast, offered a premium to any one who would vary the style of serving it; and a fresh premium for every new style. This reached the ears of General Clinton's cook, who produced for dinner, as the first variation, *cod au codling*. With this the general was delighted, and he ordered a brimming premium to the cook. At supper the cod appeared in another style equally palatable, and the cook was rewarded with a still higher premium. This was succeeded by another, and still another style, until the old general, in *another* kind of despair, ordered a servant to tell the *cuisinier* that if he made another variation with codfish he should be hanged, as a few more styles would render him bankrupt.[1]

October 26.—Last evening the invincible troops of Britain, having evacuated Newport, in Rhode Island, embarked on board the transports which lay ready to receive them; and soon after the whole fleet sailed, it is said, to New York, to assist in defending that last asylum of British tyranny in the thirteen United States. The American troops took possession of the town this morning. It being evident that Sir Henry Clinton ordered that motion, it will not be in the power of his rivals to rob him of the title of *Moonshine General*, to which his celebrated retreat from Philadel-

British Evacuate Newport, R. I.

[1] Elliot Manuscript. This anecdote is very similar to the following:—The Earl of Southampton, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, was the pattern of learning. Spenser, who, like other poets, was very poor, carried his Faerie Queene to his lordship's house and sent it up stairs by the steward. When the Earl had read two stanzas, he said, "Give that man twenty pounds." Having read it a little farther he said, "Give him twenty pounds more;" then proceeding he said, "Give him another ten pounds;" and at length, "Turn that fellow out of the house, for if I give as he writes, I shall give away all my patrimony."—*Rivington's Gazette*, December 26, 1778.

phia through the Jerseys, has already given him the fairest pretensions.

It is reported that several officers entreated their general to delay the evacuation till to-day, that the epoch of their King's accession to the throne might not be disgraced by the evacuation of one of his most important posts in America. But old *Silver Pipe*, desirous as he was to gratify their sensibility, thought that his situation could not excuse such condescension were he ever reduced to justify it before a court-martial.

The enemy have left at Rhode Island a large quantity of forage and fuel, with a number of horses, &c. The barracks at Brenton's Point (where they embarked) are burnt; but the others, with some works in and near the town, are left in good order.[1]

Simcoe's Enterprise in New Jersey.

October 27.—Yesterday morning, about two o'clock, the Queen's rangers, with the cavalry belonging to that regiment, and ten light horse under the command of Captain Stewart, who are stationed on Staten Island, landed at Amboy, in Jersey, and proceeded as far as Bonamtown, when the foot returned to Amboy, and the cavalry, amounting to seventy, commanded by Colonel Simcoe, advanced to Bound Brook, where they destroyed eighteen large flat-bottomed boats, and some stores. They then pro-

[1] New Hampshire Gazette, November 9. An officer in Colonel Jackson's regiment, in writing of this event, says:—"At last the heroic plunderers of the amiable prince of Great Britain have left one of their most important posts in America, and joined their brave associates in every thing detestable at New York. But be it spoken to the honor of Mr. Prescot, before he left the town he forbade its being plundered. Tommony Fort is left complete in every particular. How completely wretched is the situation of those poor despicable Tory animals, who have been so long and so ardently wishing for the subjection of their country, and who are now deserted by their protectors, and obliged to fling themselves on the mercy of their injured country. But there is this reflection for their comfort, that let their sufferings be what they may, they will not be greater than the poor dogs deserve." * —*New Hampshire Gazette*, November 9.

* Joseph Wanton, Esq., finding the Britons were about to evacuate Newport, loaded a vessel with his effects, in order to take his departure with them, but the master being on shore, and the mate perceiving a fair gale for putting off, slipped out of the harbor, and instead of taking the destined course, carried the vessel and its effects to Providence, where they were very cheerfully received.—*New York Journal*, November 8.

ceeded to Somerset court house, twenty-eight miles from Amboy, released the loyalists confined, set fire to it, and destroyed a large quantity of forage and stores, collected for Mr. Washington's army.

On their return, on the south side of the Raritan, within two miles of Brunswick, in a piece of woods, they were fired upon by a large body of rebels who lay in ambush. The cavalry immediately charged and dispersed the rebels; but Colonel Simcoe having, in the charge, his horse shot under him, in the fall received a bruise which stunned him, and his gallant party, thinking him killed, left him on the field, approached to Brunswick, and on the hill near the barracks they discovered one hundred and seventy rebels drawn up to receive them. These were also immediately charged and defeated, with great slaughter. Among the killed, we are informed, was a rebel major named Edgar, a Captain Voorhies, and another captain, besides many other officers. The party then proceeded on the road towards South Amboy; and several miles from Brunswick they joined the foot, who had passed over to South Amboy. In this excursion near thirty prisoners were taken. The whole loss sustained by the enterprise, is one man killed and four taken, besides the brave Colonel Simcoe, who, we hear, is now a prisoner at Brunswick.[1]

Another account of this enterprise is given by an officer who belonged to Simcoe's party, as follows:—"Twenty-two men, of the Buck's light dragoons, forty-six of the ranger hussars, and a few others as guides, landed at Perth Amboy on the morning of the twenty-sixth of October, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe. We immediately proceeded through Quibbletown, and early arrived at Mr. Washington's grand camp, with an intent, if the colonel thought it an object, to destroy the huts; but were informed they had been sold to the inhabitants, some of which upon the right of the line had been pulled down; the remainder the colonel thought proper to leave standing. We then pursued our route to Raritan, in the way to which the Buck's troops surrounded

[1] New York Gazette, November 1.

the house of Mr. Vanhorne, made prisoners one captain, one lieutenant, and another person, who signed their paroles of honor. We then continued our march to Raritan, where we completely burned and destroyed eighteen large boats on travelling carriages, one ammunition wagon, and a quantity of forage and some stores. We there received a single shot from a distant hill. After this work was completed, we crossed to Somerset, released two British prisoners, and consumed the court house by fire. On our retreat from Somerset to Brunswick, the rebels were discovered in a wood upon our right flank; upon our left a strong rail fence. The wood was so thick that it was impossible to charge the enemy. We pushed through their line of fire in open files, at which time Colonel Simcoe's horse was killed, and himself much hurt by the fall. The command then devolved on Captain Sandford, of the Buck's troop, who, as soon as he was informed of the colonel's misfortune, collected about twenty dragoons, with which he entered the wood, but found it impossible (owing to its thickness) to act to advantage against the rebels. Indeed, it was the opinion of all at that time, that the colonel was killed. Captain Sandford then ordered a retreat towards Brunswick, the mounted rebels in his rear increasing apace. Upon the plains behind Brunswick, we found ourselves in a critical situation—infantry in our front, formed upon the very road we were obliged to pass, popping shots from both flanks, and the mounted men pressing upon our rear. In this situation we had but one resource, which was to cut our way through them if they kept their ground in front; this would have been dangerous with their mounted men in our rear. Captain Sandford, after drawing them in the rear across a ravine, faced about the squadron and charged them with success: killed a Captain Voorhies, and some others, wounded and took the noted rebel Hampton prisoner. After forming, we advanced towards the infantry in front, who took to the woods, in passing which we must have suffered much; in order to avoid this, Captain Sandford inclined the squadron to the left, as if going through Brunswick. To prevent our retreat that way, the rebels in front pushed to their right. We took the advantage, and with a smart gallop gained

the left flank of the enemy, and passed them without receiving a single shot; after which we continued our retreat to South River. In our way, we fell in with small parties, which were either killed or made prisoners. A number of rebels had been purposely despatched to break up the bridge at South River which would have completely cut off our retreat; but fortunately, the infantry of the rangers having got timely possession of that pass, we reached South River before four o'clock in the afternoon. We did not march less than seventy miles through this rebellious province; and had it not been for Colonel Simcoe's misfortune, our loss would not be worth mentioning. The loss of the colonel, who was by all supposed to be dead, inspired the two troops with additional courage and to revenge this misfortune, no force the rebels could have sent against us, but would have been bravely charged by them."[1]

THE CONGRATULATION.

Dii boni, boni quid porto?—Terence.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold,
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd;
In vain has ——'s[2] artifice been tried,
And Louis swell'd with treachery and pride,
Who reigns supreme in heav'n deception spurns,
And on the author's head his mischief turns;
What pains were taken to procure D'Estaing,
His fleet's dispersed, and Congress may go hang.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold,
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd;
Heaven's King sends forth the hurricane, and strips
Of all their glory the perfidious ships.
His ministers of wrath the storm direct,
Nor can the prince of air his French protect.
St. George, St. David show'd themselves true hearts,
Saint Andrew and St. Patrick topp'd their parts;
With right Eolian puffs the winds they blew,
Crack went the masts, the sails to shivers flew;
Such honest saints shall never be forgot,
Saint Denis, and Saint Tammany, go rot.

[1] Rivington's Gazette, November 3.

[2] Supposed to allude to Dr. Franklin's services at the Court of France.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold,
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd;
Old Satan holds a council in mid-air,
Hear the black dragon furious rage and swear;
Are these the triumphs of my Gallic friends?
How will you ward this blow, my trusty fiends?
What remedy for this unlucky job?
What art shall raise the spirits of the mob?
Fly swift, ye sure supporters of my realm,
E'er this ill news the rebels overwhelm,
Invent, say any thing to make them mad;
Tell them the King——No, dev'ls are not so bad;
The dogs of Congress at the King let loose,
But ye, brave dev'ls, avoid such mean abuse.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold,
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd;
What thinks Sir Washington of this mischance,
Blames he not those who put their trust in France?
A broken reed comes pat into his mind,
Egypt and France by rushes are defined.
Basest of kingdoms underneath the skies,
Kingdoms that could not profit their allies,
How could the tempest play him such a prank?
Blank is his prospect, and his visage blank.
Why from West Point his armies has he brought?
Can nought be done?—sore sighs he at the thought,
Back to his mountains Washington may trot,
He take this city [1]—yes, when ice is hot.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold,
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd;
Ah, poor militia of the Jersey State,
Your hopes are bootless, you are come too late;
Your four hours' plunder of New York is fled,
And grievous hunger haunts you in its stead;
Sorrow and sighing seize the Yankee race,
When the brave Briton looks them in the face.
The brawny Hessian, the bold refugee,
Appear in arms, and lo! the rebels flee,
Each in his bowels griping spankue feels,
Each drops his haversack, and trusts his heels,
Scamp'ring and scouring on the fields they run,
And here you find a sword, and there a gun.

It was rumored in New York a short time previous to the publication of this , that General Washington meditated an attack upon that city.—See *Riving-Gazette* and *Gaine's Mercury.*

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold,
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd;
The doleful tidings Philadelphia reach,
And Duffield [1] cries,—the wicked make a breach;
Members of Congress in confusion meet,
And with pale countenance each other greet.
No comfort, brother? brother, none at all,
Fall'n is our tow'r, yea brok'n down our wall;
Oh, brother, things are at a dreadful pass,
Brother, we sinn'd in going to the mass.[2]
The Lord who taught our fingers how to fight,
For this denied to curb the tempest's might,
Our paper coin refus'd for flour we see,
And lawyers will not take it for a fee.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold,
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd;
What caus'd the French from Parker's fleet to steal?
They wanted thirty thousand casks of meal.
Where are they now? can mortal man reply?
Who finds them out must have a lynx's eye;
Some place them in the ports of Chesapeake,
Others account them bound to Martinique;
Some think to Boston they intend to go,
And some suppose them in the deep below.
One thing is certain, be they where they will,
They keep their triumphs most exceeding still,
They have not even Pantagruel's luck,
Who conquer'd two old women and a duck.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold,
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd;
How long shall the deluded people look
For the French squadron moor'd at Sandy Hook;
Of all their hopes the comfort and the stay,
This vile deceit at length must pass away.
What imposition can be thought on next,
To cheer their partisans with doubts perplex'd,
Dollars on dollars heap'd up to the skies,
Their value sinks the more the more they rise:

[1] George Duffield, D. D., pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. In the struggle with Great Britain he was an early and zealous friend of the colonies. He was born in October, 1732, and died on the 2d of February, 1790.

[2] An allusion to the celebration of the 4th of July at the Catholic Church. See page 178, ante.

Bank notes of bankrupts struck without a fund,
Puff'd for a season, will at last be shunn'd;
Call forth invention, ye renown'd in guile,
New falsehoods frame in matter and in style;
Send some enormous fiction to the press,
Again prepare the circular address,
With lies, with nonsense keep the people drunk,
For should they once reflect, your pow'r is sunk.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold,
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd,
The farce of empire will be finish'd soon,
And each mock monarch dwindle to a loon;
Mock money and mock States shall melt away,
And the mock troops disband for want of pay.
E'en now decisive ruin is prepar'd,
E'en now the heart of Huntington is scar'd.[1]
Seen or unseen, above, on earth, below,
All things conspire to give the final blow;
Heav'n has ten thousand thunderbolts to dart,
From hell ten thousand livid flames will start,
Myriads of swords are ready for the field,
Myriads of lurking daggers are conceal'd,
In injur'd bosoms dark revenge is nurs'd,
Yet but a moment and the storm shall burst.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold,
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd;
Now war suspended by the scorching heat,
Springs from his tent, and shines in arms complete;
Now sickness that of late made heroes pale,
Flies from the keenness of the northern gale;
Firmness and enterprise united wait
The last command, to strike the stroke of fate;
Now Boston trembles, Carolina quakes,
And Philadelphia to the centre shakes;
There is, whose councils the just moment scan,
Whose wisdom meditates the mighty plan,
He when the season is mature shall speak,
(All heav'n shall plaud him, and all hell shall shriek,)
At his dread fiat tumult shall retire,
Abhor'd rebellion sicken and expire,
The fall of Congress prove the world's relief,
And deathless glory crown the godlike chief.[2]

[1] Governor Samuel Huntington, of Connecticut, at this time the president of the Congress.

[2] Sir Henry Clinton.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold,
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd;
What now is left of Continental brags?
Taxes unpaid, though payable in rags.
What now remains of Continental force?
Battalions mould'ring, waste without resource.
What rests there yet of Continental sway?
A ruin'd people ripe to disobey;
Hate now of men, and soon to be the jest,
Such is your state, ye monsters of the West.
Yet must on every face a smile be worn,
Whilst every breast with agony is torn;
Hopeless yourselves, yet hope you must impart,
And comfort others with an aching heart.
Ill fated they, who lost at home, must boast
Of help expected from a foreign coast;
How wretched is their lot to France and Spain,
Who look for succor, but who look in vain.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold,
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd;
Courage, my boys, dismiss your chilling fears,
Attend to me, I'll put you in your gears.
Come, I'll instruct you how to advertise
Your missing friends, your hide and seek allies:
O YES!—If any man alive will bring
News of the squadron of the Christian King;
If any man will find out Count D'Estaing,
With whose scrub actions both the Indies rang;
If any man will ascertain on oath,
What is become of Monsieur de la Mothe;[1]
Whoever these important points explains,
Congress will nobly pay him for his pains,
Of pewter dollars what both hands can hold;
A thimble full of plate, a mite of gold;
The lands of some big Tory he shall get,
And strut a famous col'nel *en brevet*,
And last to honor him, (we scorn to bribe,)
We'll make him chief of the Oneida tribe.[2]

NOVEMBER 4.—A WRITER in the New York Packet of this date, offers the following to Sir Henry Clinton:— "Although your military track in America is marked with a variety of misfortunes, yet is it no less worthy

Address to General Clinton.

[1] A commander of the French fleet. [2] Rivington's Gazette, Nov. 6, 1779.

f panegyric than that of your predecessors. Like them, you ave adventured your character in the execution of desultory bjects; but like them, you may not return to reap the rewards f your labors.

"I will presume that your cabinet, after four years' projection, had conceived the idea of reducing the States by the capure of West Point; or, if this could not be established, had irected the establishment of a post in its vicinity. Could hese sages have given you force and wisdom to have captured, with West Point, the American army, it would perhaps have been doing something effectual towards their project. But the reduction and occupancy of this post on any other condition, was a mere sound; a rattle, like all other rattles, only calculated to please for the moment.

"Had you arrived at West Point before General Washington could have reached it from Middlebrook, (which you might have done without a possibility of interruption, from your commanding the water,) and carried the post by storm, it must have been at the expense of all further operations, and at the certain risk of being besieged by the American army. Had you invested the place, General Washington would alone, with his forces, have been sufficient to have raised the siege, and you might have lost your heavy cannon and stores, if not the greatest part of your army; or, had you carried it without any material loss, still the object of the ministry would have been defeated. A new fort would have instantly appeared on the Hudson, capable of insulting West Point, and of rendering its supposed advantages nugatory and ridiculous.

"Your orders arrived, and you received them with all the complacency of accustomed submission. The caution, however, with which you moved towards an object considered as the most capital in America, at least does credit to your prudence. You approached within nine miles of West Point, and halted before a small work at King's Ferry that could neither disturb the passage of your shipping, nor give obstruction to the progress of your army. Its design was merely to give a show of cover to the ferry way, and prevent the piracies of your picaroons.

"Sir William Howe could not have invested this insignificant place with more unmeaning formality. No display of ostentatious arrangements was overlooked on this occasion; and Mr. Andre, your aid, as if in compliance with the taste of his general, signed a capitulation, in all the pomp of a vainglorious solemnity, on the very edge of the glacis, which he had gained under cover of a flag.

"What, Sir Henry, could you intend by this farce? What excuse will a person of Mr. Andre's reputed sense find for this parade? Was it that you were obliged to do something in order to avoid the scandal of doing nothing? If you meant to astonish all Europe, there is no doubt but the intention has been answered. The capture of fifty men after a foolish variety of movements, and under a vain pomp of capitulation, must appear to all the world a strange effort towards the reduction of America—but a poor recompense for the millions voted by Parliament, which you have cheerfully expended for this single purpose.

"When you established your garrison on each side the ferry, and improved Stony Point till it acquired, in the language peculiar to your nation, the title of the American Gibraltar, what was the good it comprehended? It did not interrupt the provisions for the army of your enemy—their wagons came and returned as usual. A few dragoons and a company or two of light troops under Major Lee, circumscribed you to the lines you had erected; and the country between Haverstraw and Powle's Hook afforded its usual supplies. Thus your enemy experienced no injury, and you felt a thousand inconveniences from your new situation.

"It is a maxim in Rochefoucauld, 'that fortune turns every thing to the advantage of her favorites.' By this rule it would seem that neither you nor your nation are within her patronage, for the business of both, since the beginning of this happy contest, has been constantly going backwards. Nay, as if she had placed you at the extremity of her malice, she has even made the blunders of your directors serve as the steps to your ruin; and to complete the catalogue of your evils, she haunts your bewildered imagination with the fate of Burgoyne.

"How often, Sir Harry, in your affairs, has the song of the morning been closed with the evening tear! You had scarce finished your despatches, which were to flatter the hopes of an all-expecting ministry, when Stony Point was stormed and carried at the bayonet by a body of troops but little superior in numbers to its garrison.

"In your account of this event (which holds so small a corner in the Gazette, as if wishing to escape the public eye,) have you told your nation that the American soldiery, in the full career of their ardor, exhibited a compassion and magnanimity of which the practice of their army had not afforded one single solitary proof?

"As this place was of small moment to the States, when your stores and prisoners were safely lodged you were permitted to re-possess it without opposition. The only circumstance that could have added to the entertainment of a re-possession, you happily adopted. You landed your disgusted troops under a furious waste of ammunition, directed from your shipping at both flanks of the rock, while the enemy at several miles' distance, were enjoying their victory, and laughing at such a profusion of folly. Was it, Sir Harry, to soothe the short-sighted sagacity of a deluded people that you again attempted to hold what you had so ostentatiously acquired and so degradingly lost? or because the ministerial mist was not to be too rudely dissipated, that you were obliged to re-occupy a few acres of unprofitable rock?

"But scarce had you announced the second solemnity of re-possessing Stony Point, when the ministry were compelled to shed fresh tears over the surprise of Powle's Hook.

"The situation of this post gave it every possible security, and you might have laughed over the midnight bottle without imputation of folly. Formed on a peninsula, within protection of your shipping, and the instant support of the city of New York, the approach hazardous in its nature, and rendered still more so by the difficulty of keeping the least movement of your enemy from the knowledge of your emissaries that were scattered for that purpose in your neighborhood. The retreat was equally dangerous, being conducted along several miles of

your flanks, and liable at every step to intersection. All these obstacles were surmounted, and another ray plucked from that star whose lustre is nearly extinguished.

"Did the tale end here, you might have solaced yourself in the full security of reward. But the strength of your army was to be worn down in forming new works on both sides of King's Ferry, and the health of your troops wasted in nightly watchings to guard against a surprise, and to add to the triumph of your enemy by their evacuation.

"How shall we account for this change in your conduct? Was it the new fascines which were ordered to be cut, and General Wayne's taking post on Haverstraw Heights, within five miles of your principal fortress, the bringing of a few boats down the North River, and the armies on each side of the ferry under Lord Stirling and General Howe, drawing nearer your works, that forced you from a place without making the smallest resistance? It is, however, a just punishment, that what was occupied from folly should be evacuated through fear. How will you explain to the ministry the mystery of your campaign; and how will they explain to the people its labyrinth of absurdities? How will they make it appear that it was proper to do one day what was improper the next—that to conquer America it was necessary to disgrace their arms—that to hold King's Ferry was right, and that to hold King's Ferry was wrong? That it was expedient, and founded upon true English policy, to expend several millions of money to bring an army up the North River and take only a part of it back again, after having lost in prisoners, and by deaths, and desertions, a tenth of the whole!

"Alas, Sir Harry! in aiming at a campaign, you have rendered yourself ridiculous to the world. They will suppose that you wanted either means or capacity; or that, possessing these, you mistook your enemy and ventured against your superior in both. The momentary hopes you had raised, like the fugitive gleams of a winter's sun, have been scarcely felt before they were succeeded by all the severity of disappointment. Even the flatterers your prospects had drawn around you withhold their wonted adulation, and dispose of your char

acter, in order to make peace with your supposed successor. You have even dishonored your new formed acquirements, in the disgrace of publishing negro proclamations.[1] You have suffered yourself to be repeatedly defeated, by a people boastingly called cowards, and ridiculously, rebels. You have taken away from your Prince the chief support of his speeches, and the courage and conduct of his commanders. To the dull ear that the Dutch turned to Sir Joseph Yorke's plaintive memorial, you have added the storm of Stony Point, the surprise of Powle's Hook, and degrading evacuation of King's Ferry: a campaign commenced in exultation, and ended in sackcloth. You have multiplied the enemies of your patrons, and opened against Lord North the full-mouthed cry of his antagonist, Charles Fox.

"But I leave you, Sir Henry, to your own reflections. I cannot increase their severity; and your present situation needs not the scourge of the satirist."[2]

NOVEMBER 8.—LAST night Colonel Armand, with one hundred infantry and about thirty horse, marched down as far as William's, within four miles of King's Bridge, near New York, where he posted his infantry to cover his retreat, and with twenty dragoons pushed for Major Bearmore's quarters, at Alderman Leggett's, three miles below William's Bridge; where he arrived about nine o'clock, took Major Bearmore and five other prisoners, a number of horses and saddles, and returned without the loss of a single man; although Colonel Worm, with a body of eight hundred Germans, lay on the north side of King's Bridge, and might have interrupted his retreat at William's by marching less than two miles. This enterprise not only reflects great honor on Colonel Armand, but renders the State most essential service by suppressing the exertions of one of their most active partisan officers, whose uniform endeavor has been to distress and injure the inhabitants of this country.[3]

Major Bearmore.

[1] Sir Henry Clinton's proclamation to sell negroes captured from the enemy. See page 176, ante.

[2] New Jersey Gazette, December 29. [3] New York Journal, November 15.

NOVEMBER 9.—THIS morning, the Honorable Henry Laurens, Esq., set out on his journey to Charleston, in South Carolina, from whence, it is said, he will embark, to execute, at one of the principal Courts of Europe, an important trust committed to him by Congress. The great ability and strict integrity with which this gentleman filled the important station of President of Congress, acquired him universal esteem and respect;—and his truly patriotic attention to the rights of the several States, gained him the warmest affection of all who knew him, and of the people of Pennsylvania in particular. Several members of Congress, and a number of the principal officers of the State, waited on him as far as the lower ferry on Schuylkill.[1]

Henry Laurens.

THE advantage, says a correspondent, of the revolution that has taken place in America, to all the lovers of liberty in Europe, must be immense. It seems to be a dispensation of Heaven favorable to them, as well as to the inhabitants of the States. America is now become an open asylum to all that are oppressed by the old corrupt governments in Europe. The subjects of the latter will be disposed to emigrate to us, as they feel their situation at home growing uneasy by the weight of arbitrary power, and the ill administration of government. We shall afford a happy relief to those who come over to us, and no inconsiderable one to those who remain behind, inasmuch as those governments, and particularly that of England and Ireland, for fear of losing their people, will relax the reins of power, and invite their remaining at home, by indulging their love of liberty in some instances, and lightening their burdens. We are, therefore, not only fighting for our own cause, but for the cause of human kind in general, and particularly for that of our former fellow-subjects in Britain and Ireland. Millions will bless the wisdom, the fortitude, and perseverance, that have nobly effected this revolution, who will never live in America; at the same time it must give a particular relief to the blessings of liberty

The Advantages of the Revolution.

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, November 11.

enjoyed by the subjects of the United States, that the purchase of them for ourselves must be of such essential advantage to distant regions. This, in the impartial estimation of mankind, must give a particular brilliancy to the success of our arms, and enroll the names of those men whose wisdom and fortitude have principally effected so happy a change, among the most illustrious heroes, and the greatest benefactors of mankind.'

DECEMBER 1.—NOTWITHSTANDING the flattering accounts of the British affairs published in some of the late New York papers, the wise men of the British Parliament draw a most melancholy picture of the calamitous circumstances of this and of their own country. Lord John Cavendish, in a late debate, said, "He would spend his fortune and hazard his life against the unnatural enemies of his country; and he would do as much to bring ministry, the cause of all the nation's calamities, to their deserts;" declaring, with all the enthusiasm of resolution, "that his resentment should be found firm and lasting." He further observes, "that nothing less than the most exemplary punishment ought to be inflicted upon them, and their respective estates confiscated, and applied towards the expenses of the war." Sir George Saville, Colonel Barre, Mr. Baker, Mr. Burke, with others, were tremendously severe upon administration, the latter declaring that he "would oppose the granting any money, or going to any measures, till the present administration were dealt with as they ought to be." Lord North replying with sarcastic wit and contemptuous pleasantry, Lord George Cavendish advised him "to be sober and serious *that* day, and to throw his wit and humor aside, for that they would serve no longer." [2]

Lord Cavendish.

Edmund Burke.

DECEMBER 6.—ADVICES from the country are, that General Washington and Mr. Mead, his aide-de-camp, and his adjutant-general, were near being drowned last Saturday week by the

[1] New Jersey Gazette, December 8. [2] Same.

overturning of a whale boat at a place called Sandy Point, on Hudson River; that all the army but a garrison of twelve hundred left at West Point, are marching down the country in divisions under their proper generals, supposed for Morris county; and it is conjectured they will hut this winter either in Morristown, the Notch below Passaic Falls, or the mountain in the rear of Mr. Kemble's. The army has been short of flour for some time past, on account of the dryness of the season. Mr. Jacob Arnold's house, in Morristown, is taken for General Sullivan's head-quarters for the winter, as General Washington is to reside at Philadelphia until spring. Lord Stirling has declined going to the southward, and it is imagined General Wayne will be appointed to that command; and the troops destined for South Carolina are the Virginia and North Carolina men, with Baylor's light horse. Colonel Dayton will relieve Colonel Seely at Elizabethtown in a few days; and Colonel Spencer takes post at Woodbridge; and General Washington's best train of artillery is at Sucesunney, above Morristown. A number of the eastern men are to be hutted on the east side of the North River, under the command of General Gates.[1]

Washington Escapes Drowning.

[1] Gaine's Mercury, December 6.

CHAPTER VII.

JANUARY 1.—AN American gentleman, now in London, who is well acquainted with General Washington, gives the following account of him:—"That, though advanced in years, he is remarkably healthy, takes a great deal of exercise, and is very fond of riding on a favorite white horse. He is very reserved, and loves retirement; when out of camp, he has only a single servant attending him, and when he returns within the lines, a few of the light horse escort him to his tent. When he has any great object in view, he sends for a few of those officers of whose abilities he has a high opinion, and states his present plan among half a dozen others, to all which they give their separate judgments; by these means he gets all their opinions, without divulging his intentions. He has no tincture of pride, and will often converse with a sentinel with more freedom than he will with a general officer. He is very shy and reserved to foreigners, although they have letters of recommendation from the Congress. He punishes neglect of duty with great severity, but is very tender and indulgent to recruits until they learn the articles of war and their exercise perfectly. He has a great antipathy to spies, although he employs them himself, and has an utter aversion to all Indians. He regularly attends divine service in his tent every morning and evening, and seems very fervent in his prayers. He is so tender-hearted that no soldier can be flogged nigh his tent; or, if he is walking in his camp and sees a man tied to the halberds, he will either order him to be taken down, or walk another way to avoid the sight. He has made the art of war his particular study; his plans are in general good and well digested; he is particularly careful always of securing a

General Washington.

retreat, but his chief qualifications are courage, steadiness, perseverance, and secresy. Any act of bravery he is sure to reward, and make a short eulogium on the occasion to the person and his fellow-soldier (if it be a soldier) in the ranks. He is humane to the prisoners who fall into his hands, and orders every thing necessary for their relief. He is very temperate in his diet, and the only luxury he indulges himself in, is a few glasses of punch after supper."[1]

Thirteen a Rebel Number.

THIRTEEN is a number peculiarly belonging to the rebels. A party of naval prisoners lately returned from Jersey, say, that the rations among the rebels are thirteen dried clams per day; that the titular Lord Stirling takes thirteen glasses of grog every morning, has thirteen enormous rum-bunches on his nose, and that (when duly impregnated) he always makes thirteen attempts before he can walk; that Mr. Washington has thirteen toes on his feet, (the extra ones having grown since the Declaration of Independence,) and the same number of teeth in each jaw; that the Sachem Schuyler has a top-knot of thirteen stiff hairs, which erect themselves on the crown of his head when he grows mad; that Old Putnam had thirteen pounds of his posteriors bit off in an encounter with a Connecticut bear, ('twas then he lost the *balance* of his mind;) that it takes thirteen Congress paper dollars to equal one penny *sterling;* that Polly Wayne was just thirteen hours in subduing Stony Point, and as many seconds in leaving it; that a well-organized rebel household has thirteen children, all of whom expect to be generals and members of the High and Mighty Congress of the "thirteen United States" when they attain thirteen years; that Mrs. Washington has a mottled tom-cat, (which she calls, in a complimentary way, 'Hamilton,') with thirteen yellow rings around his tail, and that his flaunting it suggested to the Congress the adoption of the same number of stripes for the rebel flag.[2]

JANUARY 10.—THE very remarkable and long-continued

[1] New Hampshire Gazette, March 4. [2] Smythe's Journal, 98.

severity of the weather at New York, (the like not having been known, as we are informed, by the oldest man living,) has stopped all the avenues of intelligence, and almost cut off all social intercourse between people of the same neighborhood. The incessant intenseness of the cold, the great depth and quantity of the snows, following in quick succession one on the back of another, attended with violent tempests of wind, which for several days made the roads utterly impassable, has put a stop to business of all kinds, except such as each family could do within itself. And as many were slenderly provided with necessaries for subsistence, we have reason to apprehend that we shall shortly hear many melancholy accounts of private distress in the country, and that from the sea-coasts and vessels at sea, the accounts will be dreadful.[1]

Cold Weather.

STANZAS ON THE PRESENT WAR.

See France and Spain to battle dare;
Britons, haste! to arms repair.
Haste join the proffered fight!
Deeds of glory, feats of arms,
Death and danger, war's alarms,
Sons of Britain all invite.

Fame shall soon her trumpet sound,
And tell the nations all around
That Albion, though alone,
Will force the slaves of France and Spain,
And monarchs who'd mankind enchain,
To bow to Freedom's throne.

Yes, Bourbon's King shall rue the hour
That dar'd provoke Old England's pow'r,
And raise the storm of war.
Our martial bands, in days of yore,
Who fought at Cressy, Agincourt,
Proclaim what Britons dare.[2]

JANUARY 16.—EARLY yesterday morning about two thousand American troops under the command of Major-General

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, January 27. Rivington's Gazette, January 5.

Lord Stirling, passed over the ice at De Hart's Point, in Jersey, and landed at Staten Island, near Mercereau's dock-yard. When they came to the Blazing Star road, they divided into two columns, and one proceeded by Dongan's mills, the other by the back road, towards the watering place. Both columns gained the heights above the enemy's works about the same time. On the approach of the Americans, the enemy abandoned the strong fortified house called Decker's Fort, near which the Americans seized nine sail of vessels, several of which were laden with wood. The enemy on all sides retired to their works, which, in addition to their usual defences, had an abattis of snow, near ten feet high, all around them. After fully reconnoitring the situation of the enemy, and finding that nothing of advantage could be done, the Americans began to retire about sunrise this morning, and in their way destroyed the vessels and works at Decker's house. The enemy with horse and foot watched their motions, but could find no opportunity of attacking them with advantage. Their horse, indeed, made a charge on a covering party under the command of Major Edwards, and killed three of his men; but they were soon beat off with a loss of a sergeant of dragoons and his horse. The rebel army arrived in the highest good order at De Hart's, by eleven o'clock this morning, without any loss except what is before mentioned. In the course of the excursion we took two sergeants and six or eight privates, and several deserters came over to us.[1]

Lord Stirling's attempt on Staten Island.

JANUARY 18.—EARLY this morning, a detachment of rebel militia, collected from the neighborhood of Horseneck, under the command of a Captain Lockwood, attacked a house between King's Bridge and De Lancey's Mills, in which Lieutenant-Colonel Hetfield, Major Huggerford, Captain Knap, a quarter-master and ten private refugees of the lieutenant-colonel's corps, were quartered; the house being bravely defended for fifteen minutes, the rebels were enabled to set fire to it, from their having gained possession of

Skirmish in Eastchester, N. Y.

[1] New Jersey Journal, January 18.

the ground floor; in consequence of which, this small party were reduced to the necessity of abandoning their post, and laying down their arms; they were, of course, taken prisoners, and the enemy immediately began their retreat.

Major Huggerford soon after effected his escape, and returning, formed a small body of refugees, consisting of thirty-five dragoons and twenty-eight infantry, under the command of Captain Purdy, instantly pursuing the rebels with this detachment. The infantry took post upon the heights beyond Eastchester, and the mounted, consisting of Cornet Hilat, Adjutant Pugsley, two sergeants, and twenty-nine privates, under the command of Lieutenant Kipp, continued the pursuit, and came up with their rear between New Rochelle and Mamaroneck, and resolutely closing with them, killed twenty-three, and took forty prisoners, some of whom are wounded.

Too much praise cannot be given to this handful of brave men, who have set so bright an example to their injured countrymen, and their behavior upon this occasion has gained just and universal applause. The only weapon used by Major Huggerford and his determined band of refugees in their attack and defeat of Captain Lockwood's party, was the sabre, and had not their horses been jaded to a stand still, every one of the enemy would have fallen into their hands.[1]

JANUARY 19.—YESTERDAY, the anniversary of her Majesty's birthday was celebrated at New York with uncommon splendor and magnificence. At noon, a royal salute was fired from Fort George, and repeated by his Majesty's ships-of-war at one o'clock. The public rooms were, on this occasion, entirely new painted and decorated in a style which reflects honor on the taste of the managers. A Doric pediment was erected over the principal entrance, enclosing a transparent painting of their Majesties, at full length, in their royal robes, over which was an emblematical piece, encircled with the motto of "BRITONS STRIKE HOME"—the whole illuminated with a beautiful variety of different colored lamps.

Birthday Ball at New York.

[1] Rivington's Gazette, January 22.

In the evening, a most splendid ball was given by the general, field, and staff-officers of the army, to the garrison and principal ladies and gentlemen of the city. The ball was opened at eight o'clock by the Baroness de Riedesel and Major-General Pattison, commandant of the city and garrison. Country dances commenced at half-past nine, and at twelve the company adjourned to supper, prepared in the two long rooms. The tables exhibited a most delightful appearance, being ornamented with parterres and arbors, displaying an elegant assemblage of natural and artificial flowers, china images, &c. The company retired about three o'clock this morning, highly satisfied with the evening's entertainment, which abounded with so many scenes equally new and agreeable.[1]

JANUARY 22.—A WRITER in the American camp at Baskenridge, in New Jersey, in a letter of this date, says:—"We have had a fast lately in camp, by general constraint, of the whole army, in which we fasted more sincerely and truly for three days than ever we did from all the resolutions of Congress put together. This was occasioned by the severity of the weather, and drifting of the snow, whereby the roads were rendered impassable, and all supplies of provisions cut off, until the officers were obliged to release the soldiers from command, and permit them to go in great numbers together into the country to get provision where they could find it.

Famine in the American Camp.

"The inhabitants of this part of the country discovered a noble spirit in feeding the soldiers; and to the honor of the soldiery, *they received what they got with thankfulness*, and did little or no damage. As soon as the roads were broken, and the brave fellows *got their bellies full*, they went, with amazing alacrity, on the Staten Island expedition; but the British getting intelligence, our people, after reconnoitring their strength, returned *not a little disappointed*. They did little more than burn a large fortified house and five small vessels, after stripping them of every thing valuable."[2]

[1] Rivington's Gazette, January 19. [2] Maryland Journal, February 8.

JANUARY 27.—LAST Tuesday night, a party of the enemy, consisting of about three hundred infantry, under the command of Colonel Van Buskirk, of the new levies, and about sixty dragoons, said to be under the command of Captain Steward, of the seventeenth light dragoons, with several refugees—the whole in number nearly four hundred—crossed on the ice from Staten Island to Trembly's Point, about three miles from Elizabethtown. From thence they were conducted by Cornelius Hetfield, Job Hetfield, and Smith Hetfield, their principal guides, by the nearest and most retired route into Elizabethtown. They entered the town in two divisions, before the alarm was sounded. As soon as the troops that were in the town (consisting of about sixty men) perceived their danger, they retreated; however, they took a major who was commandant of the place, two or three captains that lodged in the town that night, and a few troops. They then set fire to the Presbyterian meeting and court house, which were consumed; plundered, insulted, and took off some of the inhabitants, and retreated, with great precipitation, by the way of De Hart's Point, whose house they likewise burned. Van Buskirk's Visit to Jersey.

The same night another party of the enemy, consisting of drafts from the different regiments stationed in New York, passed over the North River in sleighs, to Powle's Hook; from thence through Bergen, the nearest way to Newark. They entered the town in three divisions, and proceeded to the academy, where they surprised and took about fifteen men, being all the troops that were on duty in the town—a lieutenant, notwithstanding he was twice a prisoner with the enemy, by his vigilance, effected his escape. They then set fire to the academy, which they consumed, during which time a party was detached to several of the inhabitants' houses, which they rifled of the most valuable effects; that which was not portable they destroyed. They took off Justice Hedden and Robert Neil, Jun., two of the inhabitants. The former gentleman was taken out of his bed, and without any of his clothes on except his shirt and a pair of stockings, carried off, notwithstanding the strongest solicitations of Mrs. Hedden to the officers, for permission for her husband to dress himself. She

received two wounds with a bayonet, one in the face, the other in the breast.

They continued in town about fifteen or eighteen minutes. A few militia being hastily collected, pursued their rear, by which means five of the enemy fell into their hands. Two of them died a short time after from the intense cold. Justice Hedden is so frost-bitten, that it is thought he will lose both his legs.[1]

A correspondent of Rivington's thus refers to this affair:— "Seeing in your last Wednesday's Gazette an extract taken from a rebel paper of the second instant, giving an account of the taking and bringing Justice Hedden and Robert Neil prisoners from Newark to this city,[2] treating Mr. Hedden with great cruelty, and reflecting on the officer who commanded that party, you may inform the public that the apprehending of Justice Hedden was no part of the object of the King's officers; but that one Walker, a volunteer with them, who with many others had been most inhumanly and barbarously treated by Justice Hedden, went with a few of the privates to his house and took him, without waiting long for him to put on his clothes, which he intentionally delayed; when the officers perceived, on their march, his want of more clothing, they provided him with some.

Justice Hedden.

"If Mrs. Hedden was wounded, it is what she merited, by her assaulting and opposing all in her power, the carrying away her husband. There was no intent to hurt Mrs. Hedden, but to make her desist in her violence; if any harm happened to her, she must blame her own fury. Mr. Hedden and his friends may, if they have any sense of justice remaining, find that justice hath in part overtaken him, when they reflect on the acts of barbarity he has frequently committed on many of his Majesty's loyal subjects for not perjuring themselves in abjuring their lawful sovereign, and swearing allegiance to the Congress, and to the State of New Jersey. Among many of his persecutions were imprisonments, reducing others to bread and water only, stripping many women and children of their

[1] New Jersey Journal, February 2. [2] New York.

clothing, beds, and household furniture, and then banishing them without the necessaries of life, and seizing and selling the estates of a great number of his Majesty's subjects, to his no small emolument.

"Robert Neil is also notorious in his way. A bankrupt four years past, since acting under the pretence of a sub-deputy quarter-master to the rebel army, made it his constant practice to take and dispose of, on his own account, to the Continental troops, the wheat, corn, and other grain, and also the firewood he cut from many valuable lots of land, belonging to those he pleased to call Tories and enemies to the State of New Jersey, whereby both Hedden and Neil have amassed large estates with the properties of others. Common justice, it is hoped, will prevent their discharge, till they have made full satisfaction to his Majesty's faithful subjects for the injuries they have done them."[1]

FEBRUARY 1.—THE sound, between Long Island and Connecticut, is almost frozen over in the widest parts; and some persons have passed over from Long Island to Norwalk and other parts in Connecticut on the ice. Wood is brought from Long Island to New York on sleighs. It is almost passable from Powle's Hook to New York.[1]

Long Island Sound Frozen.

LAST Sunday evening a party consisting of thirteen mounted refugees went from Staten Island, and in the vicinity of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, surprised Mr. Wynantz, a lieutenant of the rebel militia, and eight private men of Colonel Jacques' regiment. Few republicans on this continent are more remarkable for their implacable opposition to his Majesty's government than some of these prisoners; they were all the same evening securely lodged on Staten Island. They were found at a fandango, or merry-making, with a party of lasses, who became planet struck at the sudden separation from their Damons. The further trophies of this successful excursion are three handsome sleighs, with ten good

Lieut. Wynantz taken Prisoner.

[1] Rivington's Gazette, February 16. [2] New Hampshire Gazette, March 4.

horses, all of which were yesterday driven to New York *over the ice from Staten Island*, an enterprise never yet attempted since the first settlement of this country.[1]

Anecdote of Sir William Erskine.

A GENTLEMAN from New York has favored us with a speech of Sir William Erskine. He, Sir William, riding by a house on Long Island, heard a great racket made by some soldiers; he stopped and cried out, "Who commands here?" A soldier answered, "*The Devil!*" "A much better commander, I think," said Sir William, "than Sir Henry Clinton."[2]

Henry Cruger Died.

FEBRUARY 8.—LAST Saturday morning died in St. James' Square, Bristol, England, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, Henry Cruger, Esq. Having been some years in a very ill state of health, he left New York, the place of his nativity and residence in America, where he had sustained a most respectable private character, and filled the various offices of member of the assembly and member of the council, with the highest reputation. The cheerfulness of his disposition, and the affability of his manners, endeared him to all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. As his disorder was of a singular nature, (which occasioned his visiting England by the advice of his physician,) his body was opened agreeable to his frequent directions, dictated by the benevolent motive of promoting the good of mankind. His remains were interred in the cathedral at Bristol.[3]

Affairs in Charleston, S. C.

FEBRUARY 15.—THE following sketch of the present situation of affairs in Charleston, South Carolina, is communicated by Colonel John Laurens:—"The British army, said to be under the command of Sir Henry Clinton,[4] are distributed on Port Royal Island, John's Island, Stono Ferry, and

[1] Gaine's Mercury, February 7.
[2] New Hampshire Gazette, February 5.
[3] Rivington's Gazette, June 14.
[4] General Clinton sailed from New York on the 26th of December, 1779, and after a very tempestuous voyage, in which many of his ships were disabled, and most of his cavalry horses lost, he landed on John's Island on the 13th of February.

PLAN
of the SIEGE of
CHARLESTON
in
SOUTH CAROLINA

Heaton & Lith 171 Pearl St. N

a detachment last night landed upon James' Island. The head-quarters are at Fenwick's house, on John's Island. Four of their galleys have been seen between John and James' Island. The number of troops not known, supposed to be much diminished since the embarkation at New York. About twelve deserters from the fleet and army have come into Charleston, and as many prisoners are taken by our light horse. Different deserters from the fleet and army agree in reporting very heavy losses at sea. Three ships foundered, many dismasted, one brig, two ships are taken, and brought into Charleston; a brig is carried into North Carolina. One of the deserters informs, that thirteen sail were left on the rocks of Bermuda. There is undoubtedly some grand impediment to the enemy's progress. All their horses perished at sea, and much of their furniture was captured. Three days ago, passed by Charleston bar, in a hard gale of wind, a sixty-four gun ship, a frigate, and some transports. These may be gone to New York for further supplies; but all is conjecture. Near the bar of Charleston daily appears a frigate and other ships of war, reconnoitring and blocking up the harbor. We have four Continental frigates, two French armed ships, two State armed ships, six other armed vessels, some of them carrying very heavy cannon. The enemy's delay has afforded an opportunity for strengthening the lines of Charleston, which will be in pretty good order to-morrow. *The number of men within the lines uncertain; but by far too few for defending works of near three miles in circumference, especially considering many of them to be citizens, and unaccustomed to the fatigues of a besieged garrison, and many of the Continental troops half naked.*

Reinforcements are expected—General Hogan is within a few miles. *The Virginia troops are somewhere!—assistance from that sister State has been expected these eighteen months.* General Moultrie is forming a camp at Bacon Bridge, where he has about five hundred horse belonging to South Carolina—Baylor's and Bland's regiments of Virginia. General Williamson is encamped at Augusta—a thousand men are expected from his brigade. General Richardson and Colonel Carlen

are raising the militia at and about Camden. At this moment the escape of the Americans depends on further delay on the enemy's part: two or three weeks more will make this garrison strong. The inhabitants in general are in good spirits; competent judges say that Sir Henry Clinton will then have cause to repent his enterprise. This affords encouragement, but events in war are uncertain; and if we do not receive assistance, the next intelligence may be quite contrary.[1]

Colonel Ballendine Hanged.

March 5.—This day was hanged at Charleston, South Carolina, Colonel Hamilton Ballendine, for making drafts of the town and fortifications. He was taken by a picket guard which General Lincoln had sent out to Stono, as he was making his way to the enemy; and when he was hailed by the guard, his answer was, "Colonel Hamilton Ballendine." The guard told him that would not do, and carried him to the commander of the picket; upon which he pulled out of his pockets the drafts. The officer told him he was mistaken, and had him carried to General Lincoln, who ordered him for execution.[2]

Omens.

March 12.—There is nothing more ridiculous than the idle stories which are daily told of omens and forebodings on every trifling occasion; but, upon great occasions, all ages have afforded such proofs of something of this kind, that the most learned and candid have been obliged to take notice of them. How far the following may be considered of this kind, every one will judge for himself. Of the truth of each there is incontestable evidence:

In the ceremony of coronation in England, there are two swords used: one representing justice, the other representing mercy. At the coronation of George the Third, the sword of justice was brought, but the sword of mercy was left at the tower. To have sent for it would have delayed time; and therefore the Lord Mayor of London's sword was borrowed, and used in its stead. At the same time the great diamond

[1] Maryland Journal, March 21.

[2] Virginia Gazette, April 8; and Pennsylvania Packet, April 18.

fell from his sceptre. When the same King reviewed his fleet, under Keppel, in May, 1778, the weather was so fine that hundreds of small boats were on the sea; and yet, so it was, that at the mast-head of the royal yacht, on board which the King then was, the great union flag was rent from top to bottom, in the sight of twenty thousand people. A pious lady of New York, having some years ago been to see the waxworks shown there, among which was the likeness of George the Third, she dreamed the night following that she saw that King in his great chair fast asleep, and his crown lying at his feet. Beyond him stood the devil, and after some time he cried out with a strong and terrifying voice, "Arouse, O Prince, for thy kingdom is departed from thee." This dream was written and sent to Mrs. Wright, then in London, with a strong injunction to show it to the King. It was accordingly handed to Lord North, but he did not dare to show it to his master.[1]

Lord Rawdon's Regiment.

MARCH 17.—A MUNIFICENT entertainment was given by Lord Rawdon, colonel of the Volunteers of Ireland, to his regiment, quartered at Jamaica, Long Island, in honor of St. Patrick, tutelar saint of that kingdom. The following song was sung by Barney Thompson, piper to the regiment; tune Langolee:

Success to the Shamrock, and all those who wear it,
Be honor their portion wherever they go:
May riches attend them, and stores of good claret,
For how to employ them sure none better know.
Every foe surveys them with terror,
But every silk petticoat wishes them nearer;
So Yankee keep off, or you'll soon learn your error,
For Paddy shall prostrate lay every foe.

This day, but the year I can't rightly determine,
St. Patrick the vipers did chase from the land;
Let's see, if like him, we can't sweep off the vermin
Who dare 'gainst the sons of the shamrock to stand.
Hand in hand! let's carol the chorus—
As long as the blessings of Ireland hang o'er us,
The crest of Rebellion shall tremble before us,
Like brothers, while thus we march hand in hand.

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, March 16.

St. George, and St. Patrick, St. Andrew, St. David,
Together may laugh at all Europe in arms,
Fair conquest her standard has o'er their heads waved,
And glory has on them conferr'd all the charms.
War's alarms! to us are a pleasure,
Since honor our danger repays in full measure,
And all those who join us shall find we have leisure
To think of our sport even in war's alarms.[1]

MARCH 24.—DAY before yesterday, two detachments of the British army were passed over the Hudson River into Jersey—one from King's Bridge, consisting of three hundred men from the brigade of guards, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, the other from New York, of equal force, composed of the British and German troops in garrison, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Macpherson, of the forty-second regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Howard's detachment landed at Kloster, several miles above Fort Lee—the troops from the city at Weehawk, (Weehawken.) The former were to penetrate into the country to the northward of Hopperstown, and destined to attack the rear of the rebel cantonments at that place; the latter (taking their route by the Little Ferry upon the Hackensack, where boats were sent to transport them across) were to have surprised the town of Hackensack, in which a company of militia were quartered, and, pushing forwards, to have fallen upon the front of the Paramus cantonments. These services were not effected, owing to unavoidable delays, till several hours later than was intended. Lieutenant-Colonel Howard arrived near Hopperstown two hours after daybreak yesterday morning, and continuing his march, surprised two pickets, and pressed one of their cantonments so closely as to oblige the officer and his command to leave their arms behind them, which, to the amount of about thirty stand, were destroyed. Their main body, consisting of between two and three hundred men, made a show of defence at the church; but, finding they would be instantly attacked, they retired with precipitation—were pursued for about a mile, and several prisoners taken. Lieutenant-Colonel

Descent on Paramus, N. J.

[1] Rivington's Gazette, March 18.

Macpherson's detachment, at this time on its march through the cantonments, which were found abandoned, made its appearance upon the road near the church, having taken a few prisoners.

Every further attempt to come up with the enemy being impracticable, both detachments returned to Zabriskie's Mills, where, being joined by the party left at Hackensack, which had taken several prisoners, the troops retired by New Bridge, and the English Neighborhood; Lieutenant-Colonel Macpherson's, with the prisoners, continuing their march to Weehawk, where boats were waiting to receive them.

One man of the British was killed, Captain Ansthruther of the forty-second regiment, and a few men were wounded upon the march towards the English Neighborhood, the rebels, in loose parties, keeping up an irregular fire upon the rear, and some men dropped behind from fatigue. In the course of the march, a clergyman, with another inoffensive inhabitant, (taken prisoner by mistake,) were dismissed, and are reported to have been accidentally shot by the rebels. Sixty-four prisoners were brought from Jersey; of these twenty-four belonged to the Continental troops, and a captain and twenty-three were militia-men. Thirteen deserters, also, who were a part of the Paramus command, came off with their arms. The loss of the rebels in killed and wounded cannot be ascertained.[1]

Washington and St. Patrick's Day.

April 6.—Among the little army of rebels at Morristown, none are so impatient under the abuse of being forcibly detained after the expiration of the terms of their enlistment, as the sons of St. Patrick who have been seduced into the service of the Congress. Lately they had resolved to do themselves justice, and go off in a body, and publicly announced that nothing should prevent it on the ensuing anniversary of the seventeenth of March. It was a day of apprehension to some who looked for bloodshed and murder, but American policy outwitted Irish good-humor.

Washington, on the day before the feast, gave out an order

[1] Gaine's Mercury, April 3.

for honoring the saint, and, for the gratification of his votaries, with a dispensation from labor; and the next morning was ushered in with music and the hoisting of colors, exhibiting the thirteen stripes, the favorite harp, and an inscription declaring in capitals, THE INDEPENDENCE OF IRELAND. To explain the whole, amuse the discontented, and while away the day, Governor Livingston's Mercuries reported that seventy thousand men in arms, under the Duke of Leinster and Lord Shannon, were scattered through the camp. The simple-hearted Teagues, charmed with the sight of the harp, forgot their sufferings, dropped their complaints, and seemed perfectly happy for the moment, though not a drop of whiskey or taffie was to be seen in the camp, unless in the tents of the contrivers of this dry and unusual way of celebrating the tutelar divinity of England's fair and jolly sister, the Kingdom of Ireland.

This is the account of the deserters, and it is in some measure confirmed by the following genuine composition, taken from a Philadelphia paper of the thirtieth of March. Surely no man will refuse Mr. Washington the merit due to his piety, ingenuity, and valor. It may not, however, be advisable for him in future ever to be present without all his Yankee life-guards at an Irish wedding:

"The following general orders lately issued by our illustrious general, the commander-in-chief of the American army, we hope will be acceptable to all our readers, and in particular to the patriotic and joyous sons of Saint Patrick:

"GENERAL ORDERS.—The general congratulates the army on the very interesting proceedings of the Parliament of Ireland, and of the inhabitants of that country, which have been lately communicated, not only as they appear calculated to remove those heavy and tyrannical oppressions on their trade, but to restore to a brave and generous people their ancient rights and freedom, and, by their operation, promote the cause of America. Desirous of impressing on the minds of the army transactions so important in their nature, the general directs that all fatigue and working parties cease for to-morrow, the seventeenth instant, a day held in particular regard by the people of that nation. At the same time he orders this as a

mark of the great pleasure which he feels on the occasion, he persuades himself that the celebration of the day will be attended with the least rioting or disorder."[1]

April 17.—Yesterday morning, a detachment of two hundred Continental troops, under the command of Major Boyles, of the Pennsylvania line, stationed at Paramus, in Jersey, was suddenly attacked by a party of the enemy, consisting of about two hundred horse, and four hundred foot. The attack commenced a little after sunrise. Major Boyles, besides his usual patroles, had that morning sent out two parties, each with a commissioned officer; but such is the situation of that part of the country, intersected with roads, and inhabited chiefly by disaffected people, that all precautions failed. His parties and patroles were eluded, and the sentinels near his quarters were the first that gave notice of the enemy's approach. He had just before paraded and dismissed his men. The advance of the horse was so rapid, that no time was left to reassemble them. The major had no resource but the defence of the house he was in; this, therefore, with only a small quarter-guard, he resolved to attempt, though from the smallness of his force, and its entire disproportion to the place he was defending, he could have no prospect of success; but chose rather to fall in a brave, though hopeless resistance, than to save himself by a dishonorable surrender. He immediately made the best disposition the hurry of the moment would permit, and animated his men by his exhortation and example. A brisk fire ensued on both sides; the house was soon surrounded on every part, and no effort of the little party seemed capable of hindering the enemy from forcing their way. Some of the men, intimidated by so threatening a scene, began to cry for quarter; others, obeying the commands of their officers, continued to fire from the windows. The enemy without, upbraided them with the perfidy of asking quarter and persisting in resistance, desiring them to come out and they would quarter them. Major Boyles,

Attack on Major Boyles.

[1] Gaine's Mercury, April 24.

exclaiming in a determined tone, denied his having called for quarter; but his resolution could not avail, a surrender took place, and, in the act, the major received a mortal wound in the left breast, with which he expired, a victim to his gallantry and refined sense of duty. So distinguished and enviable a fall must endear his memory to his fellow-soldiers and fellow-citizens. Lieutenants Glentworth and Sherman had thrown themselves into the major's quarters, and assisted in the defence. They displayed great activity and bravery. The latter was wounded.

Such part of the detachment as could be collected together, aided by a few spirited militia, hung close upon the rear of the enemy during their retreat, and harassed them with a continual fire, re-taking four wagons with plunder, and nineteen horses. Lieutenant Bryson, being a few days before detached by Major Boyles with a small party to the New Bridge, defended that post for some time with great gallantry and coolness, he sustaining in person, with his espontoon, the attack of four horsemen, and receiving several wounds; but, being overpowered with numbers, he surrendered to one of their officers. It is said he received marks of politeness from them, on account of the great bravery and deliberate courage displayed by him during the skirmish.

The enemy, agreeable to their usual mode of procedure, plundered and burnt the house and mill of Mr. John Hopper, and that of his brothers. In the former the family of Mr. Abraham Brasher lived, who, with the rest, were left almost destitute of a second change of clothes. The commanding officer, being requested by Mrs. Brasher on her knees to spare the house, damned her, and bid her be gone, declaring they all deserved to be bayoneted. They made their boasts, that as Major Boyles did not present the hilt of his sword in front, when surrendering, they shot him. Thus died this brave and gallant officer, a victim to their savage cruelty. The loss of the Americans killed, wounded, and taken, was one major, two captains, four lieutenants, and about forty rank and file. That of the enemy, by their own acknowledgment, near as many.[1]

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, May 23.

May 1.—It is reported from Jersey, that the minute guns eard last Friday afternoon in the direction of Morristown 'ere in honor of Monsieur Luzerne, the person 'ho succeeded Gerard, and passing under the ap- ellation of *the French Ambassador*, and that he died suddenly t the rebel camp in the mountains by the hand of violence; thers say that the explosions were at the interment of another *dventurer* called the *Spanish Ambassador*. What seems to e certain is this—that Luzerne had rendered himself obnox- ous to the *cits* of Philadelphia, by an incautious dose of 'rench politics, in advice to the Congress on the means of thick- ning the lean ranks of the rebel army—"*Press your people ard with taxes: the more beggars, the more soldiers;*" that the opulace threatened to lay hands upon him, and that it was ought advisable for son Excellence to quit the town, till the 'ongress could find means to pacify the unruly multitude; hat on this he applied to the army for protection, and was tely escorted by Mr. Washington on a secret visit to Eliza- ethtown, for a peep at Staten Island. It is added that there as been a great waste of white and black powder at Morris- own, towards recovering the credit of the ambassador. Fifty emales, 'tis said, were picked up for a dance, and 'tis supposed is departure will scarce leave a gill of taffie in the whole amp of the pious friends of St. Patrick, whose general orders f the sixteenth of March last,[1] will certainly never be forgot- en by the true friends of Ireland.[2]

Rivington's Rumors.

Friday last, died at Morristown, in New Jersey, Don Juan le Mirralles, a Spanish gentleman of distinction. His corpse is o be removed to Philadelphia, where it is to be interred with hose marks of respect which are due to gentlemen of his dig- ified rank and fortune.[3]

May 4.—This day, was celebrated at Philadelphia, the uneral of the Spanish resident, who lately died at Morristown.

[1] See General Orders, April 6, ante.

[2] Rivington's Gazette, May 8.

[3] New Jersey Gazette, May 3.

The following was the order of the procession:—The bier covered with black cloth; Monsieur Luzerne, the French resident; the Congress; the general officers; the citizens. When the procession arrived at the Roman Catholic Chapel, the priest presented the holy water to Monsieur Luzerne, who, after sprinkling himself, presented it to Mr. Huntington, President of the Congress. The Calvinist paused a considerable time, (near a minute,) but at length his affection for the great and good ally conquered all scruples of conscience, and he too besprinkled and sanctified himself with all the adroitness of a veteran Catholic; which his brethren of the Congress perceiving, they all, without hesitation, followed the righteous example of their proselyted president. Before the company, which were extremely numerous, left the chapel, curiosity induced some persons to uncover the bier, when they were highly enraged at finding the whole a sham, there being no corpse under the cloth, the body of the Spanish gentleman having been several days before interred at Morristown. The bier was surrounded with wax candles, and every member of the egregious Congress, now reconciled to the Popish communion, carried a taper in his hand.[1]

Mirralles' Funeral at Philadelphia.

May 8.—This year's campaign seems to be fraught with interesting events. When we look to Europe, we there behold the contending parties becoming more and more serious in their determinations: formidable preparations are making, equally so by Britain as well as all the other belligerent powers. When we turn our eyes to the West India Islands, we there see the same dexterous game playing. Again, when we look to Gibraltar, we find that Britain intends to use her most strenuous efforts in keeping possession of that very important fortress; and, on the other hand, Spain seems to be determined to reduce it under her dominions. The United Provinces, during the contest, have all along signified their neutrality, thereby tacitly manifesting a friendly disposition to the United States. On viewing the

State of Foreign Affairs.

[1] Rivington's Gazette, May 20.

obligations they are under to the English nation, and the terms of the treaty entered into at the last peace, the inference is plain that they do not mean to take an active part in favor of Britain, else they would have done it before this time. The taking of sundry Dutch vessels by the English, of late, will, it is thought, pave the way to some happy overture. The capital power of Russia (notwithstanding the boasts of Britain that she would at first asking lend her assistance to crush the rebellious Americans) conducts in a manner highly foreboding a desire that America may be rendered free and independent. Nay, it is so manifestly the interest of all the European powers to have such an event take place, that we may justly unite and say (as Lord North weepingly confessed in the House of Commons) Britain is left without an ally. We have looked to Europe and find the prospect beautiful; let us turn and view the prospect at home: strange to tell! instead of a uniformity, we find the contrary. Nearly all in sentiment appear friendly, but in practice are inimical; yet, although some part of our conduct militates against the cause, so long as there remains a determination to maintain ourselves inviolate from British invaders, we will not view our situation as desperate. The Carolinas, it seems probable, will be the seat of war on the continent this summer. Perhaps the enemy may think it will deserve the name of an important achievement by sallying out in parties upon our defenceless towns on the seacoast; but it would be well for them to remember it is possible that the expense will more than compensate for the advantage that they may think to gain thereby.[1]

The Siege of Charleston.

MAY 12.—THIS morning the garrison of Charleston, after sustaining a siege of over a month's duration, surrendered prisoners of war to the combined fleet and army of Great Britain. The following is a journal of the siege, from the day previous to the British fleet's crossing the bar, to the present hour:—"*March* 19.—The British, under General Clinton, now encamped on James Island, seem to wait

[1] New J[illegible]al, M[illegible]

for the shipping which lay off the bar, and have been disappointed at the last springs by south-west winds, which kept down the tides so that they cannot get over. This day the springs are at the highest, but the weather so hazy that they will scarcely attempt it, and it will probably clear up with unfavorable winds. We begin to hope that Providence has interposed a second time to prevent their getting over until we are ready. If they should get over either now or hereafter, there will probably be the hottest contest that has happened this war, just off Fort Moultrie. The British ships destined to come in are said to be the Renown, fifty guns; Roebuck, forty-four; Blond, thirty-two; Perseus, twenty, and Camilla, twenty. These, and some say another frigate with some galleys, are to force their way past the town, and cut off the communication between Charleston and the country. To oppose their passing the fort, the Americans have thrown a boom of cables across the channel at the fort, and stationed the Providence, of thirty-two guns; Boston, twenty-eight; Bricole, twenty-eight; Adventure, twenty; French vessel, twenty; Queen of France, eighteen; Truite, twenty, and three galleys, (seven guns;) so that either the fort or they must rake the enemy as they pass, and with the boom they hope to detain them so long as to do it effectually.

"As the enemy's chance of success depends entirely on getting up their shipping, and the American hopes of defending the town greatly depend on preventing it, they seem determined to sell the passage immensely high. The commodore, in sailor language, swears if he cannot defeat them he will run both them and himself ashore, and all shall perish together; and every officer in the navy is ready to second his resolution. Colonel Laurens commands the marines on board the Providence.

"*March* 20.—This morning the British got their ships over the bar. They consist of ten vessels of force, from twenty guns to a sixty-four, as some say, others a fifty. However, ours appeared so inadequate to oppose them by Fort Moultrie, that they were all ordered up to town. On the first alarm of the arrival of the enemy, the Eagle pilot-

British Ships Cross Charleston Bar.

boat was despatched to the Havannah to solicit assistance from Spain. Colonel Tonant went with the despatches, and has this evening returned. Report says that he has succeeded, and that we may expect three seventy-fours and thirteen frigates every hour, with three thousand land forces. Nothing has yet transpired from authority. I am just come from the general's, but can learn nothing without being too inquisitive. It is now left to a stand in the town, which I trust will remain until Woodford arrives with the Virginia line. The enemy have not yet summoned the town, nor made any movement indicating an immediate attack. It is said that Lord Cornwallis is against it entirely, and that the army seems much dispirited; but Clinton is bent on it. This is the most of our present intelligence. Our lines round the whole town are nearly completed, except by Gadsden's wharf, where the works on the bay should join those on the land. Our people are hard at work there now, as we dread the enemy's shipping on that quarter. We have on the Ashley River, or south side of the town, six batteries—some ten guns, some six, some four, none less, so that no vessel can lay before them. Four of them cross-fire the only landing-place on that quarter, besides field-pieces at proper distances all along the line. On the bay side we have four batteries of Palmetto, and a line of Palmetto. On the Neck we have seven batteries along the line, some redoubts to the left, a regular fort to the right, and a horn work by the gateway. In front of the line is a good line of abattis, a canal, most of it filled with water, and the side of the canal is abattied also. Only the north-east corner, rather than a side, by Gadsden's wharf, is unprovided with proper defence. This, I trust, we will have time to fortify. Four pieces of cannon scour the canal in front of the lines.

"*March* 27.—This morning Colonel Washington, with a party of horse reconnoitring, came up with a light party of the British, on which an engagement ensued, when the Americans took a Colonel Hamilton of the North Carolina refugees, a Doctor Smith, and seven privates, and it is said they had seven killed. The Americans had only one man badly wounded. This action happened

Colonel Washington's Adventure.

within one hundred yards of the British flying army, consisting of light infantry and grenadiers, whose marching across the field to get in the rear of the Americans obliged Colonel Washington to order a retreat; otherwise their whole party would have been cut to pieces.[1]

"*March* 30.—Yesterday, a large body of British grenadiers and infantry crossed Ashley River, and to-day they appeared before the American lines, where they are now encamped. As the enemy approached, Colonel John Laurens, with a small party, had a brush with the advance body, in which Captain Bowman, of the North Carolina forces, fell, much lamented; Major Herne and two privates were wounded. The enemy's loss is reported to be from twelve to sixteen killed. A French gentleman, who was volunteer in the action, says he counted eight and a Highland deserter says a Colonel St. Clair was mortally wounded.[2]

Colonel Laurens' Skirmish.

"*April* 7.—This afternoon, about three o'clock, General Woodford and his brigade arrived in town, after a most rapid march of five hundred miles in thirty days, in perfect health, and high spirits.

"*April* 8.—This afternoon, between three and five o'clock, the British fleet passed Fort Moultrie, in a heavy gale, and anchored between Fort Johnson and Charleston, just out of reach of the guns from the town, where they now continue. They were so covered with the thunder storm as to be invisible near half the time of their passing. One of their frigates had a fore-topmast shot away by a cannon at the fort, and a store ship was so injured, in her rudder, as to be incapable of working, and the gale being fresh she went on shore, under the guns of our half-moon battery, on the point of the island, which obliged them to burn her, to prevent her falling into our hands. After burning a while she blew up. We had not a man hurt at the fort, though they kept up a brisk fire as they passed.

British Fleet off Fort Johnson.

"Our garrison is in good health and high spirits, the town

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, April 25 and May 2.

[2] Extract of a letter from Charleston, in the Pennsylvania Packet, April 25.

well fortified and defended by a numerous artillery; Sir Henry approaching very slowly, and our men longing for the hour in which he may afford them the opportunity of teaching the temerity of the present expedition.[1]

"*April* 12.—Day before yesterday, the British having completed their first parallel, summoned the town to surrender, of which General Lincoln took no notice; and to-day Clinton opened his batteries, which are answered by the Americans with spirit, but not with the effect that will insure success, the enemy's fire being far superior to ours. Governor Rutledge has taken post in the country between the Cooper and Santee Rivers. A work is ordered to be thrown up on the Wando, nine miles from town, and another at the point at Lamprieres, to preserve the communication with the country by water.[2]

"*April* 18.—The cannonading on both sides still continues. General Clinton received a reinforcement from New York yesterday, and it is probable he will make a further advance on us soon. He is very cautious, and moves with all the care and deliberation of an old Roman, which he certainly is not. Our men are in good spirits, although it seems to be the general opinion that we must at last succumb; not without a hard fight, however.

"Last Friday, (14th,) the party of Americans, posted to preserve the communication between the country and the town, were surprised at Monk's Corner by a body of British under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton.[3] A negro slave, for a sum of money, conducted the British from Goose Creek, in the night, through unfrequented paths. Although the commanding officer of the American cavalry had taken the precaution of having his horses saddled and bridled, and the alarm was given by his videttes, posted at the distance of a mile in front; yet, being entirely unsupported by the infantry, the British advanced so rapidly, notwithstanding the opposition of the advanced guard, that they began their attack upon the main body before the men could put themselves in a posture of defence.

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, May 2.
[2] Clift's Diary; and Gordon, iii. 47.
[3] Elliot Manuscript.

"*April* 21.—The British have completed their second parallel, which is within three hundred yards of the American lines. At a council of war held this morning, it was decided that offers of capitulation should be made to the British commander, 'which may admit of the army's withdrawing, and afford security to the persons and property of the inhabitants.'

"*April* 24.—Sir Henry Clinton rejects the American offers of capitulation, and is actively pushing forward his third parallel, which is not more than three hundred feet from our lines. This morning Lieutenant-Colonel Henderson led out a party of Americans, and attacked the advance working party of the British, killed several, took eleven prisoners, and returned to the lines victorious. In this sally, Captain Moultrie, a brother of the general, was killed.[1]

"*May* 6.—This afternoon, the garrison at Fort Moultrie was summoned to surrender by Captain Charles Hudson, commander of his Majesty's ship Richmond. The commander of the fort answered, 'it should be defended to the last extremity;' but the officer carrying the refusal had proceeded but a little way on his return, when he was called back and told that the storm which was threatened by Captain Hudson must prove a very serious affair, and therefore the garrison had consented to submission.[2]

"*May* 12.—Yesterday the British advanced within thirty yards of the American lines, and commenced preparations for a combined assault by sea and land. The reduced state of the garrison, the urgent solicitations of the inhabitants, and the clamors of the soldiery, compelled General Lincoln to renew negotiations with the British commanders; and to-day the articles of capitulation have been signed.

The Capitulation.

[1] Gordon, iii. 48.

[2] Rivington's Gazette, May 31. The same paper says:—We are informed a great quantity of silver plate was found in the fort on taking possession of it. The inhabitants of Carolina in general, buried their plate in Charleston, thinking it a safer depositum than risking it underground on their plantations, where, from the curious and nefarious disposition of their negroes, resident on the spot, it should be discovered and stolen; and by preferring this method of concealment, they have all secured their effects.

It is stipulated that the Continental troops and sailors shall remain prisoners of war until exchanged, and be supplied with good and wholesome provisions, in such quantity as is served out to the British troops. The militia are to return home as prisoners on parole, which, as long as they observe, is to secure them from being molested in their property by British troops. The officers of the army and navy are to keep their swords, pistols, and baggage, which is not to be searched, and are to retain their servants. The garrison, at an appointed hour, is to march out of the town, to the ground between the works and the canal, where they are to deposit their arms. The drums are not to beat a British march, nor the colors to be uncased. All civil officers and citizens who have borne arms during the siege, are to be prisoners on parole, and with respect to their property within the city, they are to have the same terms as the militia. All persons in the town, not described in any article, are, notwithstanding, to be prisoners on parole. It is left to future discussion whether or no a year shall be allowed to all such as do not choose to continue under the British government, to dispose of their effects real and personal, in the State, without any molestation whatever, or to remove such part thereof as they choose, as well as themselves and families, and whether, during that time, they, or any of them, shall have it in their option to reside occasionally in town or country. The French consul, the subjects of France and Spain, with their houses, papers, and other movable property, are to be protected and untouched; but they are to consider themselves as prisoners on parole."[1]

MAY 14.—AMONG the many good effects which daily arise from General Sir Henry Clinton's descent upon the Carolina Sultans, we are told the following: The inhabitants of Hillsborough county, North Carolina, have sent a deputation informing Lieutenant-General Earl Cornwallis that they have taken arms, declared for the restoration of their old constitution, and are ready to march on

The Effect of Clinton's Success.

[1] Gordon's American Revolution, iii. 49.

receipt of his lordship's commands for that purpose, and carry his lordship's order into the most perfect effect.

The rebel colonels of the South Carolina cavalry, Messieurs Huger and Horry, having been sent to his excellency General Clinton with a letter, they approached head-quarters, preceded with a white handkerchief on a pole, by way of flag, and communicated to the gentlemen in waiting their orders, which implied a modest proposal of a treaty for an exchange of prisoners, addressed by Mr. Rutledge, the titular governor of South Carolina; to which answer was given that no such character could be acknowledged; and, as their messengers had violated their parole, by venturing into Charleston without leave of absence from their prescribed limits first obtained, they were immediately committed to the custody of the illustrious Mr. Cunningham, provost-marshal; where, having remained a short time as a punishment for their presumption, they were indulged with an order delivered by the Honorable George Hanger for their enlargement, and a hint to fly in the night, and thereby escape with their lives from the fury of the inflamed loyalists, who were already collected in great numbers at Charleston, determined to seize the first occasion of retaliating on the rebels the many murders committed upon their relations by their mock courts of judicature, Mr. Rutledge having signed the death-warrants of several scores of his Majesty's liege subjects who were by their juries condemned to the cord. These gentry took the hint, and with the rapidity of the winged Pegasus, or the fiery-footed Phlegon, soon in safety reached their appointed district.[1]

Anecdote of Joseph Wigfall.

When it was found necessary to call in the detachment of American troops which had been posted at Lampriere's Ferry,[2] opposite to Charleston, South Carolina, three men of General Hogan's North Carolina brigade were by some accident left behind; who, being in danger of fallin

[1] Rivington's Gazette, June 17.

[2] After the British had been strengthened by the reinforcements from New York, on the 18th of April, they took post on Haddrell's Point, and obliged the Americans to abandon their post at Lamprieres.

into the enemy's hands, took shelter in the woods, and were travelling on towards Georgetown. In hopes of facilitating their march, and to profit by misfortune, one of them, who was clad in scarlet, suggested a stratagem of which his comrades approved, and which he carried into effect. He left his arms and ammunition with the other two, and went into the plantation of a poltroon Tory, or one of those mean-spirited wretches who ought forever to be stigmatized under the character of property men, and to be made fair game to all parties. These creatures were early eager and noisy in fomenting the present war, but withdrew themselves the moment in which their fears dictated danger to their persons or their estates.

The brave North Carolinian personated a messenger despatched by some of that tribe, and addressed the owner of the plantation in the following terms:—"Sir, I understand you are a friend to the King and his government." The property man, not a little alarmed at the sight of a red-coat, hastily interrupted him, "Yes, yes, sir! I am as true, faithful, and loyal a subject as any in his Majesty's dominions." "I have been told so," said the soldier. "I am sent by some of his Majesty's friends to inform Lord Cornwallis of the approach of a rebel army from the northward, which is coming on very rapidly, and I am afraid will surprise that part of the King's army which his lordship commands in this quarter of the country, unless his lordship is speedily apprised of their design. I have travelled through swamps and thick woods to avoid being stopped by the rebels; and last night had the misfortune to lose my horse, saddle, &c., &c. "Sir," replied the Tory, "you shall have the best horse I am master of, my own riding horse, and I beg you will be expeditious in delivering your message; for if the rebels come here I shall be ruined, perhaps hanged; I don't know what they'll do to me, because I am a faithful subject. Boy! saddle Spider, and bring him immediately for this gentleman—make haste." Spider, a fine blooded horse, was produced, with saddle, bridle, holsters and pistols. This encouraged the soldier to intimate the loss of his side-arms. The turn-coat, with equal haste, supplied him with his own militia sword. When the soldier was ready to mount,

he remarked the weather looked gloomy, and threatened rain, and that, among other articles, he had lost his surtout. "Sir," said the apostate, "I have a very fine roculoe at your service; pray, make use of it, and go on as fast as possible, through wet and dry: your business is of great consequence." Thus equipped, the soldier rode off, and presently rejoined his companions, who were waiting for him in the bush. The three, all armed, and one mounted, proceeded on their journey for Georgetown. When they had marched a few miles, they encountered two of the British light horse, who had been marauding and plundering helpless women of their apparel. These fellows they took into custody, and conducted them safely into Georgetown, together with Spider and his furniture, the captured cavalry and their accoutrements, the silver mounted sword, and the "very fine roculoe," splendidly marked on the cape, JOSEPH WIGFALL.

This genius, or a brother of his, had been a militia officer for a while, and affected to bear arms against the tyrant, as he then called his King. In a voyage which he made some time ago to Bermuda, his vanity prompted to take with him his regimentals, for showing away among the islanders. On his return, the vessel in which he was passenger, was chased by another, supposed to be a British cruiser. His apprehensions of being discovered in the sham character of a rebel officer, pointed out the necessity of concealing the blue coat with scarlet lappels, which he effected by putting it on the body of his wife, covered by her stays and gown. These circumstances were related on his landing in North Carolina, by himself, in great glee, as an instance of his sagacity, or, as he termed it, "being too cunning for the chaps."[1]

The Continental Butcher.

A GENTLEMAN who lately left Albany, says that the chief Continental butcher there, is ordered to employ a number of the other butchers in catching fish, such as herring and sturgeon, for the use of the Continental army, as their money is reduced to so low an ebb that they

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, July 15.

cannot afford beef; and that they have a guard at the farm of General Schuyler, near Saratoga, to prevent the inhabitants getting any share of the fishing.[1]

The ladies of Charleston, since the capture of that place, have uniformly refused to associate with the British officers, or to attend any of their assemblies, or places of public amusement; and, having been reduced to the necessity of selling their buckles for a subsistence, they now wear black and white roses in their shoes, in honor of the alliance.[2]

The Ladies of Charleston.

May 20.—Yesterday we were visited by a most unusual and uncomfortable phenomenon. As early as ten o'clock in the morning, a thick darkness came over the face of the country, so that it was impossible to move about the house without the assistance of a candle. Many persons were much frightened at the sudden darkness, and some thought that judgment-day had come. The cause of this strange appearance is now explained.

The Dark Day.

A writer in the Boston Country Journal gives the following particular account of the phenomenon:—"As the darkness which happened on last Friday was unusual, and to many people surprising, it will no doubt gratify the public to have the observations which have been made in various parts, communicated. In this way we may learn the extent, and perhaps ascertain the cause, of so remarkable a phenomenon. With these views I send you the enclosed.

"The observations from the first coming on of the darkness to four o'clock P. M., were made by several gentlemen of liberal education, at the house of the Rev. Mr. Cutler, of Ipswich Hamlet. There are some things worth noticing before and after this time. The hemisphere for several days had been greatly obscured with smoke and vapor, so that the sun and moon appeared unusually red. On Thursday afternoon and

[1] Rivington's Gazette, May 17.

[2] Pennsylvania Packet, March 31, 1781.

in the evening, a thick cloud lay along at the south and south-west, the wind small. Friday morning early, the sun appeared as it had done for several days before, the wind about south-west, a light breeze, and the clouds from the south-west came over between eight and nine o'clock; the sun was quite shut in, and it began to shower, the clouds continuing to rise from the south-west, and thicken from the thickness of the clouds, and the confusion which attended their motions. We expected a violent gust of wind and rain; the wind, however, near the earth, continued small, and it rained but little. About eleven o'clock the darkness was such as to demand our attention, and put us upon making observations. At half-past eleven, in a room with three windows, twenty-four panes each, all opened towards the south-east and south, large print could not be read by persons of good eyes. About twelve o'clock, the windows being still open, a candle cast a shade so well defined on the wall, as that profiles were taken with as much ease as they could have been in the night. About one o'clock, a glimpse of light which had continued till this time in the east, shut in, and the darkness was greater than it had been for any time before. Between one and two o'clock, the wind at the west freshened a little, and a glimpse of light appeared in that quarter. We dined about two, the windows all open, and two candles burning on the table. In this time of the greatest darkness, some of the dunghill fowls went to their roost; cocks crowed in answer to each other, as they commonly do in the night; wood-cocks, which are night birds, whistled as they do only in the dark; frogs peeped; in short, there was the appearance of midnight at noon-day. About three o'clock the light in the west increased, the motion of the clouds more thick, their color higher and more brassy than at any time before; there appeared to be quick flashes or coruscations, not unlike the aurora borealis. Between three and four o'clock we were out and perceived a strong, sooty smell; some of the company were confident a chimney in the neighborhood must be burning; others conjectured the smell was more like that of burned leaves. About half-past four, our company, which had passed an unexpected night very cheerfully together, broke up. I will now

give you what I noticed afterwards. I found the people at the tavern near by much agitated. Among other things which gave them much surprise, they mentioned the strange appearance and smell of the rain water, which they had saved in tubs. Upon examining the water, I found a slight scum over it, which, rubbing between my thumb and finger, I found to be nothing but the black ashes of burnt leaves. The water gave the same black, sooty smell which we had observed in the air, and confirmed me in my opinion that the smell mentioned above was occasioned by the smoke, or very small particles of burnt leaves, which had obscured the hemisphere for several days past, and were now brought down by the rain. The appearance last mentioned served to confirm the hypothesis on which we had endeavored to account for the unusual darkness. The vast body of smoke from the woods, which had been burning for many days, mixing with the common exhalations from the earth and water, and condensed by the action of winds from opposite points, may perhaps be sufficient causes to produce the surprising darkness.

"The wind in the evening passed round further north, where a black cloud lay, and gave us reason to expect a sudden gust from that quarter. The wind brought that body of smoke and vapor over us in the evening, (at Salem, Massachusetts,) and perhaps it never was darker since the children of Israel left the house of bondage. This gross darkness held till about one o'clock, although the moon had fulled but the day before.

"Between one and two, the wind freshened up at north-east, and drove the smoke and clouds away, which had given distress to thousands, and alarmed the brute creation."[1]

May 23.—Yesterday afternoon, Colonel Delancey, with a party of his loyal refugees, made an incursion of about thirty miles into the enemy's country. The foot took post at Byram Bridge, while the horse passed Sherwood's Bridge, and proceeded to Horse Neck, where a party of rebels were stationed. They immediately attacked

Delancey's Attack on Horse Neck.

[1] "Viator," in the Country Journal, May 29, and New Jersey Gazette, June 21

them, killed eight, took prisoners a lieutenant, a commissary, a Mr. Knap, a Presbyterian parson, and thirty-six rank and file; also took and destroyed a piece of cannon, which the Jonathans in vain endeavored to defend. The loyalists were so quick upon them that they could not discharge it more than twice before it was taken possession of. Lieutenant Kipp, with a small detachment under his command, took six prisoners at another place. The loss of the rebels would have been much greater had it not been for a wood near where they lay, in which they took shelter, and where it was impossible for Colonel Delancey's horse to act. The only loss the refugees sustained, was Captain Fowler, a brave and gallant officer, who was unfortunately killed from a window of the house where the picket guard was posted.[1]

Doctor Franklin and the French.

JUNE 1.—THE love and attachment of the French nation for America, is carried at this time to such a degree of enthusiasm as is difficult to be conceived. There are few personages that have borne an interesting part in this contest, but have employed the hands of the most famous artists, and the pens of the brightest geniuses of that nation. But among so many illustrious characters, the celebrated Dr. Franklin is distinguished in a particular manner; and of the several homages that are incessantly offered to his merit, none must ever have been more flattering to him than the provinces of France contending with each other for having given birth to some of his ancestors, and endeavoring to prove by similarity of names that this great man derives his descent from among them—an honor of which, since the days of Homer, (who excited a like dispute among seven of the most flourishing cities of Greece,) nobody has ever been thought worthy.

The following extract from the Gazette of Amiens, the capital of Picardy, in France, is the most convincing proof of what has been just now advanced:

"Mr. FRAGONARD, the King's painter at Paris, has lately

[1] Rivington's Gazette, May 27.

displayed the utmost efforts of his genius in an elegant picture dedicated to the genius of Franklin. Mr. Franklin is represented in it, opposing with one hand the ægis of Minerva to the thunderbolt, which he first knew how to fix by his conductors, and with the other commanding the god of war to fight against avarice and tyranny; whilst America, nobly reclining upon him, and holding in her hand the fasces, a true emblem of the union of the American States, looks down with tranquillity on her defeated enemies. The painter, in this picture, most beautifully expressed the idea of the Latin verse, which has been so justly applied to Mr. Franklin:

'Eripuit Cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque Tyrannis.'

'He snatched the thunderbolt from Heaven,
And the scepter from the hands of Tyrants.'

"The name of Franklin is sufficiently celebrated that one may glory in bearing it; and a nation prides herself in having given birth to the ancestors of a man who has rendered that name so famous. We think ourselves entitled to dispute with the English nation an honor of which they have rendered themselves so unworthy. Franklin appears rather to be of a French than of an English origin. It is certain that the name of Franklin, or Franquelin, is very common in Picardy, especially in the districts of Vimeu and Ponthieu. It is very probable that one of the doctor's ancestors has been an inhabitant of this country, and has gone over to England with the fleet of Jean de Biencourt, or that which was fitted out by the nobility of this province. In genealogical matters there are bolder conjectures than this. There was at Abbeville, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, a family of the name of Franklin. We see in the public records of the town, one John and Thomas Franquelin, woollen drapers in 1521. This family remained at Abbeville till the year 1600; they have since been dispersed through the country, and there are still some of their descendants so far as Auz le Chateau. These observations are a new homage which we offer to the genius of Franklin."[1]

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, June 3.

JUNE 8.—By the latest intelligence from Schenectady, in New York, we are informed that Sir John Johnson, (who styles himself lieutenant-colonel commanding the King's Royal Yorkers, in the paroles given to some of the prisoners,) on Lord's day evening, the twenty-first of last month, (May,) made his first appearance at Johnson Hall, undiscovered by any but his friends, who, no doubt, were in the secret. On Monday, about daybreak, they began to burn all the houses except those of the Tories; beginning at Aaron Putnam's, below Tripe's Hill, and continued burning to Anthony's Nose, or Acker's house, except a few which, by the vigilance of the people, were put out after the enemy had set them on fire. There are burnt, thirty-three houses and out-houses, and a mill; many cattle were killed in the field, and sixty or seventy sheep burnt in a barn. Eleven persons were killed. Colonel Fisher and his two brothers fought with great bravery, when the two brothers were killed and scalped. The colonel went up stairs and there defended himself; but, being overpowered, was knocked down and scalped, on which they plundered the house, set it on fire, and then went off. The colonel reviving a little, though he was left by the enemy for dead, pulled one of his dead brothers out of the house, then in flames; the other was consumed in the house. It is said the mother had a narrow escape for her life, being knocked on the head by an Indian; but she is like to do well. Captain Hansen was killed by an Indian, who had formerly been used by him with kindness, and professed much gratitude. Old Mr. Fonda was cut in several parts of his head with a tomahawk. Had it not been for the alertness of Mr. Van Vrank, probably more would have been butchered by their savage hands. He alarmed the people along the way to Caughnawaga, who, by crossing the river, saved their lives. Having done all the mischief to the distressed inhabitants they possibly could, they returned to Johnson Hall in the afternoon, when Johnson dug up his plate, and about sundown marched for the Scotch Bush, about four miles, that evening. He took with him fifteen or twenty of his negroes, who had been sold. Several of his tenants and others, are gone with him. He has permitted some of his

Sir John Johnson at Johnson Hall.

prisoners to return on parole. His whole force when he landed at Crown Point, is said to be about five hundred men—two hundred of them British, part of his own regiment, and Indians. Captain Putnam and four men followed them in their retreat four days, on their way to Lake Champlain. He saw him twenty-four miles from Johnson Hall. Some think they will take their route to Oswagatchie; but this seems improbable, as they have not provisions sufficient with them. His excellency the governor has collected a body of militia to intercept their way to Lake Champlain; a number have also marched from New Hampshire Grants (Vermont) for the purpose. Colonel Van Schaick, with eight hundred men, is in pursuit of him by the way of Johnstown. We hear the enemy had their feet much swelled by their long march; and being greatly fatigued, it is hoped our people may come up and give a good account of the lieutenant-colonel and his murdering banditti.[1]

JUNE 9.—LAST Tuesday night, (6th,) between eleven and twelve o'clock, a body of the British, commanded by General Knyphausen in person, landed at Elizabethtown Point, in Jersey, who, being timely discovered by the American guards, gave the troops that were in town, commanded by Colonel Dayton, an opportunity to assemble; but, on reconnoitring them, their force was found inadequate for an attack. Of course a retreat became indispensable, which was performed in good order, with the enemy in their rear, until they arrived at Connecticut Farms, where they fell in with the Jersey brigade; and being joined by a few militia, posted themselves on an advantageous piece of ground, thinking it advisable to check the advance of the enemy, which, with singular bravery, they effectually did, and annoyed them considerably, driving them back some distance. The British then brought up some field-pieces which played briskly, but happily without any effect. The Americans kept them here about two hours, until they were reinforced by the second division, which

Knyphausen's Attack on Connecticut Farms.

[1] New Jersey Gazette, June 21.

had landed some time after the first, and had marched up hastily. They then gained that ground, though not without considerable loss, and some wounded on that of the Americans. Their advance after that was very tardy; yet they seemed to show an inclination to possess themselves of Springfield, until they received a few shot from a piece of cannon, not without some effect; which obliged them again to retreat, and the day was spent in continual skirmishing, by which they suffered amazingly. Since their retreat, forty or fifty of their dead, which they had secretly buried, have been found. Among the number it is said, is a son of Count Donop, who has met the fate of his hapless father.

As soon as they came to Connecticut Farms, seven miles from the place of their landing, they began the exercise of their awful cruelty. Although they observed great discipline and decorum in Elizabethtown, yet at the Farms every step was marked with wanton cruelty and causeless devastation. They set fire to, and entirely destroyed, the Presbyterian church, and fourteen dwelling-houses and barns, so that there are but two dwelling-houses remaining in that fertile settlement. But, alas! this is only one part of the horrid scene.

In this neighborhood lived the Rev. Mr. James Caldwell, whose zeal and activity in the cause of his country had rendered him an object worthy of the enemy's keenest resentment. His vigilance and attention had always evaded every attempt to injure him, and therefore it was now determined to wound him in an unguarded part. Following the absurd principles of too many of our incautious countrymen, he left his wife and family at home, trusting to the politeness and humanity of the enemy towards an amiable woman, and a number of helpless and innocent children, though he did not think it prudent to trust them with his own safety. He had been warned of their utmost hatred to him, and therefore dissuaded from leaving his family in their power; but, alas! his confidence in their benevolence towards the helpless has been his destruction.

Murder of Mrs. Caldwell.

Soon after their possessing themselves of the neighborhood, a soldier came to the house, and putting his gun to the window

of the room where this worthy woman was sitting, (with her children, and a maid with an infant in her arms, along side of her,) he shot her through the lungs dead on the spot. Soon after an officer with two Hessians came in, and ordered a hole dug and her body thrown in, and the house to be set on fire. At the earnest request of an officer of the new levies, and with some difficulty, the body was suffered to be carried to a small house in the neighborhood, and Mr. Caldwell's dwelling-house immediately set on fire, and every thing belonging to him consumed together. The only comfort arising to this afflicted family is, that the wretch who served as the executioner of this murdered lady, (who, from her excellent character, deserved a better fate,)[1] did his business so effectually that she lost her life without distress or pain. Thus it is, that even the tender mercies of the wicked are cruelty. This melancholy affair, with their cruel burnings, has raised the resentment of the whole country to the highest pitch. They are ready almost to swear an everlasting enmity to the very name of a Briton. So far is this cruelty and devastation from terrifying them to submission, that it rouses the most timid to feats of desperate heroism. A most worthy man, who has for four years past devoted himself to the service of his country, is thus left with nine small children, destitute even of a shift of clothes to comfort them. Many of the inhabitants are in a similar situation; some widows, some aged, some infirm.

The British being opposed by a regiment of Colonel Dayton's, and such militia as could be suddenly collected, made a slow advance till they came to a bridge at the entrance of Springfield, where the militia had an old iron four-pound field-

[1] Never did religion produce a more complete triumph than in this virtuous woman. Her constitution was by nature feeble and delicate, and her mind ornamented more with tender than robust passions; yet such was her confidence in the unerring wisdom and perfect rectitude of the divine conduct—such the full assurance of her hope, that the approach of such an enemy, with the terrors of war, could neither cloud her countenance nor ruffle her mind to the last moment. Long since had she gained complete victory over the king of terrors; and only wished to live for the good of others, and in particular that she might impress her image upon her lovely offspring as they advanced in life. These benevolent views are now terminated by the British murderers.—*New Jersey Journal*, June 14.

piece, which they used to such purpose that the enemy were driven back for some considerable distance. Being thus encouraged, Colonel Dayton's regiment, and the militia together, pressed upon them, and killed and wounded many of them: the general estimate is about one hundred. As our people were reinforced they gained firmness, and at night the enemy had secured no farther than Connecticut Farms. In the night, having received an express from General Clinton in South Carolina, they immediately began a retreat; and by ten o'clock on Thursday, they had gained Elizabethtown Point, from whence they sent off all their wagons, a part of their artillery, and some of their cavalry. Lord Stirling, with General Hand's brigade, and the militia, was detached close on their rear, and between Elizabethtown and the Point had a very severe skirmish, with some loss on both sides. From what we can collect from the inhabitants of the Farms, many of whose houses were filled with their wounded, they must have suffered considerably. General Stirling had his thigh broken. Never did troops behave better than the Americans. The militia behaved beyond any thing that could have been expected. The Continental officers gave them the greatest credit. It is said the enemy had been persuaded that after the taking of Charleston, the militia would all submit, and the Continental troops would desert. It seems as if the militia had known these suggestions. Never did they so universally turn out on such short notice, and never with better spirits. This morning at least two thousand of them were below the mountains, and more flocking down continually. Colonel Dayton deserves the greatest credit, as do all his officers, who behaved unexceptionably.

The British were all day yesterday manœuvring to bring on a general engagement, and General Washington was trying to draw them from their strong position on the Point, where it was impossible to attack them with advantage. Both have failed, and General Washington hath drawn back the main body of the army above Springfield to refresh them, as they are exceedingly fatigued with two days and two nights lying on their arms. Every thing has been carried on with great propriety, and we are in hopes their gentry will be obliged to

retire, notwithstanding their sanguine expectations. General Knyphausen, it is said, brought over his carriage, expecting to have considerable use for it. There is a brigade left to watch their motions at Elizabethtown, with a number of the militia. They are in such force that it is supposed they intend to penetrate the country, and from some hints that have dropped, they have Pennsylvania in their eye, if they can beat General Washington.[1]

A British officer gives the following account of the recent operations of the royal army in New Jersey:—"On Tuesday night, (6th,) the British troops made their first landing upon Elizabethtown meadows, and were crossed over by divisions in succession from Staten Island, with some light artillery, taking their route by Elizabethtown and Connecticut Farms, towards Springfield. British Account of the Operations in Jersey.

"Dayton's regiment receiving intimation of our approach, retired with precipitation, as did also the other Jersey regiments which compose Maxwell's brigade, from their position near Camp's. The militia of the country, although incapable of making any fixed resistance, did their utmost to incommode the troops upon their march; and collecting from different quarters, they assembled in some force in the vicinity of Springfield, forming a junction with the Jersey brigade at that place; and it is said that in the course of Wednesday, the seventh instant, they were supported by another brigade detached from Morristown.

"The troops halted upon some heights beyond Connecticut Farms, where they were ordered to take post till such time as the remainder of the artillery, the provision and other wagons, with the corps which brought up the rear, joined the army. From this circumstance it is probable the rebels conceived that whatever might have been the original plan, it was intended to penetrate no farther. Increasing in numbers, they used every exertion in their power, in flying parties, to fire upon the advanced pickets; and during the course of the day they

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, June 12.

made different attacks upon a body of Jagers, which was advanced upon the Springfield road. This produced much firing upon both sides.

"During the course of the evening, it is reported that information was received from the southward, which rendered it expedient to defer the object in agitation; and about two hours afterwards the troops returned towards Elizabethtown, without a single shot being fired, taking post upon the heights near the Point.

"On Thursday the eighth instant, the rebels advanced in some force to Elizabethtown, and made an attack upon the twenty-second regiment, which was posted some little distance in front of the line. This regiment was ordered to fall back, and the rebels conceiving it was the rear guard of the army, they advanced with some rapidity, but were soon checked, and retired with precipitation.

"The loss sustained during the course of this service is inconsiderable; nor can that of the rebels be determined, as they conceal it.

"Whilst the troops were advancing to Connecticut Farms, the rebels fired out of the houses, agreeable to their usual practice, from which circumstance Mrs. Caldwell had the misfortune to be shot by a random ball. What heightens the singularity of this lady's fate is, that upon inquiry, it appears beyond a doubt that the shot was fired by the rebels themselves, as it entered the side of the house from their direction, and lodged in the wall nearest to the troops, when advancing. The manner in which the rebels aggravate this unfortunate affair in their publications, is of a piece with their uniform conduct—plausible, but fallacious; nor is it to be wondered at, if a rebellion which originated in falsehood, is prosecuted with deceit. The soldiery received with smiles one moment, and the following instant butchered (for in a military view it merits no other name) by a set of people, who, by their clothing and appointments, cannot be distinguished from the quiet inhabitants of the country, may well be supposed to be exasperated; nor need we be surprised at their using the torch to dwellings which they find hourly

British Account of Mrs. Caldwell's Death.

occupied by armed men, who either want the generosity or the spirit to close the present unhappy contest by a manly, open, soldier-like decorum. Whatever may be the humane wishes of the commanders, human nature at times steps over the barrier of discipline, and men of judgment and wisdom, in the great scale of political reasoning, do not wonder at occurrences which their private feelings shrink at; such are the effects of intestine divisions. Miserable is the fate of that country which is the theatre of such a quarrel; and accursed is the man, or the set of men, who, from motives of private lucre or inordinate ambition, have fanned a flame which, if they were willing, they are now, perhaps, unable to extinguish."[1]

Rev. Nathan Kerr.

JUNE 14.—NATHAN KERR, the pastor of Goshen, in New York, in a sermon delivered the last shearing time to his flock, previous to the sending his deacons among them to collect the fleece, used many curious and pathetic arguments to induce them to pay in their several subscriptions with a proper allowance for the depreciation of the paper currency. He complained much of the injustice of a contrary conduct, and charged the neglect of the ministers in this respect, upon them, as one of those crying sins which had called down so many heavy judgments on their heads. That these might be removed, he strongly recommended to them to repent, particularly of the heinous sin of defrauding the ministers. Then, with uplifted eyes and hands, and plaintive tone of voice, addressed himself to the Almighty in nearly the following words: "O God! our corn is blasted! our fruit is all cut off! our flax is caught under the snow, so that we shall soon have neither shirt nor shift! And what, *oh God! dost You intend to do* with thy people next?"[2]

Descent on Springfield, N. J.

JUNE 24.—YESTERDAY morning, the British marched in force from Elizabethtown, New Jersey, under command of the unprincipled, mercenary Knyphausen. After driving in the American pickets, they reached Connecticut Farms about sunrise, where a scattering fire be-

[1] Rivington's Gazette, June 21.

[2] Same, June 14.

gan between them and a few of the advanced troops, assisted by part of the militia. However, as the Americans had but two Continental brigades, and two brigades of militia, and the enemy's force, by estimation, five thousand men and six pieces of artillery, they could give them but little impediment until they arrived at Springfield bridge, where a very obstinate resistance was made to their passing it. After a very considerable loss, the British carried it and entered the village. The Americans retired to the ridge of hills in rear of the town, and took their position, expecting them to advance towards Morristown; but after recovering from their fatigue, collecting their killed and wounded, they began a most distressing scene. They burned the Presbyterian meeting-house, and nineteen dwelling-houses, with the chief of their standing furniture. They then began a most rapid retreat, and the Americans pursued them to their works, killing and wounding many of them. During their expedition, several of them deserted, both British and Hessians. The American loss is very small; only one officer fell—First Lieutenant Thompson, of artillery, a very brave man.

This morning some of the horsemen have been down to Elizabethtown, and find that the British went over to Staten Island last night, took up their bridge, and bid us farewell. Deserters and prisoners agree that their next expedition will be carried on up the North River.[1]

Colonel Twiggs' Expedient.

During the siege of Charleston, parties were frequently sent down to beat up the British quarters about Savannah, with a view to distress the enemy, and to draw troops from the siege. Colonel Twiggs, with his men, united with a party of South Carolina militia, under the command of Colonel Pickens, a very gallant, good officer, went down with respectable force, and drove the enemy within their redoubts. They took post upon Ogeechee, the latter at Butler's plantations, two miles from the ferry; and the former on Governor Wright's, lying upon the river. A party of one hundred men, drawn chiefly from the corps of York volun-

[1] Extract of a letter from the camp, in the New Jersey Gazette, June 28.

teers, and a Hessian regiment, was sent out of Savannah to attack them, under the command of Captain Conklin, of Cruger's battalion. Colonel Twiggs' post being nearest the enemy, of course had first to engage. Conklin planned the attack in the usual way of the British, in front and flank, which would appear the more distressing as the colonel had but thirty-two men with him. He detached Captain Innman with eight men, to check the detour on his left, under Lieutenant Supple, with fifteen men, while he himself, with the remainder, opposed the enemy's main body under Captain Conklin. The colonel's men are celebrated for sure shots; and being so much inferior in numbers, and Colonel Pickens too far distant to succor him in time, he had recourse to an expedient which, in such cases, is certainly justifiable. He ordered some of his best marksmen to rush up and single out the officers, which was executed in a moment. Captain Conklin fell by a mortal wound, as did his lower officers; and the men being without an officer, save a corporal, were soon routed; eleven were killed, and more wounded. Captain Innman, on the left, was not less successful. He met Supple with half his number, threw himself into a barn he was obliged to pass, killed six of his men, wounded him, and obliged him to retire. The colonel and captain then uniting, pushed after the enemy, and took several prisoners; but having boats ready, they crossed the river, and made good their retreat to Savannah, where all the officers of the party have since died of their wounds. Colonel Twiggs, upon this occasion, had but one man wounded, who is since well.

It is by such exertions that Georgia has hitherto maintained her independence. And if these actions are not great, they are at least brilliant. Nor can we fear that men of such gallantry and good conduct will ever be destroyed by a few cowardly Tories.[1]

JULY 1.—THE Gazette of to-day contains the following "*Sentiments of a Lady in New Jersey:*"—The war carried on by the British nation against my native country, cannot fail to excite in the humane and vir- Sentiments of a New Jersey Woman.

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, August 1.

tuous mind sentiments very unfavorable to the authors and instruments of such a variety of complicated evils and misfortunes as we have suffered in the course of it.

The contest began on their part without principle—has been prosecuted without humanity. Devoid of those sentiments and that conduct which do so much honor to the civilized nations of Europe, even in the time of war, they have thrown off all restraint, and fully displayed, in their military operations in this part of the world, the true characteristics of their country—a fierce and barbarous spirit, resisting, contrary to the common rule, the ordinary effects which refinement of manners and a high degree of polish usually have on the minds of men in softening them to humanity, constitutes their real character.

Were I unconnected with Americans by ties of friendship or blood,—were I not attached by that love of one's country which is inherent in some degree in every breast, and partakes of the nature of that instinctive affection which we bear to our parents and kindred, were I situated in a distant part of the world, unagitated by the incidents of the day, which are the more interesting the nigher we are to the scene of war, the bare recital of their unjust claims, their cruelties, and their crimes, would fill my soul with horror, and I should regard them not only as unprovoked aggressors, but as enemies by principle and example to mankind in general.

But as if it were not enough unjustly to spill the blood of our countrymen, to lay waste the fields, to destroy our dwellings, and even the houses consecrated and set apart for the worship of the Supreme Being, they have desolated the aged and unprotected, and even waged war against our sex. Who that has heard of the burning of Charlestown, in New England —of the wanton destruction of Norfolk and Falmouth—of their wasting the fine improvements in the environs of Philadelphia—of the tragical death of Miss M'Crea, torn from her house, murdered and scalped by a band of savages hired and set on by British emissaries—of the melancholy fate of Mrs. Caldwell, put to death in her own house in the late incursion of the enemy, and the general havoc which at this time marks

their footsteps in their route through a part of this State—but would wish to avert from themselves, their kindred, their property, and their country in general, so heavy misfortunes.

These are truths sufficiently affecting to touch with pity and compassion even hearts hard as marble, and cannot fail to make a deep and lasting impression in the minds of all.

These feelings and these sentiments have been particularly manifested by the ladies of Philadelphia in their liberal contributions of money towards rendering the situation of the soldiery of the Continental army more convenient and comfortable. It is to this class of men we more immediately owe our defence and protection; they have borne the weight of the war, and met danger in every quarter; and what is higher praise, they have with Roman courage and perseverance suffered the extremes of heat and cold, the attacks of hunger, and the pain of long and fatiguing marches through parts before unexplored by armies, and which had scarcely ever before borne the print of human feet.

It was enough for these brave men to reflect they were engaged in the best and most glorious of all causes—that of defending the rights and liberties of their country—to induce them to behave with so much resolution and fortitude. Their many sufferings so cheerfully undergone, highly merit our gratitude and sincere thanks, and claim all the assistance we can afford their distresses. If we have it not in our power to do from the double motive of religion and a love of liberty what some ladies of the highest rank in the Court of France every day perform from motives of religion only, in the hospitals of the sick and diseased, let us animate one another to contribute from our purses in proportion to our circumstances towards the support and comfort of the brave men who are fighting and suffering for us on the field. We ought to do this if we desire to keep the enemy from our borders—if we wish that there may not be occasion to call forth our husbands, our children, and our dearest friends, to risk their lives again in our defence. I can truly say that I have experienced the most heart-rending anxieties when my friends and relations have been called upon as free citizens to march against the enemy; and the pangs I

have suffered on such occasions have made it easy for me to give credit to the account we have in the history of ancient Rome, of the two matrons who died for joy, one at the gate of the city, the other at her own house, at the sight of their sons, who returned in safety after the battle at the Lake of Thrasymene. When I say this, I mean only to express the feelings of a woman, my sentiments being ever in favor of that spirit which my countrymen have so often manifested when their services have been required.[1]

Patriotic Women.

JULY 4.—THE ladies of Trenton, in New Jersey, emulating the noble example of their patriotic sisters of Pennsylvania,[2] and being desirous of manifesting their zeal in the glorious cause of American liberty, having assembled this day for the purpose of promoting a subscription for the relief and encouragement of those brave men in the Continental army, who, stimulated by example, and regardless of danger, have so repeatedly suffered, fought, and bled in the cause of virtue and their oppressed country; and taking into consideration the scattered situation of the well disposed through the State, who would wish to contribute to so laudable an undertaking, have, for the convenience of such, and the more effectually to carry their scheme into execution, unanimously appointed Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Furman, and Miss Cadwallader a committee, whose duty it shall be immediately to open subscriptions, and to correspond with the ladies hereafter named, of the different counties through-

[1] New Jersey Gazette, July 12.

[2] An officer, in a letter from the American camp, dated June 29, says:—"The patriotism of the women of Philadelphia is a subject of conversation with the army. Had I poetic genius, I would sit down and write an ode in praise of it. Burgoyne, who, on his first appointment to America, boasted that he would dance with the ladies and coax the men into submission, must now have a better understanding of the good sense and public spirit of our females, as he has already had of the fortitude and inflexible temper of our heroes. We do not suppose that these contributions can be any stable support to the campaign for any length of time; but, as it is a mark of respect to the army, it has given particular satisfaction, and it may be a great temporary service. Nothing has been more discouraging for some time past, than to believe that we were neglected, or almost lost from the remembrance of our fellow-citizens."—*Pennsylvania Packet*, July 8.

out the State, requesting their aid and influence in the several districts. And in order the more expeditiously to carry their scheme into execution, the ladies now met have taken the liberty to solicit the interest of the following ladies, in promoting the said subscriptions, viz.: For the County of Hunterdon, Mrs. (Vice-President) Stevens, Mrs. (Judge) Smith, Mrs. (Charles) Coxe, Mrs. R. Stevens, Mrs. Hanna, Mrs. T. Lowrey, Mrs. J. Sexton, Mrs. B. Van Cleve, Mrs. (Colonel) Berry, Mrs. (Doctor) Burnet; County of Sussex, Mrs. (Counsellor) Ogden, Mrs. (Colonel) Thomson, Mrs. (Major) Hoops, Mrs. T. Anderson; County of Bergen, Mrs. (Colonel) Dey, Mrs. Fell, Mrs. Kuyper, Mrs. Erskine, Mrs. (Major) Dey; County of Morris, Mrs. (Counsellor) Condict, Mrs. (Parson) Jones, Mrs. (Colonel) Remsen, Mrs. Vanzant, Mrs. Carmichael, Mrs. (Colonel) Cook, Mrs. Faesch; County of Essex, Mrs. (Governor) Livingston, Mrs. C. Camp, Mrs. (Doctor) Burnet, Mrs. (Elisha) Boudinot, Mrs. Hornblower; County of Middlesex, Mrs. Neilson, Mrs. (Counsellor) Deare, Mrs. (George) Morgan, Mrs. (Colonel) Neilson, Mrs. Neilson, Mrs. (Daniel) Marsh; County of Monmouth, Mrs. (General) Forman, Mrs. (Colonel) Scudder, Mrs. Newell, Mrs. (Peter) Foreman, Mrs. (Jacob) Wickoff, Mrs. (Peter) Covenhoven; County of Burlington, Mrs. (Colonel) Cox, Mrs. (Counsellor) Tallman, Mrs. (Colonel) Borden, Mrs. (Secretary) Reed, Mrs. (Captain) Reed; County of Somerset, Lady Stirling, Mrs. (General) Morris, Mrs. (Colonel) Martin, Mrs. (Attorney-General) Pattison, Mrs. R. Stockton; County of Gloucester, Mrs. (Colonel) Clark, Mrs. (Colonel) Wescott, Mrs. (Colonel) Ellis, Mrs. (Colonel) Hugg, Mrs. Bloomfield; County of Salem, Mrs. (Colonel) Dick, Mrs. Mayhew, Mrs. Taggart; County of Cumberland, Mrs. (Counsellor) Buck, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Elmer, Mrs. Bowen, Mrs. Fitman; County of Cape May, Mrs. (Counsellor) Hand, Mrs. Whilden, Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. Hildreth, whose well-known patriotism leaves no room to doubt of their best exertions in the promotion of an undertaking so humane and praiseworthy; and that they will be happy in forwarding the amount of their several collections, either with or without the names of the donors, which will be immediately transmitted by Mrs. (Moore) Furman, who is hereby appointed

Treasuress, to be disposed of by the commander-in-chief, agreeable to the general plan.

As the ladies here would wish to expedite the good work as much as possible, they have appointed Miss Dagworthy of Trenton, their Secretary, who will receive and answer all letters that the ladies of the different counties may think proper to favor her with on the occasion, and to furnish them proper subscription papers as soon as possible.[1]

Sea Fight off New Jersey.

JULY 10.—ON Thursday last, (6th,) the brig Admiral Rodney, of sixteen carriage-guns and eighty-three men, commanded by Captain Daniel Moore, sailed from Sandy Hook on a cruise, and on Saturday, (8th,) in latitude 39° 26′, longitude 74°, fell in with a rebel brig, (supposed to be the Kolker, of Philadelphia,) of sixteen guns, two cohorns, and a tier of swivels, and full of men. At four o'clock in the afternoon, a very close and furious engagement commenced between them, and in about twenty minutes after the action began, the gallant Captain Moore was mortally wounded in the head by a swivel-shot, while issuing his orders with that coolness and composure of mind which ever characterize the brave, and, by his spirited conduct, exciting the crew to follow so good an example. The action, which lasted three glasses, was continued with great spirit by the officers who succeeded to the command, and every individual on board behaved with that intrepidity and valor which has ever distinguished British seamen. So much justice should be done the rebel crew as to say that, though in an infamous cause, they did not exhibit any symptoms of cowardice until half-past five o'clock; when, after receiving a well-directed broadside from the Rodney, they uttered a dreadful scream, made sail, and ran off.

The Rodney chased about an hour; but totally disabled in her rigging, her mainsail and boom overboard, and not a single brace standing, she was reluctantly obliged to give over a vain pursuit and make the best of her way for New York, where she

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, July 8.

arrived the following evening. Captain Moore expired at four o'clock this morning, to the inexpressible grief of his gallant crew, and deservedly lamented by all who knew him. This last and melancholy proof was not wanting to evince his zeal in the service of his King and country. He had early taken an active part towards the suppression of a rebellion which he uniformly detested, and which, while he had life, he was determined to oppose. In a few words, it may with truth be said, that he died as he had ever lived—a faithful subject, a good citizen, an honest man.

His remains were interred this evening in the family vault in Trinity church-yard, New York, attended by a numerous and respectable company—the Marine Society—together with the owners and officers of the brig; and as many of the gallant crew as could be spared ashore showed their respect to his memory by attending the funeral.[1]

Nathaniel Fitz Randolph.

JULY 12.—A FEW days ago died, of the wounds he received in nobly fighting in defence of his country, Nathaniel Fitz Randolph, Esq., late of Woodbridge, in Jersey. This gentleman's zeal and activity, joined with the most intrepid bravery, had long rendered him obnoxious to the vindictive rage and cruelty of a British enemy, who has stained the pages of modern history with indelible marks of inhuman barbarity and savage cruelty. Twice he fell into their ruthless hands, and suffered all the tortures of long confinement in the provost guard, at New York, from whence he had lately been delivered.[2]

An Anecdote.

A FRENCH officer of Pulaski's corps, being asked the number of wounds he received in the American service, answered fourteen. Another officer standing by observed he had too many. "No," replied the veteran, "you surely will allow *one* for the King of France."[3]

JULY 19.—THIS morning, the first and second Pennsylvania

[1] Gaine's Mercury, July 17.
[2] New Jersey Gazette, July 12.
[3] New Jersey Journal, August 9.

brigades, commanded by Brigadier-General Wayne, marched from their respective encampments for the purpose of collecting and bringing off those cattle in Bergen county, New Jersey, immediately exposed to the enemy. After executing the order, General Wayne, on his return, visited a block-house in the vicinity of Bergen town, built and garrisoned by a number of refugees, to prevent the disagreeable necessity of being forced into the British sea-service. The work was found proof against light artillery, when a part of the first and second Pennsylvania regiments were ordered to attempt it by assault; when, after forcing their way through the abattis and pickets, a retreat was indispensably necessary, there being no other entrance into the block-house but a subterraneous passage, sufficient for one man to pass. The American loss consists of sixty-nine, including three officers, killed and wounded. Lieutenant Moody, and six of his party, were taken on their return from an excursion to Sussex.[1]

Wayne's Attack on the Bergen Block-House.

JULY 22.—A CORRESPONDENT of the London Chronicle, of this date, gives the following short sketch of the life and character of General Washington:—"As this gentleman always refused to accept of any pecuniary appointment for his public services, no salary has been appointed by Congress to his important command, and he only draws weekly for the expenses of his public table, and other necessary demands.

English Notice of Washington.

"General Washington having never been in Europe, could not possibly have seen much military service when the armies of Britain were sent to subdue the Americans; yet still, for a variety of reasons, he was by much the most proper man on the continent, and probably anywhere else, to be placed at the head of an American army. The very high estimation in which he stood for integrity and honor, his engaging in the cause of his country from sentiment, and conviction of her wrongs, his moderation in politics, his extensive property, and his approved abilities as a commander, were motives which necessarily obliged the choice of America to fall upon him.

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, July 25.

"That nature has given General Washington extraordinary military talents, will hardly be controverted by his most bitter enemies. Having been early actuated with a warm passion to serve his country in the military line, he has greatly improved his talents by unwearied industry, a close application to the best writers upon tactics, and by a more than common method and exactness. In reality, when it comes to be considered that at first he only headed a body of men entirely unacquainted with military discipline or operations, somewhat ungovernable in temper, and who, at best, could be only styled an alert and good militia; acting under very short enlistments, unclothed, unaccoutred, and at all times very ill supplied with ammunition and artillery; and that with such an army he withstood the ravages and progress of near forty thousand veteran troops, plentifully provided with every necessary article, commanded by the bravest officers in Europe, and supported by a very powerful navy, which effectually prevented all movements by water—when all this comes to be impartially considered, we may venture to pronounce that General Washington may be regarded as one of the greatest military ornaments of the present age.

"General Washington is now in the forty-eighth year of his age. He is a tall, well-made man, rather large boned, and has a tolerably genteel address, his features are manly and bold, his eyes of a bluish cast, and very lively; his hair a deep brown, his face rather long, and marked with the small-pox; his complexion sun-burnt, and without much color, and his countenance sensible, composed, and thoughtful. There is a remarkable air of dignity about him, with a striking degree of gracefulness; he has an excellent understanding, without much quickness; is strictly just, vigilant, and generous; an affectionate husband, a faithful friend, a father to the deserving soldier, gentle in his manners, in temper rather reserved; a total stranger to religious prejudices, which have so often excited Christians of one denomination to cut the throats of those of another. In his morals he is irreproachable, and was never known to exceed the bounds of the most rigid temperance. In a word, all his friends and acquaintances universally allow, that no man ever united in his own

character a more perfect alliance of the virtues of the philosopher with the talents of a general. Candor, sincerity, affability, and simplicity, seem to be the striking features of his character, until an occasion offers of displaying the most determined bravery and independence of spirit."[1]

[1] New Jersey Gazette, December 6.

CHAPTER VIII.

AUGUST 1.—ARGUMENTS at this period of the war to prove the justice of our cause, or the importance of the controversy, would be useless, nay, would be insults to our understandings. But our successes in arms and in gaining the powerful alliances of foreign nations, have lulled us into a dangerous security. We neither want wisdom to conduct, nor courage to finish, what we have carried so far with unequalled reputation. But as the bravest minds are the most tender and gentle, our soft feelings have betrayed us too soon into a forgiving indolence, and led us to hope that the war may be finished without those vigorous exertions which may prove bloody to us, and must end in the total destruction of our enemies. Save Britain! has been the common cry. It was our own. The Britons have schooled us out of our error, and taught us that we must entirely put out the flame, or lose the building.

An Appeal.

Britain hath long seen that the conquest of America, by force alone, is impracticable. She has therefore had recourse to stratagems, by which she hopes to gain an accommodation, if not a victory; an accommodation that will give such power to neutrals and Tories as will gain a slower, but not less certain, nor less fatal, victory in the end. To accomplish this she has too well succeeded in depreciating our money, by her emissaries both without and within our lines and councils. But she can never accomplish her design unless our zeal and vigor are depreciated with our money. This is now attempted by various means. Some they endeavor to crush by making

rapid excursions and cruelly and totally divesting them of their property; others are stolen from their beds into captivity; others are allured by hopes and fears, to trade and parole submission. By thus gradually removing from the lines such spirits as they cannot tame, and enlarging their connections among the meaner sort, they hope gradually to make their way into the country. We are, therefore, often told by their abettors that they can go where they please, and take whom they will. One to save his house will declare, "That no rebel gun was ever fired from behind it;" another to save his person, seeks a parole, or refuses to take any active part. The calamities of war are held up in magnified prospects on the one hand, and the mild terms offered by the enemy more falsely trumpeted upon the other. The most horrid murders, and other barbarities committed by them, are attributed to accident, or the error of some irresponsible individual. And from Lord North downward, they are all declaring they do not mean to injure America, but to watch the favorable movement of the war to give the Americans peace and order. That all their barbarity in the field, the destruction of our property, and the far more cruelly slow murders of thousands in their prisons, is only designed for our good, and to prepare us for the olive branch. By such pretensions some are imposed upon, and by the same, our public danger is increased. Yet how little reason there is for the imposition, reflection will soon convince.

The death of our paper currency and the fall of Charleston (S. C.) happening near together, flushed the hopes of the British, and, in their opinions, gained them the point which Lord North deemed proper for extending the olive branch. But what was their conduct? In the south, their cruelty, and the high demands of Clinton's proclamations, were sufficient to draw the pale ghosts from the graves of their former fears, resolved to check the tyrant or deliver themselves by an honorable death in arms. And amongst us their barbarities rose with their hopes, till they have proved to us, by the strong language of plunder, flames, and murder, that they only waited for power wholly to desolate the friends of liberty.

Our dwelling-houses and temples in flames before our eyes; the aged, the widow, the fatherless, insulted, beaten, and plundered without pity, are arguments we understand and feel. And oh! that unequalled act of guilt and cruelty! We cannot forget it, nor are we willing it should be forgotten. Defended by every personal charm; protected by a complete collection of the softest and most charming virtues; guarded by a sucking infant and a large family of depending babes, and who, sitting still in her own house, might thereby claim, at least, life from the enemy in whose power she had put hers; —yet she[1] falls by the deliberate aim of an instigated soldier! What then can we expect if fully in their power? Some of the enemy affect to say her death was accidental. There is sufficient proof to the contrary. But suppose some of the enemy thought so, did they show one mark of grief, pity, or humanity? Did one officer, or one soldier, protect the corpse, or save any property for the bereaved babes? Not one; General Robertson's wagon was brought to the door, and loaded by his own servants with the beds and family goods. General Skinner[2] knew the lady and her family. He had many years pleaded at the bar where her father was judge—long sat a fellow-member with him in the legislature; but the plunder of the house was more in his eyes than the murdered person of his old friend's daughter. And her corpse, which was in part stripped, must have been consumed in the flames had it not been for the humanity of some persons who were not of the army.

The enemy have also insulted our understanding by assigning as a reason why they burned our houses that *we fired out of them*. Had it been convenient to have used our houses as forts, we should have been justified in it, and could the enemy have fired them at that time, they would also have been justified. But after they were not, and could not again be used for that purpose, the reason for burning ceases. But the whole story is false in fact. We know but of one house out of which a gun was fired at the Connecticut Farms or Springfield. If

[1] Mrs. Caldwell.

[2] See Vol. I., p. 396.

there are any more instances they are very few. And did not the enemy avail themselves of our houses in Elizabethtown while they lay in it, and fire upon us out of the windows?

From every view, then, of the enemy's conduct, it is evident we have nothing to expect from them but the effects of pride and malice heightened by resistance. Many may now be flattered by them, and a few villains may be finally protected to answer their purposes. But if they could conquer this country for the present, they could not hold the conquest without crushing us. That necessity will favor their dispositions to prosecute the object. As a warning, we give an extract, which is genuine, from the Journal of a principal officer of their own when speaking of a number of persons of considerable note who came into General Howe, from Philadelphia. He says, "They are all very politely received for the present, but their several characters are particularly known to the general, and a day of reckoning is to come hereafter."

In these circumstances, Divine Providence is rousing to action by the most favorable prospects, our allies are gaining the superiority by sea in the different quarters of the globe, and at the same time have sent a very powerful aid to us. The remains of this campaign are big with important events. The danger and expense of one liberal supply, of one vigorous effort, will be much less than a lingering war. While in the one case our success is morally certain, and in the other doubtful. Rouse then all at once to action, and flash the final shock upon all those who disgrace humanity. Nay, humanity cannot live till they are dead. Give the necessary supplies, with your personal services. We shall either gain an honored death or secure a fine country in circumstances more advantageous to posterity than our fathers found it at first, even if we lose our movable property. Let us free ourselves from the hope of reunion with such men.

The Tories are now returning to their original—horse thieves, night robbers, and murderers. They are banding themselves together for the execution of their plan. Rise, then, to extirpate those wretches, root and branch, from this continent, which was given to freemen! The late militia law is

favorable beyond others to us who only deserve the country because we fight for it. And as the Government is fully in our own power, we need nothing but watchful zeal to have all our own. Look back on what we have done and gained, and also consider what we have at stake. Let not the want of a last brave effort sacrifice the whole. Do not so much as please the tories' ears by a groan under the complicated difficulties we have to struggle with. The greater they are, the more honor we shall gain by cheerfully surmounting them. In a future day we shall enjoy pleasing reflections, and feel rich, in proportion to the losses we have sustained in preserving our country. He that has lost nothing will not dare to be seen amongst freemen. Let affection, strengthened by suffering, fears roused by dangers, and fortitude supported by the greatest prospects, unite and invigorate the grand struggle, that we may soon be in full liberty and peace, each enjoying all that is contained in the character of *A Citizen*.[1]

Ensign Moody.

August 2.—Ensign Moody, a refugee from Sussex to the British army, who was lately sent from New York with a party of ruffians for the purpose of burning Sussex gaol, in Jersey, of taking, or assassinating Governor Livingston, and the persons who were active in apprehending the three spies lately executed, and of enlisting the inhabitants in the service of the British tyrant, has been captured by the vigorous exertions of Captain Lawrence, of the New York State levies, near the English neighborhood. The instructions found upon Moody, in order to give the better color to his private directions for enlisting and assassinating, and to prevent his being treated as a spy from the military style, that he was to produce, in case of his being taken prisoner, are in the following terms:

Head Quarters, May 10th, New York, 1780.

Sir,—You are hereby directed and authorized to proceed without loss of time with a small detachment into the Jerseys by the most convenient route, in order to carry off the person

[1] New Jersey Journal, August 2.

of Governor Livingston, or any other acting in public station whom you may fall in with in the course of your march, or any person whom you may meet with, and whom it may be necessary to secure for your own security, and that of the party under your command. Should you succeed in taking Governor Livingston, you are to treat him according to his station, as far as lies in your power; nor are you, upon any account, to offer any violence to his person. You will use your endeavors to get possession of his papers, which you will take care of, and upon your return, deliver at Head-Quarters.

By order of his Excellency, Lieut.-Genl. Knyphausen.

GEO. BECKWITH, Aide-de-Camp.

ENSIGN MOODY, 1*st Battalion*,
New Jersey Volunteers.

It is said that all of Moody's party, except one, (who, attempting to swim the North River in his flight, and is supposed to be drowned,) have either been captured or killed by the activity of the Jerseymen; and as to the famous or infamous ensign himself, the great taker of governors, and general gaol-deliverer of Sussex, he is at present safely lodged at West Point; and if he has justice done him, it is generally supposed, as our correspondent observes, that he will be hanged for a spy, for enlisting American citizens in the British army, and coming with a party so small as nine, and with weapons concealed, either of which are, according to the present construction of all the nations in Europe, characteristic of a spy.

It is reported that another party was sent from Staten Island last week for the express purpose of assassinating his excellency the governor. Ought not such bloody measures be retaliated upon the enemy?[1]

Clinton at Huntington Bay.

AUGUST 5.—CERTAIN intelligence having been received that Clinton had embarked the principal part of his force, at New York, and had proceeded to Huntington Bay, on his way to Rhode Island, to make a combined attack on the fleet and army of our allies now there, his Excellency

[1] New Jersey Journal, August 2.

General Washington marched from his camp at Prackness in Jersey, the 29th of July, and crossed the North River on the 31st, when a junction was formed with the troops under the command of Major-General Howe. His excellency had resolved, in case the enemy should continue their course to Rhode Island, to march immediately to New York and attack it. All the necessary preparations were made for this purpose, when intelligence arrived that the enemy had put back. It is to be regretted that they did not go on with their intended expedition, as our allies were well prepared to receive them, and they could have met with nothing but disgrace and defeat in that quarter; while in this we had every reason to expect, from the number and spirit of our troops, the most decisive and glorious success. Sir Henry no doubt relinquished his project, in consequence of this movement of our army; and it must be confessed that he abandoned it with much more prudence than he undertook it. The object for which the army crossed the river having ceased, the whole recrossed yesterday, and are marching towards Dobb's Ferry, in prosecution of the original plan formed for the campaign. The following are the vessels that composed Admiral Graves' squadron, viz.: the London, Bedford, Royal Oak, Prudent, America, and Shrewsbury, with the Amphitrite frigate.[1]

Anecdote of the King of Prussia.

AUGUST 9.—THE King of Prussia not long since presented his Excellency General Washington with the picture of his majesty taken to the life, inscribed under, "From the oldest general in Europe, to the greatest general on earth." A celebrated general of his majesty's, (over whom conquest never gained dominion,) on viewing the inscription, asks, "Why does he stand higher in the annals of fame than myself?" "Consider," replied this illustrious artist in the science of war, "You never fought but at the head of troops in number, discipline, bravery, ardor, and full of hopes, vieing with any commander; but this noble chief has encountered every embarrassment, and by his united abilities, (com-

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, August 15.

plete to constitute the general indeed,) has surmounted untold difficulties; and thereby justly stands entitled to such laurels as conquest, fame, and magnanimity can only give."[1]

Battle of Camden.

AUGUST 16.—EARLY this morning the advanced parties of the British under Cornwallis, and the Americans under General Gates, met in the woods near Camden. The result is not altogether known, but from every quarter we hear of the total rout of Gates and his ragamuffins.[2] A correspondent at Salisbury, in North Carolina, gives the following account of Gates's defeat, together with a sketch of the movements of the American army during the few days preceding the battle: "It is natural for mankind, who have lost their country and property, to be too anxious in their pursuits to regain them, and while they partially grasp at the shadow, lose the substance. Men of this complexion, constantly surrounding the commander-in-chief, lessening his difficulties, the number of the enemy, and pointing out the certainty of success, excite measures which in the event become fatal. We marched from Hillsborough about the 1st of July, without an ounce of provision being laid in at any one point, often fasting for several days together, and subsisting frequently upon green apples and peaches; sometimes by detaching parties, we thought ourselves feasted, when by violence they seized a little fresh beef, and cut, threshed out, and ground a little wheat; yet, under all these difficulties, we had to press forward.

"Just before, and on the arrival of General Gates, both he and the Baron De Kalb seemed disposed to give the army a little respite, but General Caswell, with the North Carolina militia, having moved over the Pedee, we were obliged to make a six days' hard march, before we could form a junction with him; this effected, our march was rapidly continued for six days longer, when we arrived at Clermont, within thirteen miles of Camden, on the 13th instant.

"Our supplies here began to come in more amply, and had

[1] New Jersey Journal, August 9. [2] Andrew Helm to P. Van Schaak.

we waited a few days, our forces must have been considerably augmented, which would have enabled us to have harassed the enemy, and in a great measure cut off their resources; this must have effected our purpose in the event without risking a general engagement, the last step in my opinion to be taken, where so much was to be risked. We were ordered down on the evening of the 15th to attack the enemy, and General Sumpter was to proceed down to the ferry opposite to Camden, to create a diversion in that quarter, to facilitate our making an impression on Camden. Here the British had collected their whole force, and gaining intelligence of our position, moved out at nine o'clock in the evening to meet us; forming an ambuscade on the road, they surprised us about one o'clock in the morning on our march. Our advanced and flanking parties endeavored to resist the shock, but were broken, and this threw the continental brigades into disorder; but they rallying immediately, advanced, engaged and forced the enemy to give way in turn; this gave respite to the troops to form, and so we remained in anxious expectation till near daybreak, nothing material occurring, but partial firings from the advanced and reconnoitring parties of each army, when the general ordered the first Maryland brigade to form a corps de reserve, about two hundred yards in the rear of the centre of the line; this was immediately effected, and the troops rested upon their arms till a little after daybreak, when the action recommenced.

"The attack was made by Lord Cornwallis from the right and centre, on the centre and left wing of the front line of the Americans, which was altogether composed of militia, who upon the first fire gave way, and were pursued by the British. This threw the corps de reserve into disorder; but they rallying immediately under a very hot fire, charged the British so warmly, that they entirely broke their centre. By this time the fire commenced very hot on the right, where the second Maryland brigade behaved with great gallantry and firmness, but the enemy's line of regular troops being far more extensive on the right than the Americans on the left, after the militia had given way, exposed the left flank and rear of the first brigade, notwithstanding which they manfully maintained their

ground, till the left wing was ordered to retreat to a point in view, about eighty yards in the rear, at the extremity of the flanking party. Here it instantly formed, renewed, and continued the attack with great vigor; but being again hard pressed in front, flank, and rear, retreated a second time, formed, and disputed the ground with great obstinacy, till, borne down by numbers, they were obliged generally to retreat. At this time the second brigade, which before had not been so hard pressed, was also borne down by superior numbers, after behaving with the greatest firmness and bravery. The retreat now became general, and the militia by this time had got six or eight miles in the rear, some of whom, together with our camp women, wagoners, and some scattering light horse, plundered all our baggage.

"General Smallwood endeavored to cover the retreat, and is collecting the remains of our scattered troops, for which purpose he has established posts at Salisbury and Charlotte, and has prevailed on a considerable body, not less than one thousand volunteers, to make a stand at Charlotte.[1] The British loss hath been much more considerable than the Americans. Lord Cornwallis, or some other British General, *it is conjectured*, is amongst the slain. Notwithstanding this misfortune, General Gates, whose head-quarters are at Hillsborough, is collecting a force much superior to his late army, and appears resolved to try the fortune of another day."[2]

[1] New Jersey Journal, September 17th.

[2] Pennsylvania Gazette, September 6; Rivington, in his Gazette of September 13, says:—"Instead of halting and collecting a force at Hillsborough, in North Carolina, General Gates' flight was rapidly continued three days into Virginia, one hundred and ninety miles from the field of action; it was effected upon a celebrated horse, the son of Colonel Baylor's Fearnaught, own brother to his Grace of Kingston's famous Careless, purchased of a general officer of the first distinction. All that Horatio Gates (after the defeat of his troops,) knew of the British army and its noble commander, was, their having in a short time become pre-eminently triumphant. Why, then, is it presumed to assert *the loss of the British was much more considerable than the Rebels.* Mr. Gates declares (concerning the great field-day) that *no part of his army could be accounted for but himself, and an Aide-de-Camp, his attendant.*

"The following dish has been hashed and served up at Mr. Washington's head-quarters: Imprimis—the killed, wounded, and prisoners taken of the *Conti-*

A British writer gives the following relation of the rise and progress of the continental army under the command of General Gates, till the total defeat thereof, near Camden:

British Account of the Battle of Camden.

"So long ago as the end of March, or beginning of April last, the continental regiments of Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania, consisting of about three thousand men, were detached from Washington's army for South Carolina. The excessive cold in the early part of their march, and the inconveniences they suffered from the heat of the weather latterly, had diminished their numbers by sickness and desertion very considerably. After Gates was appointed to the chief command, he sent Major-General Baron De Kalb forward, while he remained in Virginia, to invigorate the measures necessary for augmenting his army. There he succeeded in procuring considerable reinforcements. Of the fifteen hundred he collected, one-half were the flower of their young men, amongst whom was a corps of cadets, consisting of one hundred and fifty gentlemen. He then pushed into North Carolina, where he was joined by many recruits from the prisoners that had made their escape from Charleston; besides these, a number of militia had been collected under Generals Caswell and Rutherford.

nentals amount to five hundred: but (as we have already predicted) no mention is made of a single *militia-man*, or of the *missing* of the rebel army. *Four hundred baggage wagons*, laden with every necessary for an army, with a most complete park, (including many of the artillery taken at Saratoga,) with six hundred stand of arms and accoutrements for as many recruits, are part of the trophies. Forty of the above-mentioned wagons had been taken from the British some time before the action, by the rebel Colonel Sumpter, with a detachment of two or three hundred Continentals, but Colonel Tarleton's cavalry falling in with Mr. Sumpter, (who with his escort *were amusing themselves in a wood on a nutting party*,) the whole were retaken, after killing or securing most of the enemy's detachment. We are assured from the rebel accounts, that the noble commander of the British troops had, from the latest advices, advanced a considerable way into the province of North Carolina, from which every happy event may be presaged.

"Mr. Gates was, at the above disastrous crisis, in an indifferent state of health, his complaint a diarrhœa; his person was disguised in the retreat. It is said his officers have certainly sent a request to the rebel board of war at Philadelphia, desiring a court-martial may be held upon their commanding officer on the ever-memorable but calamitous 16th of August."

"Till the reinforcements from Virginia under Gates should arrive, nothing of consequence was attempted. De Kalb was joined by Colonel Sumpter and some other leading men from South Carolina, and some hundred of militia who were anxious to plunder the frontiers, in which they were gratified. They made several incursions, and even dared to attack some of the posts occupied by the king's forces, in which, however, they were constantly repulsed with considerable loss.

"On the 8th of August, the rebel army took post about sixteen miles from Camden. Lord Rawdon, who commanded in the absence of Lord Cornwallis, immediately called in all the outposts, and collected the whole force at that place. Lord Cornwallis having received information of Gates' advancing, set out for the army the 11th, and on the 14th at night arrived at head-quarters. It appears that his lordship determined immediately to attack Gates. On the 15th, at nine at night, the army were ordered to parade, accoutred for action, at their several alarm posts. Scarce an officer or soldier in the army knew of an action being expected. About ten o'clock two of Burgoyne's soldiers, who had enlisted in the rebel army, came in to Lord Cornwallis, and informed him that Gates was reinforced by fifteen hundred militia the night before, under General Stevens from Virginia, and that the whole rebel army was then in full march to attack his lordship. Notwithstanding this, the original plan was still pursued, the army marched at a little after ten, and at about two, greatly to the surprise of the enemy, the advanced parties of both corps met; a little skirmish ensued, when each retreated to their respective armies. By a kind of mutual consent, hostilities did not recommence till daylight, when a tremendous discharge of artillery and musketry from the royal army, announced the commencement of the most severe action that has happened in the field during this rebellion.

"The firing was kept up with mutual briskness for near an hour, when orders were given to charge. Twice it was attempted in vain, from the continued fire of the rebels; they at last attempted, in their turn, *something like it*, but the audacity of the attempt proved fatal to them; they fell into dis-

order, which gave the royal army an opportunity to close in with the bayonet.

"Tarleton had now joined the flank, and advanced near the enemy, who, in a few minutes, were totally routed, and the field left to the royal army. The pursuit was more fatal to the rebels than the action; it continued for twenty miles with unremitted ardor, the whole of which distance was strewed with dead and wounded bodies. Upwards of one thousand privates were killed in the battle and pursuit, and ninety officers; among them three generals. Near one thousand were taken prisoners, great numbers of whom are badly wounded; their whole train of artillery, composed of nine brass field-pieces, one hundred and fifty-six wagons, with complete teams, laden with many thousand stand of small arms, ammunition, provisions, and camp equipage, grace the triumph of the victors. Of the royal army about three hundred privates were killed and wounded, and twelve officers, though none of high rank.

"Lord Cornwallis's whole force, including Tarleton's legion, did not exceed twenty-four hundred, most of whom were in a low state of health, which is the only reason that can be ascribed for Gates' meeting them in the open field, for it is notorious that no other instance can be adduced during the whole course of the war, of any of the rebel generals coming to fair action with the royalists.

"About five hundred of Burgoyne's soldiers that had enlisted in the rebel service, were in the action; their superior discipline and bravery rendered it so obstinate and bloody.

"Gates was so certain of victory, and of Burgoyning Lord Cornwallis, as he termed it, that before the disposition was made for attack, he posted two bodies of his army at some distance to the right and left of the British army, with orders to close in upon them and cut off their retreat, while he in person attacked them in front with the main army.

"Thus are the two Southern provinces, by the kind interposition of Providence, happily saved from the miserable consequences of this sudden, unexpected, and impending blow. Bloody, dark, and deep plots and machinations were *in embryo*,

by obdurate rebels, in all quarters of the town and country, ready to spring forth into action, whenever Gates should give the decisive blow. Scenes of tyranny, robbery, persecution, and distress, even unto death, more intolerable and abominable, if possible, than ever, would have instantly followed. Cruel and relentless tyrants of the Congress and mankind, were in greedy expectation, to satiate their unbounded malice and resentment, and even imbue their wicked hands afresh in the blood of the loyalists, and again to subject us to the accursed domination of the *miscreant* Congress; a system so abhorredly infamous, as not to be equalled in any age or nation under heaven."[1]

Affairs in New York.

AUGUST 19.—THE following extract of a letter from a clergyman at New York, will convey a pretty lively idea of the joy which the British in that quarter must have felt at the news of Gates's defeat; it contains some other more important matter, which those who feel themselves concerned will do well to ponder upon:—"With respect to politics, you know you have laid me under strong injunctions to transmit you a faithful picture of them. I shall therefore be all obedience; though the shade will much overpower the light in my description. Know then the storm which hath long threatened us, hath at length covered us. The French force has arrived in our neighborhood; and to add to its impression, our intelligence from the South is of much the same color with that which, at short intervals, made its way to us on the eve of the miserable event at Saratoga. The enemy imagine nothing but conquest, and God grant they *imagine a vain thing;* but there is something else which sits heavy at my heart. A lowering discontent prevails in our lines, which sometimes breaks out into murmurs. I explained to you some time ago the cause which began to generate these ugly symptoms. The great from whom countenance, honors, and presentments come, 'Remember not the former things, neither consider the things of old.' They have shown an un-

[1] Rivington's Gazette, January 3, 1781.

warrantable predilection for those whose hearts have ever been known to be in the enemy's camp, and who, there is too good ground to presume, are more occupied in inventing topics of excuse of their present conduct to those on whom they think fortune *now* smiles, than in preparing cordials for those who have run their course with honor and consistency; and who must meet the worst rage of the foe. I, you know, am no party man. I add not one, therefore, to the number of murmurers. On the contrary, I exert my poor talents to assuage the dangerous and increasing malady, but reason on the other side too often reduces me to silence. I ventured to expostulate with our friend S—— G——, upon the injury which this temper might do to the common cause; who, in a rougher tone than I had ever heard from him, desired me to reserve my sermon for the pulpit. 'You, sir, (said he,) are by accident tolerably easy in your circumstances; but before you enter upon this subject again, fetch down to a level with me at least —— and ——, who now soar so high above me in all their pride of place. You know what I have been. Survey my present apparel. I have a family. You saw my table to-day.' I have been decided, so indeed have —— and ——: I *for*, they *against*, my sovereign. I this moment encountered 'two dark Presbyterians in close consultation, debating, I suppose, upon the properest arts to practise for their profit, and elevation, upon another change of sides; though the flush for recent favors lavished upon them by the royal hand was yet warm upon their cheeks. One of them, doubtless, hath laid his finger upon the office of lieutenant-governor, and the other of chief justice, if the rebel power prevail. Let them but attempt it, and my word for it, their subtlety will dissolve every obstacle in their way; and perhaps the time is not very distant when you and I shall hold up our hands before the latter for high treason against the United States, and the former will sign our warrants. You will call it policy perhaps which has ordered things thus. I believe, indeed, it is partly owing to the doctrine of the Florentine school; but I am convinced, that it is more to be ascribed to the unfeelingness of men, new to power, who have thus trampled upon our services, and

affronted us. They have provided for their minions from connection or caprice, after the fashion of their own country, and returned from us with scorn, to follow the pursuits of their own pleasure, their interest, or their vanity; but, however, though I cannot always govern my own passion, I trust I shall in the worst of times, behave like an honest man and a faithful subject.' Judge, therefore, what I feel. Would I had the nerves of ——, whose letter goes under cover with this; his spirit rises in proportion to our difficulties; and he overwhelms any man who doubts the ability of Cornwallis to keep what he has got, if he cannot *yet* penetrate further. It is his opinion that Washington's army of half-starved ragamuffins, who, in the language of Job, 'Cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper roots for their meat,' will melt before us as the vapor does before the sun; and he is preparing a suitable sermon, with the above verse for his text. Something, however, must happen in a few days, in the South, I mean, to end our doubts. To that quarter our eyes are more fixed than to what is rolling to ourselves. May my next make amends for this."[1]

AUGUST 31.—IN the Royal Gazette Extraordinary of this day, is published the following account of the different actions which have lately happened in South Carolina. Lord Cornwallis having received intelligence that General Gates had arrived at Deep Creek, in North Carolina, the twenty-fourth of July last, and taken upon him the command of the troops which had been collecting there since the surrender of Charleston, and that he was putting them in motion, set out for Camden on the evening of the tenth, and arrived there early in the morning of the fourteenth instant. General Gates had already penetrated into South Carolina, and was advanced as far as Rugely's, about twelve miles distance from Camden. His lordship having informed himself of the strength and position of the rebels, resolved to attack them, (although they had been joined on the fifteenth by about fifteen hundred militia, under General Scott, from Virginia,) and accord-

Operations in South Carolina.

[1] Upcott, vi. 89.

ingly about ten in the evening of that day the army began their march, and after they had proceeded about eight miles, the advanced guards of both parties fell in with each other, and a skirmish ensued in which several were killed and wounded on both sides; Colonel Porterfield, of the rebels, had his leg broken, and afterwards fell into our hands, as also did an ammunition wagon, which they left upon the field. From the prisoners and deserters, Lord Cornwallis was informed that the whole rebel army was upon the march to attack him. In order to avoid the confusion of an action in the night, his lordship halted on ground which was favorable for his small numbers, and in the mean time took measures to oblige the rebels to fight him on it. At daybreak in the morning, he formed his army into one line with a reserve, and the cavalry behind the reserve. The line consisted of two divisions; that on the right consisted of the light infantry, the twenty-third and thirty-third regiments, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Webster; the left, the volunteers of Ireland, infantry of the legion, and part of Colonel Hamilton's North Carolina corps, under Lord Rawdon, with two six and two three-pounders; the reserve was composed of the seventy-first regiment, and two six-pounders, to whom the cavalry was ordered to keep close; the North Carolina refugees and militia were directed to attend to the rear, and a swamp upon the left.

About twenty minutes after day, finding the rebels formed near him, Lord Cornwallis ordered their left to be attacked, and the action soon became general. After a short conflict, which was sustained about three-quarters of an hour, the rebels were thrown into utter confusion, and gave way, when they lost a great number of men; the cavalry were ordered immediately to fall upon them, which they did with great slaughter. The pursuit was continued for upwards of twenty-two miles, and many men were killed in the course of it; seven pieces of brass cannon and all their ammunition were taken in the field, and the baggage of their general officers, and all their other baggage and camp equipage, were taken in the pursuit by the cavalry, together with one brass field-piece, the carriage of which was damaged in the skirmish in the

night, and, with the seven before mentioned, was the whole they had with them. A General Gregory was killed in the field, and General De Kalb, who is since dead of his wounds,[1] and General Rutherford, who is also wounded, were made prisoners. Upwards of nine hundred officers and men were killed in the field, and in the pursuit, and about nine hundred were prisoners, many of whom are wounded. The loss sustained by the royal army in killed and wounded, amounts to three hundred and twenty men, including ten officers, three of which were killed, and two more dangerously wounded.

Some days before the action, General Sumpter was detached over the Wateree River, with twelve or fifteen hundred men, to cut off the communication between Lord Cornwallis and Charleston, and the Congaree. He fell in with, and took several wagons which were bringing flour, &c., to the British army, together with their escort and some sick men. On the morning of the seventeenth, Lieutenant-Colonel Tarle-

[1] Baron de Kalb, while exerting himself with great bravery to prevent the defeat of the day, received eleven wounds. His aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel du Buysson embraced him, announced his rank and nation to the surrounding foe, and begged that they would spare his life. While he generously exposed himself to save his friend, he received sundry dangerous wounds, and was taken prisoner. The Baron expired in a short time, though he received the most particular assistance from the British. He spent his last breath in dictating a letter, expressive of the warmest affection for the officers and men of his division—of the greatest satisfaction in the testimony given by the British army of the bravery of his troops—of his being charmed with the firm opposition they made to superior force, when abandoned by the rest of the army—of the infinite pleasure he received from the gallant behavior of the Delaware regiment, and the companies of artillery attached to the brigades—and of the endearing sense he entertained of the merit of the whole division he commanded. The Congress resolved on the fourteenth of October following, that a monument should be erected to his memory in Annapolis, the metropolis of Maryland, with a very honorable inscription.—*Gordon*, iii., 105.

De Kalb was a Prussian by birth. He bore a commission in the French service, and came to America three years ago with the Marquis de la Fayette, by whom he was considered as a Mentor. While native Americans in the rebel army were harassing and distressing the inhabitants wantonly and cruelly in North and South Carolina, for their having submitted to the British army, it is said the Baron constantly protected them, on the principle, that in Europe, particularly in Germany, it was the practice not to distress the inhabitants more than the service required.—*Rivington's Gazette*, January 3, 1781.

ton was detached with the cavalry and light infantry of the legion to attack him. He conducted his march with so much skill that he surprised the Americans in the middle of the day on the eighteenth, totally defeated them, killed upwards of one hundred and fifty, took two pieces of brass cannon, and three hundred prisoners; he at the same time retook the wagons which had been taken, and about one hundred men who had been made prisoners, and also relieved one hundred and fifty inhabitants who had been taken up by Sumpter. The British loss on this occasion is six men killed, including Captain Charles Campbell of the light infantry, and eight or ten wounded.[1]

After the victory, it was discovered that amongst the prisoners there were some persons who had lately received protections and enrolled themselves in the militia, to serve under and support his majesty's government, and one who was a prisoner upon parole, notwithstanding which, they were taken fighting on the part of the rebels. Two of them were hanged upon the spot, and we hear that wherever such instances of perfidy and treachery are discovered, they will constantly be punished with the utmost severity. Two deserters from the royal army were taken at the same time and executed in the same manner.

In marching the prisoners taken by Lord Cornwallis and Colonel Tarleton, from Camden to Charleston, the first division of them consisting of one hundred and fifty continentals, escorted by a party of the sixty-third regiment, were met by Colonel Marion, with one hundred and fifty or two hundred militia. Our party were made prisoners, and those they were conducting were rescued; but it was an event so little agreeable to them that within two days afterwards upwards of

[1] A writer in Cornwallis's army, in recording an account of this action, says: "This morning we overtook the rebel General Sumpter, fast asleep in his camp on the Creek, near the ford of the Catawba. A few of the rebels made a stand, but the greater part of them fled to the woods and hid themselves among the brambles. The 'plunder' we have taken is almost all Squire Sumpter had, and as we have the warbrobe of the army, it is probable the black flies and jiggers are before this time troubling the epidermis of the rebel crew. The worst we wish them is that they may not be able to scratch."—*Letter from Seth Wingard.*

one-half of them came of their own accord to deliver themselves up; and since that time the whole of them have surrendered themselves either to Lord Cornwallis or our party on this side of Santee; nor were the rebels able to carry away the party of the sixty-third, all of whom are since come in. So the only consequence of the insurrection is the discovery of the perjury and perfidy of a set of people, who, without hesitation, have broken through engagements which are always deemed so sacred and inviolable that the most severe punishment for the breach of them is not only warranted but required by the laws of nations and of arms. The prisoners, especially those called continentals, appear to be highly disgusted with, and disaffected to the cause they have been engaged in, and which many of them were obliged to enter into by absolute necessity, and the persecuting tyranny of a set of men who, without the least remorse or scruple, see hundreds every day sacrificed to attain their wicked and ambitious purposes.[1]

Attack on Captain Huddy.

SEPTEMBER 11.—YESTERDAY morning, seventy-two men, composed of new levies, refugees, and negroes, under the command of Lieutenants Josiah Parker and William Hewlet, about an hour before day, attacked the house of Captain Joshua Huddy, of Monmouth county, New Jersey, in the following manner, viz.: staving the windows to pieces, and ordering the damned rebels to turn out. This awoke Captain Huddy, who, having two loaded guns at hand, made use of them in a proper manner through the windows; and by the assistance of a girl, who carried him cartridges and rammed, he interchanged his firing up and down stairs, in such a manner, that the assailants took it for granted a small scouting party must be there; by this means he repulsed them, but on a consultation, they renewed the attack again, and fired the house, which induced Captain Huddy, on the entreaty of his wife and another woman, to capitulate on honorable terms, which were granted, and he delivered himself up a prisoner. On their entering the house, when they found

[1] Gaine's Mercury, September 25.

none but himself had defended it, and their brave negro Tye, (one of Lord Dunmore's crew) wounded, it was with the greatest difficulty he was prevented from being murdered. They broke the honor they had pledged, by not leaving Captain Huddy and his family a second change of clothes, and, after near two hours were spent in taking this one man, they made a shameful and silent retreat, loaded with disgrace. A short time after, six militia men pursued them, and renewed the attack, killing the refugee commander. After this they embarked in their boats, and passing the gut between Sandy Hook and the main, Ensign William Vincent, with sixteen of the State regiment, Salem men, attacked them again. The first fire, Captain Huddy, their prisoner, was wounded, but is like to do well. This threw them into such confusion, that they overset their boats, four in number, and about twenty were killed and drowned. This gave Captain Huddy an opportunity of attempting to make his escape by swimming, which he with much difficulty accomplished. We had but one man slightly wounded. This account is taken from Captain Huddy himself.[1]

SEPTEMBER 26.—TREASON of the blackest dye was yesterday discovered. General Arnold, who commanded at West Point, lost to every sentiment of honor, of public and private obligation, was about to deliver up that important fort into the hands of the enemy. Such an event must have given the American cause a deadly wound if not a fatal stab. Happily the scheme was timely discovered to prevent the fatal misfortune. The providential train of circumstances which led to it, affords the most convincing proofs that the liberties of America are the object of divine protection. At the same time the treason is so regretted, the General cannot help congratulating the army on the happy discovery. The Treason of Arnold.

Our enemies, despairing of carrying their point by force, are practising every base art to effect, by bribery and corruption, what they cannot accomplish in a manly way. Great honor is due to the American army, that this is the first in-

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, October 3.

stance of treason of this kind, where many were to be expected from the nature of the dispute, and nothing is so high an ornament to the characters of the American soldiers as their withstanding all the arts and seductions of an insidious enemy.

Arnold the traitor has made his escape to the enemy, but Mr. Andre, Adjutant-General to the British army, who came out as a spy to negotiate the business, is our prisoner.

His Excellency the Commander-in-chief has arrived at West Point, from Hartford, and is now doubtless taking proper steps to unravel fully so hellish a plot.'

A gentleman at the American camp, in a letter dated Robinson's House, gives the following account of the discovery of Arnold's plot:—"I make use of the present express to acquaint you with a scene of villany which happened in this quarter. A very singular combination of circumstances has preserved to us West Point and its dependencies. General Arnold, who was the commanding officer, has been bought over to the interest of the enemy, and the place in a few days must have become theirs. They had a part of their army in readiness to act on this occasion, and could not have failed of success from the concert of Arnold within the fort.

"Such was the situation of this important post, when a providential event discovered the traitor. Major Andre, the British Adjutant-General, a person of great talents, appears to have been the principal actor with Arnold. In his return to New York, after an interview with Arnold, he was stopped near Tarrytown by a few militia, (notwithstanding a pass written and signed by General Arnold, by which Andre was permitted to proceed as a John Anderson,) and detained as a spy. As they were conducting him to a party of continental troops, he offered them a large sum of money for his release, which they rejected with as much virtue as Arnold received his with baseness.

"The state of the garrison, arrangements for its defence in case of attack, a council of war, &c., were found on Andre, in Arnold's own handwriting.

Extract from General Greene's orders the day after the detection of Andre, published in the Pennsylvania Packet, October 10.

"Colonel Jameson, of the light dragoons, to whom he was conveyed in the first instance, and before a detection of these papers, despatched an account to Arnold that he had a spy in his care, and described him in such a manner, that Arnold knew it to be Andre. His Excellency General Washington, the Marquis de la Fayette, General Knox, and their aids, were within a few miles of his quarters at this juncture. I had preceded them with a Major Shaw, to give notice of their coming. Arnold, I think, must have received the advice while we were present, as I observed an embarrassment, which I could not at that time account for. The approach of his Excellency left him but an instant to take measures for his own safety, or it is likely he would have attempted that of Andre's, and the matter might have remained in obscurity. He ordered his barge, and passing King's Ferry as a flag boat, fell down to the Vulture sloop of war, which lay below at a short distance. In the mean time, an officer arrived with the papers which were discovered, and a letter from Andre to his Excellency, in which he endeavors to show that he did not come under the character of a spy. Upon this Colonel Hamilton and myself rode to King's Ferry, but he had before this gained the enemy's vessel.

"We expect Andre here every minute. I lament Arnold's escape, that we might have punished such a high piece of perfidiousness, and prevented the enemy from profiting by his information. Andre has ventured daringly for the accomplishment of a great end; fortunate for us his abilities failed him, as it was on the point of being finished, and he must in all human probability submit to the fate of a common spy."[1]

Another correspondent says:[2]—"I doubt not you have heard, ere this reaches you, of the most cursed plot ever formed by man, for the seizing of the person of his Excellency General Washington, with his family, on their return from the eastward, which would have taken place on the night of the 25th instant, had it not been providentially discovered by the

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, October 3.

[2] Extract of a letter from a gentleman at the camp, dated Tappan, September 28.

taking of a person who turns out to be Major Andre, Adjutant-General to General Clinton, who, it seems, has been all through our camp, disguised in the habit of a servant, and acted, when in camp, as waiting man to one Joseph Smith, formerly of New York, who lives near King's Ferry. General Arnold was the principal agent in carrying on this diabolical scheme. I shall endeavor, from the information received, to give you the particulars, viz.:

"On the 25th of this instant, Colonel Andre was stopped by three of the militia,[1] at or near Tarrytown, upon which he produced General Arnold's pass, in the following words: 'Permit the bearer to pass all guards and outposts of the Continental army wheresoever posted.' The pass being somewhat singular, the militia undertook to detain him, notwithstanding it was signed by General Arnold. When Andre found he could not prevail on them to pass him, he then offered them one hundred guineas, and it is said, rose to four hundred if they would dismiss him. This convinced them that he was a person of consequence and a spy, upon which they pinioned him and conducted him to one of their officers, who ordered him stripped, and his boots being the first articles taken off, they therein discovered a plan of the fortifications at West Point and King's Ferry, and our encampment at this place. Unfortunately for us, as they were searching Andre, a gentleman passed by, who inquired who he was, and was answered by the militia that he was a spy, and Adjutant-General of the British army; upon which the gentleman, pleased no doubt with the intelligence, rode off to West Point, and acquainted General Arnold with the same, not suspecting him to be concerned in the affair. Arnold apprehending the whole matter was discovered, immediately mounted his horse and rode to the water side, where his barge lay ready to receive him, and pushed off. Just at this instant his Excellency appeared in sight, and being acquainted with the taking of Andre, and Arnold's sudden flight, Colonel Hamilton, one of his Excellency's aids, was despatched to King's Ferry with all possible

[1] John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart.

speed, in hopes of stopping him, but the barge, rowed by eight stout fellows, had passed by before the colonel's arrival; and he had the mortification to see the greatest villain on earth go on board a vessel prepared for the reception of his Excellency and family; on board of which vessel Colonel Beverly Robinson was, with a sufficient number of picked men, for the purpose aforesaid.

"The plan was, to have surprised his Excellency and family, with the Marquis de la Lafayette, in the dead time of the night, in the above-mentioned Robinson's house, which was the quarters of Arnold, and where his Excellency was to have lodged that night, and Robinson was pitched upon to execute it, as being best acquainted with the avenues leading thereto. Had they succeeded, the garrison at West Point was next to be given up." [1]

Arnold in Effigy at Philadelphia.

SEPTEMBER 30.—THIS afternoon the people of Philadelphia and vicinity made a demonstration somewhat unfavorable to the late commander at West Point, by carting that notorious conspirator through the streets of the city. The exhibition was as follows:—A stage raised on the body of a cart, on which was an effigy of General Arnold sitting; this was dressed in regimentals, had two faces, emblematical of his traitorous conduct, a mask in his left hand, and a letter in his right from Beelzebub, telling him that he had done all the mischief he could do, and now he must hang himself.

At the back of the general was a figure of the Devil, dressed in black robes, shaking a purse of money at the general's left ear, and in his right hand a pitchfork, ready to drive him into hell as the reward due for the many crimes which his thirst for gold had made him commit.

In the front of the stage, and before General Arnold, was placed a large lantern of transparent paper, with the consequences of his crimes thus delineated, i. e.: On one part General Arnold on his knees before the Devil, who is pulling him

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, October 3.

into the flames; a label from the general's mouth with these words, "My dear sir, I have served you faithfully;" to which the Devil replies, "And I'll reward you." On another side, two figures hanging, inscribed, "The Traitor's Reward," and written underneath, "The Adjutant-General of the British Army, and Joe Smith; the first hanged as a spy, and the other as a traitor to his country." And on the front of the lantern was written the following:—

"MAJOR-GENERAL BENEDICT ARNOLD, LATE COMMANDER OF THE FORT WEST POINT. THE CRIME OF THIS MAN IS HIGH TREASON.

"He has deserted the important post WEST POINT, on Hudson River, committed to his charge by his Excellency the Commander-in-chief, and has gone off to the enemy at New York.

"His design to have given up this fortress to our enemies, has been discovered by the goodness of the Omniscient Creator, who has not only prevented him carrying it into execution, but has thrown into our hands ANDRE, the adjutant-general of their army, who was detected in the infamous character of a spy.

"The treachery of this ungrateful general is held up to public view, for the exposition of infamy, and to proclaim with joyful acclamation, another instance of the interposition of bounteous Providence.

"The effigy of this ingrate is therefore hanged (for want of his body) as a traitor to his native country, and a betrayer of the laws of honor."

The procession began about four o'clock in the following order:—Several gentlemen mounted on horseback; a line of Continental officers; sundry gentlemen in a line; a guard of the city infantry; just before the cart, drums and fifes playing the Rogue's March; guards on each side.

The procession was attended with a numerous concourse of people, who after expressing their abhorrence of the treason and the traitor, committed him to the flames, and left both the effigy and the original to sink into ashes and oblivion.[1]

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, October 3.

A correspondent, in a letter to the printer of the Pennsylvania Packet, referring to the foregoing, says:—"I was sorry to see that in your last paper, giving an account of the funeral of Benedict Arnold, you take but little notice of the letter written to him by his master. As I am very curious of these original pieces, I took a copy of it, and I beg you to publish it in your next:

Beelzebub to General Arnold.

"'A letter from his INFERNAL MAJESTY BURLATARRA BEELZEBUB, to ALAN BUZRAEL, commonly called BENEDICT ARNOLD, a true copy of the original which he had in his hand before he was burnt, in Philadelphia, September 30, 1780.

"'Faithful Buzrael,—You remember that before we sent you into the world to prepare the ruin of America, (the worthy object of our indignation being by its situation capable of more virtue than any country in the world,) we ordered you to begin by great exertions of bravery, to gain the affections of the inhabitants, and bestow on yourself their confidence and their friendship. You succeeded very well in this business, and you were even skilful enough to seduce and associate to your operations some powerful citizens of their country, whom we shall reward in time for their great achievements. We assure you of our royal satisfaction in this particular, and we are glad to see that you obtained the title of a general, in which dignity you may be able to do more mischief than in any other. But we cannot approve of the choice you made of your face, which has something roguish in it, and does not quite inspire all that confidence we expected. We understand, by some savages, both English and Americans, lately arrived in our dominions, that what they call the virtuous citizens of America suspect you very much of being an enemy to their country. We see with great abhorrence, that, notwithstanding all your secret intrigues to ruin the country, the independence of America acquires every day more strength and solidity; their commerce is flourishing more than ever, their country affords them every kind of provisions, their patriotism grows more and more invincible. We deplore with our friends in England the good condition of their army, and the bravery of their soldiers. Our kingdom trembles at the very name of

Washington, and we detest him as much as he is adored by his countrymen. We expect that you will find some effectual means to deliver us from this powerful enemy, but particularly to put an end, by a capital stroke, to all the pretensions of that people, and we flatter ourselves that after their subjection they will be in a few years as corrupted, as wicked, as cruel as their mother country. We rely entirely upon your abilities, but at the same time we require a prompt execution of our orders: your affectionate King, BEELZEBUB.'"[1]

Andre Sentenced to be Hung.

OCTOBER 1.—YESTERDAY the board of general officers appointed by General Washington for the trial of the unfortunate Major Andre, having fully considered the facts belonging to his case, reported that he "ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy, and that agreeably to the law and usage of nations, in their opinion he ought to suffer death." General Washington approved of this opinion, and ordered the execution to take place this afternoon, but owing to the arrival of a flag from the enemy, it is postponed until to-morrow at noon.[2]

The following is a copy of a letter from Major Andre to his Excellency General Washington, received to-day:

"Sir:—Buoyed above the fear of death, by the consciousness of a life spent in the pursuit of honor, and fully sensible that it has at no time been stained by any action which, at this serious moment, could give me remorse, I have to solicit your Excellency, if there is any thing in my character which excites your esteem, if aught in my circumstances can excite you with compassion, that I may be permitted to die the death of a soldier; it is my last request, and I hope it will be granted. I have the honor to be, &c."[3]

OCTOBER 2.—ARNOLD'S conduct since he went to New York, is a greater proof of his villany (if greater villany is

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, October 7.

[2] Clift's Diary; and MS. letter from Charles Wilson to Timothy Payne.

[3] New Jersey Journal, October 25.

possible) than his late treason. At his arrival with the British, says a gentleman in the American army, he had upwards of fifty of our warmest friends in New York taken up, and put into dungeons and other places of confinement. But there is a Providence attending the unhappy friends to their country, that puts it out of his power to injure them, other than imprisonment. Such was the precipitate flight he made, to save his neck from the halter, that he had no time to move off a single paper, or any other matter which can be a testimony against those he would otherwise ruin in person and estate.[1]

Arnold at New York.

General Robertson, of the British army, came up yesterday to Dobb's Ferry with a flag, which was soon dismissed, it being of so trite a nature, viz., to entreat his Excellency General Washington, at the request of Sir Harry Clinton, to use lenity to Major Andre; it had the effect to respite him for some hours, as the flag did not return till five o'clock, which was the hour fixed in general orders for his execution. This day at twelve o'clock it took place, by hanging him by the neck. Perhaps no person (on like occasion) ever suffered the ignominious death, that was more regretted by officers and soldiers of every rank in our army; or did I ever see any person meet his fate with more fortitude and equal conduct. When he was ordered to mount the wagon under the gallows, he replied: "He was ready to die, but wished the mode to have been in some more eligible way;" preferring to be shot. After he had opened his shirt collar, fixed the rope, and tied the silk handkerchief over his eyes, he was asked by the officer commanding the troops, if he wished to say any thing? He replied: "I have said all I had to say before, and have only to request the gentlemen present, to bear testimony that I met death as a brave man."[2]

Execution of Andre.

[1] Extract of a letter from the camp, Tappan, October 2.—*Pennsylvania Packet*, October 10.

[2] He was dressed in full uniform, and after the execution his servant demanded his clothing, which he received. His body was buried near the gallows.

The flag mentioned to have come out with General Robertson, was received by General Greene and Colonel Hamilton; and what is curious, Arnold sent his resignation, with desire that General Washington should forward it to Congress, with an insolent letter, intimating he would never serve Congress any more, nor need they expect it. And, moreover, that if Major Andre should be executed by order of General Washington, that he would strike a blow on some of his friends on the continent, that should sufficiently retaliate for his loss to his Prince. General Greene, when he read the letter, treated it with contempt, and threw it on the ground before General Robertson, that he might return it to the traitor if he thought proper. The hanging of Major Andre, one of the most eminent officers and polite men in the British army, and the *second life* of Clinton, shows we are not deterred by great menaces, but determined to extirpate our enemies one by one, until peace shall be restored to our country.[1]

Robert Erskine Died.

OCTOBER 5.—DIED the second instant, at his house at Ringwood, Robert Erskine, F. R. S., and geographer to the army of the United States, in the forty-sixth year of his age; a man in whom were united the Christian and the gentleman. His integrity and unbounded benevolence have rendered his death a loss to the public, and a subject of sincere regret to all his acquaintances. He made the laws of

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, October 10. General Arnold, as soon as he heard of the execution of Major Andre, struck with this daring act of Washington's, and alarmed for the safety of a beautiful and affectionate wife and four fine children he had left behind at West Point, wrote immediately the following laconic note to the rebel commander:

"SIR,—The wanton execution of a gallant British officer in cold blood, may be only the prelude to further butcheries on the same ill-fated occasion. Necessity compelled me to leave behind me in your camp, a wife and offspring, that are endeared to me by every sacred tie. If any violence be offered to them, remember I will revenge their wrongs in a deluge of American blood!

"Yours, &c.,

"B. ARNOLD.

"New York, October 5, 1780.

"*His Excellency General Washington.*"

No answer was received to the above.—*Upcott*, vi. 65.

justice the invariable rule of his conduct, and upon this principle espoused the cause of America, in which he served his country with approbation and universal esteem.[1]

General Arnold has been hung in effigy, and burnt at Boston, Providence, and other places in New England. The figure was committed to the flames in sight of the famous Elm of Liberty in Providence, and several persons from the neighboring towns assisted at the ceremony.[2]

SATAN AND ARNOLD.

Quoth Satan to Arnold, My worthy good fellow,
I love you much better than ever I did;
You live like a prince, with Hal may get mellow,
But mind that you both do just what I bid.

Quoth Arnold to Satan, My friend do not doubt me,
I will strictly adhere to all your great views,
To you I'm devoted, with all things about me,
You'll permit me, I hope, to die in my shoes.[3]

October 9.—When we see a man who has formerly attracted esteem, at once falling into the greatest contempt, and becoming the opprobrium and shame of his country, we feel a mixture of passions in striking him off the list of honest men to degrade him with the most infamous. The good citizen is ready to reproach himself for having misplaced his esteem, and would fain strip the wretch even of those qualities that had the semblance of good and occasioned the error. It is thus we regard Arnold, whose name must now go down to posterity with the epithet traitor. We see the traitor Arnold in his degradation and misery, deprived even of the honor of having been brave. But why should we contest this advantage? Have not robbers and assassins who take from the passenger his purse and his life; have not incendiaries, parricides, and traitors, a certain species of bravery? We may leave, then, to

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, October 28.
[2] Upcott, vi. 151.
[3] New Jersey Gazette, November 1.

itor Arnold this quality, which can only serve to place mes in a stronger point of light. His treason, avarice, risy, ingratitude, barbarity, falsehood, deception, pecu- and robbery, all these are the base and black crimes of nspirator.

Treason. He solicited the command of the bulwark of ca on purpose to deliver it, with his benefactor and gen- nto the hands of the enemy.

Avarice. Should we give a particular account of the n he concluded, and the disputes about the price at he sold himself and country, even Britons themselves blush at the infamy.

Hypocrisy. The traitor Arnold had the face to speak gion in his address to the Americans. He had so totally mself to the English, and was so entirely lost to every sentiment, as not to perceive that Providence itself had ized the cause of our independence, by discovering his n a manner next to miraculous.

Ingratitude. He aimed to plant a dagger in the bosom country, which had raised him from the obscurity in he was born, to honor which never could have been

to deceive the Britons, and to obtain a command by which he might better serve the Americans by betraying their enemies.

8. *Peculation.* His papers contain the most authentic and incontestable proofs of this crime; and that he never regarded his important employments but only as power which enabled him to pillage the public with impunity.

9. *Robbery.* He robbed his country at the time of her deepest distress. He robbed his own soldiers when they wanted necessaries. He robbed a poor helpless woman of a pittance she had earned by service for his army. He robbed his own friends, who trusted and had greatly served him.

This is the man to whom we are told the Britons have given the rank of a general in their army. This may be true, perhaps they are capable of such an act. But if there is an officer of honor left in the British army, he will sooner resign his commission, or die by his own sword, than serve under, or rank with, Benedict Arnold.[1]

OCTOBER 19.—THE Governor of New York hath issued a proclamation, recommending to the inhabitants of that State, to observe Thursday, the second day of November next, as a day of prayer and thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the recent and remarkable deliverance wrought in behalf of the United States in general, and of this State in particular, by the discovery of the treasonable conspiracy for betraying the fortifications in the Highlands into the hands of the enemy; to deprecate his wrath for the evils prevalent among us, and humbly to implore a continuance of his favor and protection.[2] Thanksgiving Day.

OCTOBER 20.—GOVERNOR JOHNSTONE, says a writer in England, has received a letter from Sir George Brydges Rodney, from New York, containing the following, amongst many other authentic particulars, of the late discovery of Arnold's plot. He says that the miscarriage of the plan was owing entirely to delay; for that Major Andre Rodney's Account of the Capture of Andre.

[1] Boston Independent Chronicle, Dec. 8. [2] Pennsylvania Packet, Oct. 24.

had acted as valet de chambre to Arnold for some time, and had been twice backward and forward from New York to Washington's camp. His detention was owing entirely to accident, and a want of presence of mind; for after he had been seized by the three stragglers who first took him, they suffered him to go; but one of them stopped the others, and insisted upon going after him again, from a conviction that there was something suspicious about him. When they again took him, either from want of recollection, or lest it might occasion suspicions injurious to Arnold, he did not produce a pass from that general which *he had in his pocket*, but imprudently offered, first his gold watch, and then his purse, which confirmed their suspicions. As soon as he was brought to General Washington, and his person identified, the general, after consulting with M. De Rochambeau, sent his compliments to Arnold, who had the command of five forts, amongst which were the important ones of West Point and Stony Point, signifying their joint intention of visiting him the next day, with a request that his troops, consisting of twenty-seven hundred men, might be drawn out. Arnold at that time not suspecting a discovery, returned a willing answer; but Washington's aide-de-camp unguardedly dropping some expressions of a spy being taken, and great discoveries being made in the camp, Arnold took the alarm, and escaped precipitately in a whale-boat. General Washington, immediately on his escape, put General Lord Stirling, seven colonels, and two members of Congress, under an arrest. As soon as Sir Henry Clinton was apprised of Major Andre's situation, he sent General Robertson with a flag of truce, to obtain his release on terms proposed by him, or at least to spare his life; but General Washington, acting conformably to all the rules of war, said he could consider him in no other light than a spy, and that it was impossible to relax from his sentence.[1]

October 23.—On Arnold's arrival in New York, the sagacious great ones supposed, that upon paying particular atten-

[1] Upcott, vi. 143.

Major André

tion to the villain, they would lessen his crimes in the eyes of the world, and introduce him to the notice of their circle, without which they foresaw he must sink into obscurity and contempt. He was accordingly in appearance caressed by all in power, and General Robertson's house fixed upon for his residence. Whenever he chose to ride, the different aids in rotation attended him in his promenade, which gave rise to the following anecdote: One morning when it was General Robertson's aid's tour, he remonstrated with the general against it, and showed evident marks of reluctance to go upon that piece of duty. The general desired to know the reason. The aid honestly confessed, that to be seen attending such a scoundrel through the streets, very much injured his feelings. To which old Jemmy, pulling up his breeches, replied, "Hut! hut! mun, and what think you of my feelings?"[1]

Arnold and Gen. Robertson.

AN EPIGRAM.

'Twas Arnold's post Sir Harry sought,
Arnold ne'er enter'd in his thought.
How ends the bargain? let us see,
The fort is safe as safe can be,
His favorite perforce must die,
His view's laid bare to ev'ry eye;
His money's gone—and lo! he gains
One scoundrel more for all his pains.
Andre was gen'rous, true, and brave,
And in his room he buys a knave.
'Tis sure ordain'd that Arnold cheats
All those, of course, with whom he treats.
Now let the Devil suspect a bite,
Or Arnold cheats him of his right.[2]

October 27.—Last evening, the infamous traitor Arnold was carried through New Milford, Connecticut, in effigy. He made his appearance sitting on his coffin, in a horse-cart, hung round with several pair of splendid lanterns; behind the traitor stood the Devil, who seemed, however, ashamed of so unprofitable a servant. The traitor

Arnold's Effigy at New Milford.

[1] New Jersey Journal, Jan. 31, 1781.
[2] Pennsylvania Packet, Oct. 24.

being dressed in uniform, pinioned, and properly accoutred for the gallows, having made the tour of the town, was brought under strong guard to the place of execution, where, in the view of some hundred spectators he was formally hanged, cut down, and buried. The numerous populace expressed their universal contempt of the traitor, by the hissing explosion of a multitude of squibs and crackers, with which they graced his exit, as well as their joy at the timely discovery of his hellish treason, by a beautiful illumination of the town. The whole procession and execution, with all things pertaining to the exhibition, were conducted with the greatest decency and good order. Thirteen volleys were fired by the guards, and three cheers given by the people in testimony of their joy that the States were rid of the traitor. This closed the scene. On the heart of the traitor was fixed a label expressive of his real character, the justice of his condemnation, and a bequest of his soul to the Devil. A label from the Devil's mouth announced his acceptance of the bequest, in regard to the traitor's intentional service; but on account of his motley performance, assigned him a place below every Devil of enterprise and principle.

It is hoped the ever memorable 25th of September (the day when the blackest of crimes was unfolded) will be observed yearly throughout the United States of America, and handed down to the latest posterity, to the eternal disgrace of the traitor.[1]

Battle of King's Mountain.

OCTOBER 30.—COLONELS CAMPBELL and SEVIER have taken a great part of Cornwallis' army, and a precious crew of Tories, at King's Mountain.[2] The battle took place on the 7th instant, and lasted more than an hour.[3] The following is the official account:—"On receiving intelligence that Major Ferguson had advanced up as high as Gil-

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, January 16, 1781.

[2] King's Mountain is situated near the Cherokee Ford, in the northern part of South Carolina. The battle ground is about one mile and a half north of the South Carolina line.

[3] Clift's Diary.

bert town, in Rutherford county, and threatened to cross the mountains to the western waters, Colonel William Campbell, with four hundred men from Washington county in Virginia, Col. Isaac Shelby, with two hundred and forty men from Sullivan county in North Carolina, and Lieut.-Col. John Sevier, with two hundred and forty men of Washington county, North Carolina, assembled at Wattango, on the 25th of September, where they were joined by Col. Charles McDowell with one hundred and sixty men from the counties of Burke and Rutherford, who had fled before the enmey to the western waters. We began our march on the 26th, and on the 30th we were joined by Col. Cleveland, on the Catawba River, with three hundred and fifty men from the counties of Wilkes and Surrey. No one officer having properly a right to the command-in-chief, on the 1st of October we despatched an express to Major-General Gates, informing him of our situation, and requesting him to send a general officer to take command of the whole. In the mean time, Colonel Campbell was chosen to act as commandant, till such general officer should arrive. We marched to the Cowpens on Broad River, in South Carolina, where we were joined by Colonel James Williams, with four hundred men, on the evening of the 6th of October. He informed us that the enemy lay encamped somewhere near the Cherokee ford of Broad River, about thirty miles distant from us.

"By a council of the principal officers it was there thought advisable to pursue the enemy that night, with nine hundred of the best horsemen, and leave the weak horse and footmen to follow as fast as possible. We began our march with nine hundred of the best men about eight o'clock the same evening, and marching all night, came up with the enemy about three o'clock P. M. of the 7th. They were encamped on the top of King's Mountain, twelve miles north of the Cherokee ford, in the confidence that they could not be forced from so advantageous a post. Previous to the attack, on our march, the following disposition was made: Colonel Shelby's regiment formed a column in the centre on the left; Col. Campbell's another on the right; part of Col. Cleveland's regiment,

headed in front by Major Winston, and Colonel Sevier's, formed a large column on the right wing; the other part of Cleveland's regiment, headed by Col. Cleveland himself, and Colonel Williams's regiment, composed the left wing. In this order we advanced and got within a quarter of a mile of the enemy before we were discovered. Col. Shelby's and Col. Campbell's regiments began the attack, and kept up a fire on the enemy, while the right and left wings were advancing to surround them, which was done in about five minutes, and the fire became general all around. The engagement lasted an hour and five minutes, the greatest part of which time a heavy and incessant fire was kept up on both sides. Our men, in some parts where the regulars fought, were obliged to give way a small distance two or three times, but rallied and returned with additional ardor to the attack. The troops upon the right having gained the summit of the eminence, obliged the enemy to retreat along the top of the ridge to where Col. Cleveland commanded, and were there stopped by his brave men; a flag was immediately hoisted by Captain Depeyster, the commanding officer, (Major Ferguson having been killed a little before,) for a surrender. Our fire immediately ceased, and the enemy laid down their arms, the greatest part of them loaded, and surrendered themselves prisoners to us at discretion. It appears from their own provision returns for that day, found in their camp, that their whole force consisted of eleven hundred and twenty-five men, out of which they sustained a very heavy loss.[1]

[1] Account of the action given by Colonels Campbell, Cleveland, and Shelby, in the New York Packet, November 23. The following is a statement of the loss in this battle, as given by the above colonels:—"Of the regulars, one major, one captain, two sergeants, and fifteen privates killed; thirty-five privates wounded, left on the ground unable to march; two captains, four lieutenants, three ensigns, one surgeon, five sergeants, three corporals, one drummer, and forty-nine privates taken prisoners.

Loss of the Tories, two colonels, three captains, and two hundred and one privates killed; one major and one hundred and twenty-seven privates wounded, and left on the ground not able to march; one colonel, twelve captains, eleven lieutenants, two ensigns, one quartermaster, one adjutant, two commissaries,

NOVEMBER 1.—MR. WASHINGTON seems to be playing the royal game of goose with Messrs. Clinton and Knyphausen, when by a single shifting of his position, he can oblige them to begin the game afresh. These generals had therefore better take great care how they attempt trapping this old fox, lest they themselves might fall into the same trap.[1]

NOVEMBER 4.—BY accounts from Maryland we are informed, that the like spirit of patriotism has been kindled amongst the women of that State as in Philadelphia. Large sums have been presented for the use of the brave American army; part of which has been laid out in linen, and in one town, Baltimore, six hundred shirts have been made for the immediate supply of the troops in that article of clothing. Patriotism of the Maryland Women.

Mrs. Lee, the lady of his Excellency, the governor of the State,[2] had early written to women of the several counties, who readily engaged, each to be the treasurer of her particular district. Returns have not yet been made of the sums presented, but in some counties, that of Dorset particularly, the amount of thirty pounds in specie, has been presented by some individuals.

In the city of Annapolis, notwithstanding many of the citizens had removed to their country seats during the summer season of the year, and made their contributions in the respective districts of their residence, yet there has been col-

eighteen sergeants, and six hundred privates taken prisoners. Total loss of the enemy, eleven hundred and five men at King's Mountain.

Given under our hands at Camp,

(Signed) WILLIAM CAMPBELL,
ISAAC SHELBY,
BENJN. CLEVELAND.

The loss on our side was, killed, one colonel, one major, one captain, two lieutenants, four ensigns, nineteen privates—total, twenty-eight. Wounded, one major, three captains, three lieutenants, fifty-three privates. Total sixty-four wounded.

[1] New Jersey Journal, November 1.

[2] Thomas Sim Lee was governor of Maryland from 1779 until 1783. He was afterwards chosen to represent the State in Congress, and was also a member of the convention which formed the Constitution. He died in 1819.

lected to the amount of sixteen thousand one hundred and twenty-three dollars, and one third currency; some women offering two, some five, and some twenty guineas in specie.

It is needless to repeat the encomiums that have been already given to the females for their exertions. Every Whig mind must be sensible that they deserve the highest praise. Even those who are enemies to the cause must admit, that their means of serving it do honor to the sex. The women of every part of the globe are under obligations to those of America, for having shown that females are capable of the highest political virtue. Those of posterity will also acknowledge that they derive happiness and glory from them. We cannot help imagining, what some learned and elegant historian, the Hume of the future America, when he comes to write the affairs of these times, will say on the subject.

In a history, which we may suppose to be published about the year 1820, may be found a paragraph to the following purpose:—"The treasury was now exhausted, and the army in want of the necessaries of life and of clothing, when the women gave a respite to our affairs, by one of those exertions that will forever do honor to the sex. In the state of simplicity and plainness in which our country then was, they had not earrings and bracelets to give, in imitation of the Roman ladies on a like occasion, but they presented gold and silver, and what share of the paper money had come into their hands. This was laid out in linens, and shirts were made by their hands for the use of the soldiery, &c., &c., &c.

"Mrs. Reed, of Pennsylvania, the lady of the then President, a most amiable woman, was the first to patronize the measure. Mrs. Lee, of Maryland, lady of the governor of that State, a woman of excellent accomplishments, was in her State the next to receive the patriotic flame, and give it popularity among her sex.

"Mrs. Washington, of Virginia, lady of his Excellency the Commander-in-chief, was equally favoring to it in her State. The Jerseys had been already warmed by the example of the virtue of Pennsylvania, and the females of that State, &c., &c., &c."[1]

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, November 4.

NOVEMBER 6.—A WRITER in London, says:—The incredible fall of continental currency in America, may be understood from the following notorious fact, viz.: Ten thousand pounds Maryland currency *was* worth six thousand sterling; ten thousand pounds continental money *is* worth one hundred pounds. The difference makes a loss of five thousand nine hundred pounds sterling, being as sixty to one. American Finances.

This was the exchange at Philadelphia in June last, and as they had not then heard of Gates's defeat, it must be now lower. Actions commenced for considerable sums by creditors, have been obliged to be withdrawn, or a non-suit suffered; a lawyer of eminence not opening his mouth in a trial of consequence, under a fee of *one thousand pounds*, though the legal fee is about forty, and the debt, if recovered, being paid in continental money, dollar for dollar, worth now but a penny, the difference between a penny and 4*s.* 6*d.* sterling, is lost to the receiver. The Congress having called in the former emissions, forty dollars for one, and giving that *one* in paper, cuts off every hope it will hereafter *appreciate*. The freight of a hogshead of tobacco is three hundred pounds, or one hogshead for the carriage of another; instead of the creditor pursuing the debtor with an arrest, the debtor pursues the creditor with a *tender* of continental money, and forces the bond out of his hand. Hence it appears what the best fortunes in that country are reduced to; an unpleasing reflection it must be! for time, which lightens all other losses, aggravates the loss of fortune. Every day we feel it more, because we stand more in want of the conveniences we have been used to. On the other hand, new fortunes are made on the ruin of old ones. War, which keeps the spirits in motion, has diffused a taste for gayety and dissipation. The French Resident at Philadelphia gives a rout twice a week to the ladies of that city, amongst whom French hair-dressers, milliners, and dancers are all the *ton*. The *Virginia Jig* has given place to the *Cotillon*, and minuet-de-la-cour. The Congress are fallen into general contempt, for their want of credit and power; the army is absolute, and has declared it will not submit to a peace made by Congress; the people grumble, but are obliged to surrender

one piece of furniture after another, even to their beds, to pay their taxes. After all, a power drawn from such distant and dissonant parts cannot form a permanent union. The force of this kingdom, moving uniformly from one centre, must in all human probability ultimately prevail; or an accident may produce, in an instant, what the most powerful efforts require time and perseverance to accomplish.

NOVEMBER 14.—IT is reported, that when Sir Henry Clinton heard of the disgraceful death of his brave and faithful aide-de-camp, Major Andre, he made a solemn declaration in the presence of many of the British officers, that if ever Washington fell into his hands, he would hang him on the instant, and bury him without a coffin.

Clinton's Threat.

General Arnold was one of the principal partisans for the American rebellion, and has distinguished himself in the field more than any other American. The public, doubtless, remember his exploits at Quebec, Saratoga, the Lakes, and many other places. The success of the rebel arms over the northern army, was principally owing to his bravery and judicious arrangements. His acquisition is regarded at New York as a very fortunate event, not only on account of the merit of that gentleman in a military capacity, and the secrets of which he is in possession, but as it is an indication of those discontents and murmurings that have been said to have distracted, for some time, the American councils. It is a common saying at New York, that the ship must be near sinking when the rats are leaving it.[1]

Arnold.

NOVEMBER 23.—THIS evening Major Tallmadge[2] returned to Fairfield, in Connecticut, from a very spirited and successful enterprise against Fort St. George on Long Island; having destroyed the fort and such forage and supplies as could not be carried away by his men, and taken fifty prisoners. The following is the official report made by the major, to General Washington:—On the sixteenth of

Reduction of Fort St. George.

[1] Upcott, vi. 145, 135, 167.

[2] Benjamin Tallmadge.

November, in obedience to your Excellency's orders, a detachment of Colonel Sheldon's dismounted dragoons, under the command of Captain Edgar, were ordered to march the next day to Fairfield, to which place I directed a number of boats to repair. The troops arrived in the vicinity of Fairfield on the evening of the 18th, at which place, by reason of a very severe storm, we were detained till the 21st instant; on the evening of which, at four o'clock, I embarked the troops in eight boats; the whole in number, including the crews, amounted to about eighty men. With a favorable wind we landed safely on Long Island, at a place called the Old Man's, about eight o'clock the same evening. After leaving about twenty men with the boats in charge of Captain Sutton, we began our march to put your Excellency's orders in execution, but a very severe storm coming on, however it might have favored an attack on the fort, obliged me to postpone it, as I was well aware that attention must be paid as well to a favorable time for re-crossing the Sound (which is at this place more than twenty miles wide) as to attacking the fort. I accordingly concealed the troops till the evening of the 22d, when, at seven o'clock, we began our march across Long Island, and, at three o'clock the next morning, were within two miles of Fort St. George, at South Haven. By the most accurate information, I found that the fort and other works had been entirely completed but a few days before, and that the garrison consisted of about fifty men. It may be necessary here to observe, that the works of Fort St. George consisted of two large strong houses, and a fort about ninety feet square, connected together by a very strong stockade or line of sharpened pickets twelve feet long, the whole forming a triangle, the fort and houses standing in the angles. The fort consisted of a high wall and a deep ditch, encircled with a strong abatis, having but one gate, a sally port, which led directly into the grand parade within the pickets. This fort had embrasures for six guns, though but two were mounted; the houses were strongly barricaded. From this description I found it necessary, small as my detachment was, to make three different attacks at the same time. I accordingly detached Lieutenant Jackson

with sixteen men, with orders to advance as near the fort as he could undiscovered, and there to halt till the alarm was given by the advance of the detachment under my immediate command. The van of this detachment, who carried axes to beat down obstructions, was led by Lieutenant Brewster, directly against the new house, while the remainder, with Captain Edgar and myself at their head, followed close after. Another small division was directed to file off and surround the other house; Mr. Simmons bringing up the rear, with directions to halt where the breach might be made, to prevent the garrison from escaping. Thus prepared, the troops were put in motion precisely at four o'clock, and, contrary to my expectations, the pioneers advanced within twenty yards of the works before they were discovered. The sentinel firing, the different detachments immediately rushed on, and passing all obstructions, met at the same instant in the centre of the fort, where the watchword was given from all quarters at the same time. The guard in the fort was secured, but the two houses contained the main body of the garrison, who began to fire from the windows. I immediately ordered the troops to enter the houses, the doors of which, though strongly bolted and barred, were soon burst open, and in less than ten minutes the whole garrison were our prisoners.

Being informed that a vessel lay within view of the fort, loaded with stores, rum, wine, sugar, glass, &c., I detached a party who boarded and took her. Thus masters of the whole, my first object was to demolish, as much as possible, their works, &c. We accordingly set fire to the small garrison, buildings, stockade, and abatis, consuming at the same time the public stores that could be collected, including a considerable quantity of ammunition and arms, which the troops, so much fatigued, and having so long a march to make back, could not carry. We remained at the fort from four to eight o'clock in the morning, when having destroyed as much of it as possible, we began our march back. The vessel being aground was burnt.

I feel particularly happy that I can inform your Excellency, that we had not a man killed in this enterprise, and

but one wounded; him we brought off. The enemy's loss was seven killed and wounded, most of the latter mortally. The surprise was so complete, that before they could rally they were all prisoners.

On our return, I mounted ten men on the horses taken at the fort, and, while Captain Edgar marched the detachment and prisoners across the island, I filed off with Lieutenant Brewster, to Coram, and set fire to the whole magazine of the king's forage at that place, supposed to contain more than three hundred tons, and joined the detachment again in less than two hours. By this time the militia began to muster, but prudently avoided coming near us. Some guns were fired, but no damage received. By four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day we reached our boats, and having embarked the troops and prisoners, arrived safe at this place at eleven o'clock on the evening of the 23d. Thus, in about twenty-one hours, we performed a march of near forty miles, took Fort St. George, &c., &c., and in less than six hours more were landed at this place. Coram.

I should be remiss in my duty, should I omit to observe that the officers and soldiers under my command behaved with the greatest fortitude and spirit, both upon their long and fatiguing march, and in the moment of action. Mr. Muirson, a volunteer upon the occasion, deserves commendation. He advanced with a part of Lieutenant Jackson's detachment over the abatis and wall, into the fort. In fine, every order that was given was executed with alacrity and precision.[1]

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, December 12. The following is the return of prisoners taken in Fort St. George:—One half-pay lieutenant-colonel, one half-pay captain, one lieutenant, one surgeon, fifty rank and file, one garrison standard. The British account of this expedition is as follows:—"A party of rebels, about eighty in number, headed, it is said, by a rebel Major Tallmadge, assisted by a certain Heathcot, Muirson, Benajah Strong, Thomas Jackson, and Caleb Brewster, officers belonging to the said party, all formerly of Long Island, came across in eight whale boats from somewhere about New Haven on the Connecticut shore, and landed between the Wading River and the Old Man's, and are supposed to have been concealed two or three days on the island by their old friends, the rebels. On Thursday morning, the 23d instant, about fifty of them marched across the island, the remainder being left to guard the boats, and just after daylight arrived at Smith's Point, St. George's Manor, south side Long Island, where they

NOVEMBER 24.—LAST Tuesday, (21st.) at about one o'clock in the morning, a party consisting of one hundred men, embarked from New York in two flat boats and one gun-boat, and proceeded to Roger's Ferry, where they landed and moved towards Newark, New Jersey, with a three-pounder, which they posted on an eminence half way between the aforesaid ferry and the town, with a number of musketeers to cover it and secure their return to their vessels, where they left one gun-boat to cover their passage over the marsh, should the enemy pursue them. Captain Thomas Ward then advanced at the head of fifty men undiscovered within four hundred yards of the rebel guard-house, when the advanced party, under Captain MacMichael, fell in with their patrol, who immediately fired upon him: he charged them, but finding himself flanked by numbers, who had posted themselves in different houses, he thought proper to bring up the piece of cannon, which was soon effected by the vigilance of Captain Housen. Until his arrival they maintained their post in the centre of the town, though the enemy endeavored to gall them as much as possible; but a few rounds of grape dispersed them for a little, when as they were disappointed in their expectation, it was thought most prudent to retreat towards their boats.

After keeping possession of the town an hour, apprehensive the enemy posted at Cranestown would march down

surprised a body of respectable loyal refugees belonging to Rhode Island and the vicinity thereabout, who were establishing a post in order to get a present subsistence for themselves and their distressed families. The sentry, upon observing them, fired, which they returned and mortally wounded him, and rushed into a house. Mr. Isaac Hart, of Newport, in Rhode Island, formerly an eminent merchant and ever a loyal subject, was inhumanly fired upon and bayoneted, wounded in fifteen different parts of his body, and beat with their muskets in the most shocking manner in the very act of imploring quarter, and died of his wounds a few hours after, universally regretted by every true lover of his king and country. Four more refugees were wounded also, but are in a fair way of recovery; a poor woman was also fired upon at another house, and barbarously wounded through both breasts, of which wounds she now lingers a specimen of rebel savageness and degeneracy. The rebels carried off about forty prisoners. On their return, at Coram, they burnt a magazine of hay about one hundred tons, and the same day embarked for the Connecticut shore."—*Rivington's Gazette*, December 2.

against them, they accordingly began to retreat, but before they got out of town, discovered a body of rebels on their right flank endeavoring to cut off their retreat, whilst others proved troublesome in their rear, by keeping up a scattering fire. They retreated some distance, when another party of rebels were discovered on their left, who, finding it impossible to cut off their retreat, closed upon their flanks, and hard in the rear, which obliged them to form a square to secure their piece of ordnance. This they did by keeping up a scattering fire until they arrived at their boats. Shortly after the enemy brought a six-pounder to the edge of the marsh, and kept up a constant fire upon them during their re-embarkation. They lined the banks of the river below them with musketry to harass the refugees whilst falling down in their boats; but by the bravery of Captains Housen and Hollingshead in the gun-boat, they were kept at such a distance that they did but little damage.

Strict orders were given against entering a house or plundering, which were obeyed; but when they first entered the town, a party of the enemy fired upon them out of the upper windows of Neil's house, but they paid for their folly, as some of the party set fire to the lower part, which consumed the whole building.

Never did men behave better (being undisciplined) than this small party. Their escape was almost miraculous. Six men are wounded and two missing, one of whom it is imagined was killed at the first onset. From the best accounts that have been obtained, the loss of the enemy was three killed and seven wounded, exclusive of those supposed to have been burned at Neil's house.[1]

NOVEMBER 26.—A CORRESPONDENT in Dublin, Ireland, says: —Various conjectures have been hazarded, concerning the birth and parentage of the celebrated Mr. Arnold, whose dereliction of the American cause has been magnified in its utter ruin. *Risum teneatis!* Some have extend- An Irish view of Arnold.

[1] Gaine's Mercury, November 27.

ed their effrontery so far as to pronounce him an Irishman, but to their confusion the secret has at length transpired. Fort George, in the Highlands of Scotland, had the honor of giving birth to this hero; and there he passed his youth, until sent for by a Yorkshire relation, a dealer in horses. During his residence in that shire, he added that cunning, for which it is proverbially noted, and a competent knowledge of the mysteries of the turf, to the prudent maxims of his native district. The circumstances of his voyage to America are still enveloped in mystery, though some assert that it was strictly according to law, and in consequence of a judicial injunction. However, by a series of concurring incidents, with his own application and address, he jockeyed himself into the confidence of the Americans, and attained a degree of elevation, superior to his most sanguine expectations. His tergiversation is generally attributed to a Scotch Seer, whom he retained in his camp, and who informed him with all the infallibility of second sight, that the day would come when the English would subdue America, and swallow millions at a meal. The suggestions of his countryman, according with the dictates of his native prudence, determined the conduct of our modern Almanzor. What a pity! must every humane reader exclaim, that the generous, the unfortunate Andre has fallen a victim in attending to the artifices of a being so contemptible.[1]

ARNOLD; OR, A QUESTION ANSWERED.

Our troops by Arnold thoroughly were bang'd,
And poor St. Andre was by Arnold hang'd;
To George a rebel, to the Congress traitor,
Pray what can make the name of Arnold greater?
By one bold treason more, to gain his ends,
Let him betray his new adopted friends.[2]

DECEMBER 1.—THE Americans, says a correspondent in England, labor to keep the people in a political ignorance with the greatest care and jealousy. No newspaper from New York is permitted to be circulated among the colonists; the captive officers solicited that in-

American Fictions.

[1] New Jersey Gazette, June 27, 1781.

[2] From a late London Paper in the Pennsylvania Packet, July 17, 1781.

dulgence, to sweeten, in some measure, their confinement and solitude, in vain; this request was peremptorily refused them. Fabricated Acts of the British Parliament are circulated among the Americans. There is one, enacting, that every man to obtain a license to marry, must pay to the King of England fifty pounds, and for every son, twenty-five pounds, but there is no tax on daughters. These gross fictions are fully credited by the deluded populace, and are the only things that render the rebel multitude averse to a return to their allegiance. When truth comes out, as it will in time, it is to be hoped that the resentment of the people will be directed against the authors of so fatal deceptions, with a fury proportionable to the severity and duration of the calamities that flow from them.[1]

DECEMBER 5.—A LETTER of this date from Charlotte, in North Carolina, says:—"Although some pains have been taken to asperse the militia of this, as well as our sister States, on account of what happened on the memorable 16th and 18th of August, yet I hope that an impartial world will not lose sight of those striking marks of heroism displayed at Ramsour's, on the 20th of June, where Colonel Locke commanded; at Packolet in the night of the 15th of July, where Colonel McDowel commanded; at Coleson's, the mouth of Rocky River, on the 21st of July, where Colonel, now General Davidson commanded, and in which he was wounded; at Rocky Mount, on the 23d of July, where the heroic General Sumpter commanded; at Hanging Rock, on the 6th of August, where General Sumpter commanded; at Enoree, the 19th of August, where the late intrepid Colonel Williams commanded; at Augusta, in Georgia, on the 12th of September, where Colonel Clarke commanded; at King's Mountain, on the 7th of October, where Colonel Campbell commanded; at Broad River, on the 9th of November, where General Sumpter commanded, and where Major Weymss was made prisoner; at Black Stocks, on Tygar River, on the 20th of November, where General Sumpter commanded, and was

The Actions at the South.

[1] Upcott, vi. 161.

unfortunately wounded; besides several other rencounters. Such a train of important victories, obtained by raw militia, has no parallel in history.

"The firmness of the people in Mecklenburg and Rowan counties, when the enemy advanced to Charlotte, evince that they possess the most genuine principles; they were left to defend themselves against the whole force of the enemy. His lordship took post at Charlotte with amazing pomp. Proclamations were issued, peace and protection were offered to all returning and penitent rebels, and death, with all its terrors, threatened to the obstinate and impenitent. Governor Martin with great solemnity assumed the Government, and conceived himself reinstated. The people generally abandoned their habitations, some fled with such of their property as they could carry, others took the field, determined to dispute every foot of ground, and some assembled in small parties, in their respective neighborhoods, determined to harass the enemy's foraging parties. His lordship soon discovered that he was in an enemy's country, without provisions, without forage, without friends, without intelligence, without a single humble servant except Peter Johnston and McCafferty, who at last deserted him in the night, and came to make peace with us; his communication with Camden cut off, and his despatches intercepted; in the mean time our friends joined issue with Ferguson at King's Mountain.

"These are stubborn facts, and will do immortal honor to the militia. Lord Cornwallis' aid, in a letter to Colonel Balfour, which was intercepted, says:—'Charlotte is an agreeable village, but in a d——d rebellious country.' Oh! had we a well-appointed, well-disciplined, permanent force, what a delightful back country dance we should have led his lordship at Charlotte."[1]

December 11.—Night before last a detachment of Colonel James De Lancey's Refugees, under the command of Major Hugerford, penetrated Connecticut as far as North Street,

[1] New Jersey Gazette, January 31, 1781.

and on the morning of the 10th, before day, made a successful attack on the rebels posted there. From the situation of the enemy it was necessary to make an attack on three different posts on the same instant; the divisions for that purpose were led on by Captain Simons, and Lieutenants Totten and Kipp, in a manner that does them great credit. The loss of the rebels was fifteen killed and twenty-five prisoners, among whom were Colonel Wells, one brigade-major, one captain, two lieutenants, and two ensigns. Colonel Wells expressed his astonishment at the bravery of the conquerors, and acknowledged the humanity and great civility of Lieutenant James Kipp, who commanded the attack against him, and to whom he surrendered. The Westchester detachment consisted of about twenty-five mounted, and twenty-five dismounted loyalists. Their march was sixty miles out and home, which, after effecting the above *coup*, was performed within the space of twenty-four hours.[1]

De Lancey's Excursion to Connecticut.

DECEMBER 19.—EARLY in September last, Mr. Henry Laurens was taken prisoner by the British frigate Vestal, on his way from Congress to the Court of Holland, and is now confined in the Tower of London. A correspondent at Portsmouth, England, gives the following account of his capture:—"Mr. Keppel, the captain of the Vestal, was on a cruise off the coast of America, when he fell in with the ship which carried Mr. Laurens, the President of the American Congress. It was a Dutch vessel, laden with tobacco, and bound for Holland. As soon as Mr. Laurens perceived the English armed boat make up to the vessel in which he was, he threw the box that contained his letters overboard, but the lead that was annexed to it proving insufficient for sinking it immediately, one of the daring tars belonging to the Vestal, leaped from the boat, and kept it afloat till the rest assisted him in lifting it.

Henry Laurens taken Prisoner.

"Mr. Laurens was bound to Holland with a commission

[1] Gaine's Mercury, December 18.

from the Congress, and the tenor of his business was certainly of such a nature as must have produced immediate hostilities between England and the States, if this accident had not intervened to protect us against this farther misfortune. The papers which have been found in the box above mentioned are of the utmost consequence; they contain an explicit detail of his business with the States, and a full description of his powers and commission there. Some secret correspondence is said to be discovered between the members of the Congress and certain great inhabitants of England, but we do not mention this with any degree of confidence, it having been an old and favorite device of a disappointed Minister to insinuate the imputation of treason against those men who have the fortitude to discover a steady opposition to his measures.

"Government have sent word that Mr. Laurens should be brought to London under a strong guard. They have ordered one lieutenant to come in the chaise with him, and two more in another vehicle behind. How he is to be disposed of, is as yet a doubt with administration. They are in a puzzle whether he should be received only as an American captive, or be sent to Newgate as a rebel."[1]

[1] Upcott, vi. 59. Mr. Laurens was committed to the Tower on the 6th of October. The commitment by the three Secretaries of State, ran thus:—

"These are, in his Majesty's name, to authorize you to receive into your custody the person of Henry Laurens, Esq., sent herewith on suspicion of high treason, whom you are to keep safe until he shall be delivered by due course of law; for so doing, this is your warrant.

"Dated at Whitehall, the 6th of October, 1780.

"Stormont,
"Hillsborough,
"To Charles, Earl Cornwallis, "G. Germaine.
"Constable of the Tower of London, or his Deputy."

Thus far the London paper, on which we cannot but remark on the equivocation of the warrant, which says, on *suspicion* of high treason, by which it appears that those three eastern wise men, the Secretaries of State, could not tell whether it be treason or not, or at least they are afraid to call it so, lest it should turn out a glorious revolution supported and approved by all Europe. The circumstances of Mr. Laurens' commitment are thus related:—On his arrival in England he was attended by the above secretaries, who, after informing him of their rank and character, asked him, "Is your name Henry Laurens?" "It is." "Are you the same Henry Laurens who was President of the American Congress?" "I am." "We are

DECEMBER 23.—THE firmness of Mr. Laurens, whatever opinions may have been conceived of the nature of his past conduct, was certainly such, in his examination before the Secretaries of State, as must extort admiration from the most attached and enthusiastic partisan. Besides the three Secretaries of State, who sat in solemn council for the purpose of interrogating him, there were present Mr. Frazer, the Secretary of Lord Stormont, Mr. Thompson, the Secretary of Lord George Germaine, and Mr. Mansfield, the present Solicitor-General. Their lordships commenced the business by severally putting such questions to him as seemed to them of most peculiar importance. The spirited American, in reply to their repeated interrogatories, bowed, and thanked their lordships for the civilities and attention he had received since the misfortune of his captivity, but in all matters respecting his country he was determined on the most inviolable silence. He then addressed himself to the

Laurens' Examination.

ordered by the King and Council to examine you, and have certain questions to propose to you." "Your lordships may save yourselves the trouble of an examination, as I think it my place to answer no questions you put." "Sir, we are directed to commit you prisoner to the Tower." "I am ready to attend." This is so much like the decisive character of Mr. Laurens that we give it to the public on the presumption of its being a fact.—*New Jersey Gazette*, December 20.

The following extempore appeared in the "Public Advertiser," a short time after Mr. Laurens' examination:—

When Laurens was taken, the Minister blest,
Thought his work was all done, and his carcase at rest;
But from Dillington fetch'd in a mighty surprise,
He shrugg'd and he rubb'd, and half opened his eyes.

When to London he came he look'd wonderful wise,
And tried for a moment to prop up those eyes;
And declared that the German look'd much like a Scot;
Yet was not very sure if he saw him or not.

His worship, besure, to the Tower was sent:
As he came from his lordship to Dillington went;
In a few words I conclude my extempore lay,
As the man would not speak—I have nothing to say,
But—Down, Derry down.*

* Upcott, vi. 165.

Under Secretaries, who attended with pen, ink, and paper, ready to commit every expression to record, and observed to them, (our readers may depend upon it, these are his own words,) "Your paper, gentlemen, will certainly retain its original purity for any thing that falls from me, for on this subject I neither can nor will give the smallest information." Mr. Mansfield then held a conference with their lordships, the result of which was, an injunction upon the subtle civilian to practise a little of his profession upon the wary American, and to endeavor, by first asking trifling questions, and so proceeding gradually to more material inquiries, to seduce him into an inadvertent reply on some subjects of consequence. This artifice was accordingly carried into execution, but the same effect attended the lawyer's finesse, as had before accompanied the more open proceedings of their lordships, and Mr. Laurens kept strictly to his first determination of total taciturnity. He was five hours under examination.

All the material papers taken in the possession of Mr. Laurens, have, by command, been sent to Windsor, to undergo the inspection of a great personage.

Mr. Laurens' black servant, who was prohibited from attending his master some days ago, has been permitted, by an order from the Secretary of State, to go to the Tower. The order, however, is very limited, as it is an express injunction that he shall never be left alone with Mr. Laurens, but that the warder of the Tower is to be present at every interview that passes between them.

When the above celebrated captive first arrived in the metropolis, he was by accident carried into a house in Scotland Yard, in which Sir William Meredith was at that time a lodger. Sir William and he had been acquainted some time ago, so that as soon as Mr. Laurens had rested a little from the fatigue of his journey, he sent up his name and compliments, offering his services, and requesting an interview. Mr. Laurens returned his best thanks to Sir William, for his obliging intentions respecting him, but as he had received every attention and civility that his unhappy circumstances would admit of from the hands of his captors, he did not think it would be

altogether honorable to indulge himself in any interview with a gentleman, however he might otherwise wish it, whose professed political principles were in a direct opposition to theirs. Sir William had good sense enough to admit the propriety of the apology, and as an indication that he felt no chagrin from the rejection of his application, that same evening sent Mr. Laurens a present of a pine-apple.[1]

DECEMBER 27.—A SOLDIER in the American army being unfortunately surprised at a game of cards by a sergeant who owed him an old grudge, was carried before the colonel of the regiment, that he might be punished for gaming, against which general orders were very severe.[2] The soldier being asked what he had to say in his defence, replied: That having been religiously educated, and well instructed in the Bible by his parents, and his pay so small that with the greatest economy he had not been able to save enough to buy one, he had therefore purchased an old pack of cards for a few dollars of one of his comrades, which not only served him for a Bible, but made a most excellent almanac besides; then taking out his cards he proceeded thus: "When I see a one, it reminds me that there is but one God; a two, of the Father and Son; a three, of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; a four, calls to my remembrance the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; a five, the five wise and five foolish virgins; a six, that in six days God created the heavens and the earth; a seven, that the seventh was to be kept holy; an eight, of the eight righteous persons that were preserved from the flood, viz.: Noah, his wife, his three sons and their wives; a nine, the nine ungrateful lepers cleansed by our Saviour; a ten, of the ten commandments; the queen reminds me of Queen Sheba, who came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and the king, of the great King of Heaven." The colonel told him he had forgot the knave. "That," replied he, "used to represent Judas; but from this time, when I see the knave, I shall always think

The Soldier and his Cards.

[1] Upcott, vi. 67.

[2] See Vol. I., p. 445.

of the sergeant who brought me before your honor." "I don't know," interrupted the colonel, smiling, "whether he is the greatest of the two, but I am sure he is the greatest fool."

The soldier then continued as follows: "When I count the number of dots on a pack of cards they are three hundred and sixty-five, for so many days there are in a year; when I count how many cards are in a pack, I find fifty-two, so many weeks are there in a year; when I reckon how many picture cards are in a pack, I find there are twelve, so many months are there in a year; when I reckon how many tricks are won by a pack, I find there are thirteen, this reminds me of the duty I owe to the thirteen United and Independent States of America. Thus they serve both for Bible and almanac." The colonel called his servant, told him to treat the soldier well, and dismissed him, saying he was a very clever fellow.

Reader, be not ashamed of cards, since they may be applied to the best of purposes; the scandal consists not in the use, but in the abuse of them.[1]

DECEMBER 30.—TIMOTHY STANDFAST, in the Virginia Gazette of to-day, makes the following appeal to the people of Virginia:—

An Appeal to the Virginians.

FRIENDS, COUNTRYMEN, AND BRETHREN:—When we made our first efforts to rescue the liberties of America from the fetters of arbitrary power, the *Virginians* stood foremost in the exercise of public virtue. The love of our country seemed to predominate over every other passion, and military glory alone was the object that fired the pride of our ambition, wisdom presided over our measures, and the stamp of policy marked the determination of our councils. Difficulties at length grew upon us, and we have learned to forget our duty; a strange degeneracy of manners, and a total subversion of principles, has almost obfuscated the radiency of our hopes. For God's sake, my countrymen, rouse from your lethargy, look into consequences, and return to your pristine vigor. Pause but for a moment, and seriously

[1] New Jersey Journal, December 27.

examine into the motives which influenced your former conduct, and the reasons that directed and governed your latter. Have you already forgotten that we are struggling for the inestimable blessings of liberty, and that we are setting up a new empire in opposition to the most imperious power upon earth? Have you forgotten the insults that were offered us by Great Britain, and the solemn promise we made to each other when we appealed to the sword for justice, "that we would die or be free in the struggle"? Can you suffer reflection to have the exercise of deliberate reason and not feel a virtuous indig nation at the ravages committed by the enemy on our land; the cruelties inflicted upon our inhabitants in their solitary huts, and the barbarities practised upon our soldiers while they were fighting for our safety, and bleeding for our property? I say, can these things be reflected on and not agitate the feelings of every generous mind? Gratitude and duty ought to stimulate our actions to the accomplishment of that end which involves in it the happiness of every persecuted son of liberty. I mean the independence of America.

There is a dignity in the soul of man, which, when interwoven with the interest of his country, makes him act as if he was immortal; every power of his mind seems heightened to a peculiar greatness, and all his actions blaze with the refulgency of magnanimity and patriotism. The moment is near at hand when we shall all be tried to the very quick, and if a manly and virtuous spirit is not immediately cherished, the bayonet will be in the bowels of our country before we shall have power to mark the limits of its vengeance. From the best and most authentic accounts we are assured that the greater part of the British force will be turned the next campaign against Virginia, and that every preparation is now on foot to make the conquest of it (as they think) certain and inevitable. Great God! what a picture of distress would a conquest of this country present to a sensible mind! Let us suppose, by way of trying our feelings, that they should succeed, (detested thought! were it possible I should weep over it,) what would be our hopes and expectations? A life of infamy dragged out in chains, and rendered forever miserable by

severe and bitter reflections, the epithet of rebel eternally crammed down our throats by some haughty Scotchman, or imperious Briton, a confiscation of property, the pains of bondage, and the disgrace of the gibbet to ornament the black catalogue of consequences, would attend our downfall. Virginians, think of the danger that threatens a bleeding country! Awake to public virtue, and sleep no more in the arms of indifference and supineness.

A people struggling for liberty becomes always the favorites of Heaven; and though some have failed in their attempts, it proceeded more from their apostasy than any powers their enemies had to conquer them. The Dutch persevered through a war of twenty years and upwards, maintained their independence against the power of Spain, and broke the chain of tyranny that had for such a length of time fettered them to the block of oppression. The people of Switzerland, possessed of an elevated notion of liberty, contended for their rights, and fixed the sovereignty of their independence against every attempt that could be made to subdue them. If we look back into more ancient times, we shall view the free States of Greece rising to eminence and glory through a cloud of difficulties. The Persian army, terrible in numbers, seemed to fix their total ruin, but fate itself could not intimidate or alarm them; the brave Leonidas made a noble sacrifice of himself and three hundred of his countrymen at Thermopylæ, to convince the haughty Persians that men determined to be free would be so, and although the force of Xerxes appeared sufficient to conquer and subdue the world, yet such was the impression which the valor of the Grecians made upon him, that he abandoned the expedition. In Rome, patriotic zeal and a flame of liberty directed the actions of some of her citizens to such deeds of glory, that their names have been handed down from age to age with all the gilded ornaments of immortal fame.

We are now in a situation that has fixed upon us the attention of the whole world; expectation sets Argus-like with a hundred eyes to view our actions, and every misfortune proclaims aloud any neglect that must stain us with dishonor.

Then, my countrymen, let us learn to be great by the ex-

ample that is gone before us; let us catch from the Dutch, the Swiss, the Grecian, and the Roman spirit, a spark of each excelling virtue, and compound a character of fortitude, resolution, firmness, and magnanimity, to stem the torrent of our approaching danger and assert a freedom which we dare maintain.[1]

[1] Virginia Gazette, December 30.

CHAPTER IX.

JANUARY 1.—As the manumission of slaves has become a topic of general conversation, we beg permission to offer a few sentiments on the subject:—The merits of almost every case of litigation generally turns upon one or two points. In the present instance the question is, we conceive, whether law, justice, and policy, warrant the retaining our slaves in their present situation?

Manumission of Slaves.

That we became legally possessed of them, or that they were introduced into this country agreeable to its laws, no one will presume to deny, and that we cannot constitutionally be divested of them by legislative authority, is, we humbly imagine, as evident as that white is not black, or that slavery is not freedom. Our most excellent constitution admits not the subject to be deprived of his life, liberty, or property, but by a trial by a jury of his equals; and lest this inestimable privilege, the glory of freemen, should be infringed on, the constitution expressly requires that no member of the Legislature shall possess a seat in the House, until he has solemnly sworn that he will maintain this immunity inviolate. It becomes, therefore, one of the unalterable particulars of our rights, and cannot be relinquished by the guardians of our liberties but at the expense of perfidy, and even of perjury itself. The liberation of our slaves, therefore, without the concurrence of their possessors, we apprehend, is an object infinitely further distant from the legal attention of our assembly, than are the heavens above the earth.

Whether, as individuals, justice permits the detention of our negroes, is next to be considered. The Divine Saviour of

men hath been pleased to give a summary of our duty towards each other in a single sentence, viz.: "To do to others as we would they should do to us;" or, "To love our neighbor as ourselves." As we profess to believe in a future judgment, that we shall one day give an account to the Supreme Governor of the world of our actions, it highly concerns us to be attentive that they be conformable to the heavenly law. That barbarity to our slaves is repugnant to this law, cannot be controverted; but whether the divine precept enjoins us to free them or not is the dispute. Were we in their situation, it is more than probable we should pant after freedom; and so does the poor debtor desire a release from his creditor; but the injunction "to do unto others as we would be done to," does not oblige the latter to free the former of the debt, if it hath not been contracted by injustice. Nor can this command oblige us to liberate our slaves unless they were sinfully obtained, or are thus held in bondage. If the usages of the nations in Africa justify the foreign and domestic slavery of their captives, they can be purchased and retained without iniquity. But let us suppose our negroes were stolen from their country, divested of that natural liberty given to them by heaven, and reduced to vassalage, it may be asked whether the whole of the guilt devolves not on the perpetrators of the deed? Whether any of the sin rests on those who have purchased of the posterity of the slaves, or inherit them by the gift or will of parents? The people of Africa were formerly and lawfully exposed here for sale as articles of commerce, and it may be queried if in conscience we were bound to inquire whether the Guinea merchant became more rightfully possessed of his slaves than of his gold dust, or any other commodity of Africa? Is it possible an African will part with his liberty for temporary considerations, as many Europeans have exchanged their freedom, for a few years, for a passage only to America; and the purchasers of such servants never, perhaps, thought it incumbent on them to inquire whether they were stolen or decoyed away by their masters, (which we believe was often the case,) or received an equivalent for their loss of liberty. We do not conceive that slavery in itself is iniquitous. The Jews were suffered to

aves; and our very sons are such; that is, perfectly to the will of their fathers and at their disposal until ain the age of twenty-one years; till then they are not nd what is slavery but an entire submission to the com- disposal, or will of another? But this vassalage we without repining, as we esteem ourselves helpless and le of self-government during our state of legal infancy, ge. It may be said, if our slaves were unjustly ob- it must be unjust to hold them in bondage. We readi- it would be so for an unjust importer of them, or the the importer who received them without paying what ed an equivalent for the property; and we freely de- e would not retain a slave under the circumstances, or umental in reducing a freeman to slavery for any con- on. But as the slaves are among us; as the sale of nong ourselves does not cause a farther importation of untrymen, and if it is not disadvantageous to the slave, as free to declare we cannot comprehend why, without ustice to him, he may not now be purchased and pos-

nanity, indeed, wishes they could enjoy liberty and

mands the freedom of our Africans, for we wish not to contend for the negative in this particular, the other inquiry is, whether the present is a proper period to effect so laudable a design?

That there is "a time for all things," is an indisputable truth. A small error in the execution of schemes, in point of time only, has been productive of the most unhappy effects. A potion of medicine administered unseasonably, may occasion the death of a patient, or the word of command given by a general a moment too soon, may not only lose a victory, but be productive of ruin to his army. If we desire the freedom of our negroes may not be injurious to ourselves, or render them more miserable than at present, we should duly attend to this circumstance of time as well as to the mode of their release. A premature attempt of this sort may be productive of the most serious consequences. That the present day would be improper for the execution of this business, must, we think, appear evident to every one, on the least reflection. Should our slaves be freed, they must either continue with us or inhabit some territory by themselves. If the freemen of the country find it difficult to support themselves and families at the present time, is it reasonable to suppose that our slaves, naturally indolent, unaccustomed to self-government, destitute of mechanical knowledge, unacquainted with letters, with a peculiar propensity to spirituous liquors, destitute of property, and without credit, would pay their taxes and provide for themselves, in the path of integrity, the necessaries and comforts of life? Is it not more rational to infer, from these considerations, that many of them would soon revert to their former state, more wretched than before; that great numbers would become pests to society; by plunder and rapine add to the horrors of war, and that dire necessity would compel us to deprive some of them not only of liberty, but also of life? Their sloth alone might be sensibly felt by the community at this juncture, and on their arms, we are of opinion, for several obvious reasons, there could not be any just dependence. Our state of war forbids their removal to any exterior part of the country, not only in regard of safety, but also in other respects.

Whenever they shall be emancipated, on mature deliberation, perhaps it will be thought that small settlements of them, in different parts of the continent, under proper regulations, will be most compatible with our safety and their felicity. They may thus become useful members of the body politic, enjoy the sunshine of freedom, together with the cheering rays of the light of the gospel. Some compensation will this be for their servitude! A striking exhibition, too, of the goodness of the Divine Being towards them, and of the wisdom of his holy providence in bringing good out of evil; in causing the inhumanity of their brethren, like that of the sons of Jacob to their brother Joseph, to terminate in honor, glory, and happiness! Until that day shall arrive, it is to be hoped the possessors of slaves will revere the sacred precept, "to do as they would be done by;" mollify the hardness of slavery by acts of kindness; but above all, be particularly anxious to have them freed by instruction, admonition, and example, from spiritual thraldom, and "brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God." The effecting of this will not only be paying a tribute to justice, but also an advancement of our temporal emolument; for experience will decide, that it will not be less politic and wise than humane and Christian.[1]

JANUARY 13.—A CORRESPONDENT gives the following narrative of the late incursion made by the British under Arnold, to Richmond, in Virginia:[2]—"On the 31st of December last, a letter from a private gentleman to General Nelson, reached Richmond, notifying that on the morning of the preceding day, twenty-seven sail of vessels had entered the capes, and from the tenor of the letter, there was reason to expect, within a few hours, farther intelligence whether they were friends or foes, their force, and other circumstances. General Nelson went immediately into the lower country, with power to call on the militia in that quarter, or to act otherwise as exigencies should require. The call of the militia from the

Arnold in Virginia.

[1] "Impartial," in the New Jersey Gazette, January 10.

[2] See another account, January 31.

middle and upper counties, was not made till intelligence could be received that the fleet was certainly hostile. No farther intelligence came till the second instant, when the former was confirmed; it was ascertained that they were enemies, and had advanced up James' River to Warrasqueak Bay. All arrangements were immediately taken for calling in a sufficient body of militia for opposition. In the night of the third, advice was received that they were at anchor opposite Jamestown. Williamsburg was then supposed to be their object; the wind, however, which had hitherto been unfavorable, shifted fair, and the tide being also in their favor, they ascended the river to Kennon's that evening, and with the next tide came up to Westover, having on their way taken possession of the battery at Hood's, by which two or three of their vessels had received some damage, but which was of necessity abandoned by the small garrison of fifty men placed there on the enemy's landing to invest the works. Intelligence of the enemy's having quitted the station at Jamestown, from which it was supposed they meant to land for Williamsburg, and that they had got in the evening to Kennon's, reached Richmond at five o'clock in the morning of the fourth. This was the first indication of their meaning to penetrate towards Richmond or Petersburg. As the orders for drawing the militia thither had been given but two days, no opposition was in readiness. Every effort was therefore necessary to withdraw the arms and other military stores, and records, and accordingly every exertion was made to convey them to the foundry and laboratory, till about sunset of that day, when intelligence was received that the enemy had landed at Westover. From this it appeared that Richmond, not Petersburg, was their object; and it became necessary to remove every thing which remained there, across the river, as well as what had been carried to the foundry and laboratory; which operation was continued till the enemy approached very near. They marched from Westover at two o'clock in the afternoon of the fourth, and entered Richmond at one o'clock in the afternoon of the fifth. A regiment of infantry and about fifty horse continued on without halting to the foundry; they burnt that, the boring-mill, the magazine,

and two other houses, and proceeded to Westham, but nothing being in their power there, they retired to Richmond. The next morning they burnt some buildings of public, and some of private property, with the stores which remained in them; destroyed a great quantity of private stores, and about twelve o'clock retired towards Westover, where they encamped within the Neck the next day. The loss sustained is not yet accurately known. At Richmond about three hundred muskets, some soldiers' clothing to a small amount, sulphur, some quartermasters' stores, of which one hundred and twenty sides of leather was the principal article, part of the artificers' tools, and three wagons; besides five brass four-pounders, which had been sunk in the river, were discovered to them, raised, and carried off. At the foundry about five tons of powder was thrown into the canal, of which there will be a considerable saving, by re-manufacturing it. Part of the papers belonging to the Auditor's office, and the books and papers of the Council office, which were ordered to Westham, but in the confusion carried by mistake to the foundry, were also destroyed. The roof of the foundry was burnt, but the stacks of chimneys and furnaces are not at all injured. Within less than forty-eight hours of the time of their landing, and nineteen from our knowing their destination, they had penetrated thirty-three miles, done the whole injury, and retired. Our militia dispersed over a large tract of country, can be called in but slowly. On the day the enemy advanced to Richmond, two hundred only were embodied; they were of that town and neighborhood, and were too few to do any thing effectual. The enemy's forces are commanded by the parricide Arnold."[1]

JANUARY 15.—THE North Carolina boys have returned from the expedition against the Cherokees crowned with success. Campbell's Cherokee Expedition. Colonel Arthur Campbell, who commanded them, in his report to Mr. Jefferson, dated this day, gives the following circumstantial account of their experience: —"On reaching the frontier, I found the Indians meant to

[1] New Jersey Gazette, January 31.

annoy us by small parties, and carry off horses. To resist them effectually, the apparently best measure was to transfer the war without delay into their own borders. To raise a force sufficient, and provide them with provisions and other necessaries, seemed to be a work of time that would be accompanied with uncommon difficulties, especially in the winter season. Our situation was critical, and nothing but an extraordinary effort could save us and disappoint the views of the enemy. All the miseries of 1776 came fresh in remembrance, and to avoid a like scene men flew to their arms, and went to the field. The Wattago men, under Lieutenant-Colonel Sevier, first marched to the amount of about three hundred; the militia under Campbell, with those of Sullivan, made four hundred more. The place of rendezvous was to be on this side the French River. Colonel Sevier with his men got on the path before the others, and by means of some discoveries made by his scouts, he was induced to cross the river, in pursuit of a party of Indians that were coming towards our settlements. On the 16th of December he fell in with the party, since found to consist of seventy Indians, mostly from the town of Chote, killed thirteen, and took all their baggage, &c., in which were some of Clinton's proclamations, and other documents expressive of their hostile designs against the Americans.

"After this action, the Wattago corps thought proper to retreat to an island in the river. On the 22d I crossed the French River, and found the Wattago men in great want of provisions. We gave them a supply from our small stock, and the next day made a forced march towards the Tenasse. The success of the enterprise seemed to rest on our safely reaching the further bank of that river, as we had information that the Indians had obstructed the common fording places, and had a force ready there to oppose our crossing. The morning of the 24th I made a feint towards the island town, and with the main body passed the river at Timothee. We were now discovered; the Indians we saw seemed to be flying in consternation. Here I divided my force, sending a part to attack the towns below, and with the other I proceeded towards their principal town Chote. Just as I passed a defile above Toque,

I observed the Indians in force, stretching along the hills below Chote, with an apparent design to attack our van, then within their view; but the main body too soon came in sight for me to succeed in decoying them off the hills; so they quietly let us pass on in order, without firing a gun, except a few scattering shot at our rear, at a great distance from the cliffs. We soon were in possession of their beloved town, in which we found a welcome supply of provisions. The 25th, Major Martin went with a detachment to discover the route the enemy were flying off by. He surprised a party of Indians, took one scalp, and seventeen horses loaded with clothing, skins, and household furniture. He discovered that most of the fugitives were making towards Telico and the Hiwasse. The same day, Captain Crabtree, of the Virginia regiment, was detached with sixty men to burn the town of Chilhowee. He succeeded in setting fire to that part of it which is situated on the south side of the river; although he was attacked by a superior force, he made good his retreat.

"The 26th, Major Tipton, of the Carolina corps, was detached with one hundred and fifty mounted infantry, with orders to cross the river, dislodge the enemy on that side, and destroy the town of Telassee. At the same time Major Gilbert Christian, with one hundred and fifty foot, were to patrol the hills on the south side of Chilhowee, and burn the remaining part of that town. This party did their duty well, killed three Indians, and took nine prisoners. The officer of the horse, by an unmilitary behavior, failed in crossing the river. This trip took two days. In the mean time the famous Indian woman, Nancy Ward, came to camp. She gave us various intelligence, and made an overture in behalf of some of the chiefs for peace; to which I then evaded giving an explicit answer, as I wished first to visit the vindictive part of the nation, mostly settled at Hiwasse and Chistowee, and to distress the whole as much as possible by destroying their habitations and provisions. The 28th we set fire to Chote, Sietogo, and Little Tuskeego, and moved our whole force to a town on Telico River, called Kai-a-tee, where I established a post to secure a retreat, and to lay up provisions. In the evening, Major Martin, on returning from

a patrol, attacked a party of Indians, killed two, and drove several into the river. The same evening, in another skirmish, we lost Captain James Elliot, a gallant young officer, being the first and only man the enemy had power to hurt on the expedition; the Indians lost three men on the occasion.

"The 29th I set out for Hiwasse, distant about forty miles, leaving at Kai-a-tee, under Major Christian, a garrison of one hundred and fifty men. The 30th we arrived at the Hiwasse, and found the town of the same name abandoned. In patrolling the environs, we took a sensible young warrior, who informed us that a body of Indians, with McDonald, the British Agent and some Tories, were at Chistowee, twelve miles distant, waiting to receive us. I had reason to believe that the enemy had viewed us from the hills above Hiwassee, for which reason I ordered our camp to be laid off, fires kindled, and other shows made, as if we intended to stay all night. At dark we set out with about three hundred men, (the Wattago men refusing to go farther,) crossed the river at an unexpected ford, and that night got near the town. Early in the morning of the 31st, we found that the enemy had fled in haste the evening before, leaving behind them as they had done at the other towns, almost all their corn and other provisions, together with many of their utensils for agriculture and all their heavy household furniture, with part of their stocks of horses, cattle, and hogs. These towns I expected would have been contended for with obstinacy, as most of the Chickamogga people had removed thither after their visitation in 1779. Our troops becoming impatient, and no other object of importance being in view, it was resolved to return homewards. Major Martin, with a detachment, was ordered to pass by Saltoga, and the other towns on the Telico River. In his route, he took four prisoners, from whom he learned that several of the chiefs had met a few days before, to consult on means of procuring peace. As I found the enemy were humbled, I took the liberty to send the chiefs a message.[1]

[1] The following is the message sent by Colonel Campbell:—"CHIEFS AND WARRIORS,—We came into your country to fight your young men; we have killed not a few of them, and destroyed your towns. You know you began the war by

"Our whole loss on this expedition was, one man killed by the Indians, and two wounded by accident. It would have been very pleasing to the troops to have met with the whole force of the nation at once on equal ground, but so great was the panic that seized them after seeing us in order over the Tenasse, that they never ventured themselves in sight of the army, but on rocky cliffs, or other ground inaccessible to our mounted infantry. By the returns of the officers of different detachments, we killed twenty-nine men, and took seventeen prisoners, mostly women and children; the number of wounded is uncertain. Besides these we brought in the family of Nancy Ward, whom for their good offices we do not consider as prisoners. The whole are in Major Martin's care at the Great Island, until the sense of Government is known how they are to be disposed of. We have destroyed the towns of Chote, Sietogo, Tuskeego, Chilhowee, Toque, Micliqua, Kai-a-tee, Saltoga, Telico, Hiwassee, and Chistowee, all principal towns, besides some small ones, and several scattering settle-

listening to the bad counsels of the King of England and the falsehoods told to you by his agents. We are now satisfied with what is done, as it may convince your nation that we can distress them much at any time they are so foolish as to engage in a war against us.

"If you desire peace, as we have understood you do, we, out of pity to your women and children, are disposed to treat with you on that subject, and take you into friendship once more. We therefore send this by one of your young men, who is our prisoner, to tell you if you are also disposed to make peace, six of your head men must come to our agent, Major Martin, at the Great Island, within two moons. They will have a safe passport, if they will notify their approach by a runner with a flag, so as to give him time to meet them with a guard on Halstein's River, at the boundary line. The wives and children of those men of your nation that protested against the war, if they are willing to take refuge at the Great Island until peace is restored, we will give a supply of provisions to keep them alive.

"Warriors, listen attentively: If we receive no answer to this message until the time already mentioned expires, we shall then conclude you intend to continue to be our enemies, which will compel us to send another strong force into your country, who will come prepared to stay a long time, and take possession thereof as conquered by us without making any restitution to you for lands.

"Signed at Kal-a-tee, the fourth day of January, 1781, by

"Arthur Campbell, Colonel,
"John Sevier, Lieutenant,
"Joseph Martin, Agent and Major of Militia."

ments, in which were upwards of one thousand houses, and not less than fifty thousand bushels of corn, and large quantities of other kinds of provisions, all of which, after taking sufficient subsistence for the army whilst in the country and on its return, were committed to the flames, or otherwise destroyed. No place in the Over Hill country remained unvisited, except the small town of Telassee, a scattering settlement in the neighborhood of Chickamogga, and the town of Calogee, situated on the sources of the Mobile. We found in Okanastota's baggage, which he left behind in his fright, various manuscripts, copies of treaties, commissions, letters, and other archives of the nation, some of which show the double game that people have been carrying on during the present war. There seemed to be not a man of honor among the chiefs, except him of Kai-a-tee, whom I would willingly have discriminated, had it been in my power. Never did a people so happily situated, act more foolishly, in losing their livings and their country at a time an advantageous neutrality was held out to them; but such are the consequences of British seduction. The enemy in my absence did some mischief in Powell's Valley, and on the Kentucky path, near Cumberland Gap, besides three children that they scalped on Halstein; one of the perpetrators of which we killed on our return, and retook a number of horses. The Botetourt and Montgomery militia were too slow in their movements to do any service."[1]

JANUARY 16.—THE following is an authentic account of the disorders that have lately taken place among the soldiers of the Pennsylvania line, which are now happily settled:—A discontent arose among them on the first of this month about the period of their enlistments, which many of them contended were expired. Some invidious comparisons were also made between the large bounty given to enlist those whose time was confessedly out, and the condition of those who were engaged during the war. Endeavors were used by the officers to quiet them, but without success. One

Pennsylvania Line Revolt.

[1] New Jersey Gazette, March 21.

officer was unfortunately killed, and a great part of the soldiers marched off from their encampment towards the Delaware. They were under the conduct of their sergeants; but General Wayne, with some other officers, determined to follow and keep with them, at all events, though the general could not prevail upon them to stop till they came to Princeton. They marched through the country with great regularity and good conduct, and perhaps less damage than is common on the passing of troops. While they continued at Princeton, a sergeant of the British army with one Ogden, an inhabitant of New Jersey, for a guide, came to them, and made proposals from General Clinton. These they rejected with so much honor and indignation, that they seized the messengers and delivered them to General Wayne, who put them under guard. Soon after this a Committee of the Council of Pennsylvania together with a Committee of Congress met the soldiery. Their grievances were redressed, particularly by giving an interpretation favorable to the soldier of the enlistments which were for three years, or during the war; declaring them to expire at the end of the three years. They marched from Princeton on Tuesday the ninth. On Wednesday the tenth, the two spies were tried, and executed next day at the cross roads near the upper ferry. Commissioners were appointed to hear and settle the claims of the soldiers, who are now going through them with all possible despatch; and on Monday the Committee of Congress returned to Philadelphia.

Upon the whole, this affair, which at first appeared so alarming, has only served to give a new proof of the inflexible honor of the soldiery, and their inviolable attachment to American liberty; and will teach General Clinton, that though he could bribe such a mean toad-eater as Arnold, it is not in his power to bribe an American soldier.[1]

[1] New Jersey Gazette, January 17. The success of the Pennsylvania revolters encouraged about one hundred and sixty of the Jersey brigade to seek redress in a similar way on the 20th of the same month. Their number was not alarming. The American General, Robert Howe, was sent off with a large detachment from the main army, with orders to compel the mutineers to unconditional submission, and to listen to no terms while they were in a state of resistance, and on their re-

JANUARY 17.—THIS morning, after a very severe action, General Morgan, with a detachment of the southern army, obtained a complete victory over Colonel Tarleton at the Cowpens, with eleven hundred and fifty men, the flower of Cornwallis's army. Tarleton, that enterprising, though inhuman young officer, advanced to the attack about sunrise. General Morgan was apprised of his approach, and had time to form his troops in a manner which would have done honor to the most experienced general. His whole force, including the Georgia, South and North Carolina militia, amounted to but eight hundred men. The conflict was severe, and the Americans at first were yielding to the impression. A critical manœuvre was performed in the height of the action. The continental infantry were obliged to change their front, to prevent their being flanked by the enemy; it was done with coolness and activity, and terminated the fate of the day. When formed, a close and well-directed fire was given, which threw the enemy into confusion. Embracing the fortunate moment, a general charge was directed, a total route ensued, and no opposition was made afterwards. About eight hundred, including the wounded, with twenty-nine commissioned officers, were taken prisoners, and near one hundred and fifty left dead on the field; two field-pieces, the same which General Morgan took in 1777, upon Bemis Heights, two stands of colors, thirty-five baggage wagons, and eight hundred stands of excellent arms, together with all their music, were among the trophies of victory; and what adds to its importance, it was obtained with the loss of but ten killed and fifty-three wounded of the Americans.

Battle of the Cowpens.

This is but the prelude to the era of 1781, the close of which, we hope, will prove memorable in the annals of history,

duction instantly to execute a few of the most active and incendiary leaders; for General Washington preferred any extremity to a compromise. When he arrived instant submission was required, and the two ringleaders were directly taken, tried, and executed. The British wished to benefit by this revolt, and forwarded proposals by one Woodroff, but he instantly delivered them to the American officers. Thus were the high hopes which Clinton had entertained from the revolt of the Pennsylvania line, completely baffled—*Gordon*, iv. 22.

as the happy period of peace, liberty, and independence to America.[1]

JANUARY 19.—YESTERDAY, in the evening of the lustre of their wretchedness, departed this life, to the great grief of all wicked men, their most exalted Excellencies the Congress of America; and about midnight their remains were deposited in a vault prepared for them in the most comfortable warm region of infernal misery. By their death that sweet babe of grace, Miss America Rebellion, who from her birth (till the death of her parents) had been nursed and brought up with all the tenderness that such delicate charms, such bewitching beauty, and such perfect deformity, could require, is now left a poor helpless orphan, destitute of friends, and in want of the necessaries of life; nor has the poor soul a rag to cover her nakedness.

The Death of Congress.

The following is the last will and testament of the deceased:—"In the name of the Devil, we, the Congress of America, in Congress assembled, being weak in body, low in credit, and poor in estate, but rich, high, and strong in expectation, that by our hellish, faithful behavior on earth, we shall be advanced to the highest esteem and favor of Satan in his kingdom, do make, publish, and declare this our last will and testament in manner following, that is to say, first and principally we do (as by the strongest tie of duty bound) consign our, and each of our souls, purely vicious as they are, together with all, each, and every, the faculty and faculties inseparately adherent thereto, or to each of them, unto the most highly damned serpent, his Sovereign Majesty of Hell, he having by many titles a just claim thereto. And it is our will, that our executor hereinafter named, do, as soon as conveniently may be after our decease, or even before it, cause our names to be registered among the grand infernal records of Hell. And, as touching our worldly wealth, which we have by so many noble frauds, robberies, and murders, amassed together and concealed, we give, devise, and bequeath

Last Will of Congress.

[1] New Jersey Gazette, February 21.

the same unto and between our two most dearly beloved and most vilely great and good allies, the French King, and King of Spain, to hold the same as long as they shall continue to act with the same uniform conduct, and promote the interest of their brother Sovereign, to whose kingdom we are hastening in a swift course of rapidity. But in default of such conduct in them or either of them as aforesaid, then we give, devise, and bequeath, all and whatsoever is before specified, in the last before-mentioned bequest, or the share of such defaulter, to and among all, any, or either of the potentates of Europe, who shall by his, her, their, any or either of their zeal, (manifested by real service to our most noble benefactor Lucifer,) whether under the mask of armed neutrality, open and avowedly, or otherwise howsoever, cherish, succor, help, and comfort all those Americans who shall be inspired with the most noble sentiments of rebellion, against that great enemy to our constitution of Hell, George the Third of Britain, whose subjects in the most strange infatuation look up to, love, and honor their king. In him there is also the most surprising infatuation, that he governs them by their own laws, and wastes all his time to promote their happiness; nor does his infatuation cease here, he loves his queen and family; and, moreover, he is so righteously wicked that he loves and fears his God. Now, we should make another bequest, that is, of the land and soil of North America, by our will, by our free will, it should go to, and be divided between, our two said great and good allies; but doubts arising in our purely vicious breasts concerning the operation of such bequest, we laid our case respecting the same before the Devil in council, who just now returned it with his opinion, thereunder wrote, in the words following:—'No part of the land and soil of North America can be conveyed by your will;—it is as much out of the power of all hell to prevent North America being subject to Britain, as it will be in the power of the King of Spain to hold South America, for Britain will most assuredly extend her dominion over the whole!' Now, we do nominate and appoint our most infernally noble and dearly beloved Devil, guardian to our dear and only daughter Miss America Rebellion, trusting to him

the sole care, maintenance, and education of that most dutiful, beautiful child. And we do also nominate and appoint him sole executor of this our will, made and executed in his presence this eighteenth day of January, and in the fifth year of our independence.

"Signed, sealed, published, declared, and delivered, by order of Congress, (just now expiring.)

"CHARLES THOMSON, *Secretary*, (L. S.)"[1]

JANUARY 24.—DANIEL COXE, upstart, and private secretary to their high mightinesses the "Commissioners, for restoring peace to the colonies and plantations in North America, and for granting pardons to such of his Majesty's subjects now in rebellion, as shall deserve the royal mercy, &c.," has been circulating small bits of paper, with the following printed thereon, in Hugh Gaine's best style:—"Notice is hereby given, that any rebel desirous of benefiting by the Commissioners' proclamation,[2] is, on his arrival at the first place under the King's government, to surrender himself to the nearest civil or military officer, and declare to him his intentions. He is then, without loss of time, to repair to the next military post on the road to New York, and to give a like notice of his wish to renounce rebellion, and sue for the King's grace.

Commissioners' Proclamation Criticized.

"The officer commanding is hereby authorized and required to give a certificate of such surrender, and a pass to the person to proceed to New York, specifying a reasonable time for that purpose, and the route he is to follow.

"On his arrival at New York, he is to present the pass to the commandant, and make an application to the Secretary of the Commissioners, that, if he falls under the description of persons entitled to the benefits of the proclamation, he may be admitted to take the oaths, and receive his pardon in form."

This generous notice to such of the loyal Americans who have either too much laziness or cowardice to attempt to enter

[1] Rivington's Gazette, January 31.

[2] This proclamation was published in December, 1780, and offered pardon to *certain persons* who would return to their allegiance.

the British lines, we are afraid will not, even at this favorable period, excite them to activity. Old Dillington, Delancey, or some of those characters, may desire to repose in the bosom of their much-injured king, but Parsons[1] keeps too severe a scrutiny over that class of cattle, to admit of *their* joining in active service against the Americans. We hear of but one person who wishes to take the benefit of the Commissioners' offer, and that is Old Peggy Warner,[2] who wishes to obtain some money she loaned Arnold a short time before he took his late hasty and uncivil leave of West Point.

The stupidity of such productions as the late one of the Commissioners, cannot be estimated. What persons, other than fools, will accept a pardon, the conditions of which are to be settled *after* they return to allegiance? Not one! The Americans are not so blear-eyed that they cannot divine the future, and note the consequences of their present actions. On the one hand, the glorious prospect is not far distant of enjoying in peace, in safety, the inestimable blessings of civil and political liberty, secured under the most excellent constitution formed by themselves, and supported with unshaken fortitude, through every hazard, and against every danger. On the other, a base return to the most barbarous of masters, with the dreadful, though certain, expectation of seeing all the effects of British clemency—halters for the most virtuous and brave; chains, whips, and scourges for their remaining brethren, enforced with all the horrors of Tory revenge, sanctified by the exertion of supreme legislation in the Parliament, inflamed by resentment, and rendered familiar by a long series of cruelty, to every idea of inhumanity.[3]

JANUARY 25.—THE Americans, under General Parsons, have just returned from a successful expedition to Morrisania, where, in the night and morning of Monday last, (22d,) they surprised and took prisoners sixty or seventy Tories, and burnt a considerable number of huts. They also

Expedition to Morrisania.

[1] General Parsons, commanding the Americans in Westchester, New York.

[2] See New Jersey Journal, October 25, 1780.

[3] Rivington's Gazette, January 24; New Jersey Gazette, August 22; and Clift's Diary.

to Frog's Neck and destroyed some stores.' The fol-
is a detailed account of the affair:—Major-General
having reinforced the troops stationed on the lines with
litional companies, on the morning of the 20th, Lieuten-
ll marched from Crompond to North Castle, under pre-
f making a large forage near the enemy's lines; all the
n this part of the country having been previously col-
or the purpose. The same evening he was joined by
company of New York levies, commanded by Lieu-
Mosier, who had been for a considerable time stationed
lines, and had acted in conjunction with the troops
his command. Captain Honeywell, likewise, with
ighty mounted volunteers, joined the detachment, and
sted on the different roads on Lieutenant Hull's front
nks, to prevent either inhabitants or deserters giving
ence to the enemy of his movements.

the next evening the following disposition was made
nmunicated to officers:—Major Maxwell with two
ies, commanded by Captains Dix and J. Williams,
ected to take a position near the redoubt number eight,
by the best intelligence, was guarded by a hundred

to be posted at Williams' Bridge, to observe the motions of the enemy on the road leading from King's Bridge, repulse them if they attempted to cross, and at sunrise take up the bridge, retire to East Chester, and join the troops posted at that place to cover the retreat of the operating force.

Three companies, under the command of Captains Fox, S. Williams, and Dorrance, with the principal part of the volunteer horsemen, were to proceed to Morrisania, destroy the enemy's huts, and act as circumstances might require. Proper guides were appointed to the different detachments, and a number of horsemen to keep up a line of intelligence. Particular places were likewise pointed out for the different commands to break off from the column, and the time of attack was fixed at half-past three o'clock in the morning. After executing the different orders at the several posts, all the detachments on the west side of the Bronx had orders to retire to Delancey's Bridge, precisely at daylight, for the purpose of gaining East Chester early in the morning.

The disposition having been thus settled, the morning of the 21st the troops were put in motion in one column, and proceeded down the road leading by Young's, from thence through Mile Square, until their arrival nearly opposite King's Bridge, when it was thought advisable to take the fields, to avoid the enemy's patrols on the different roads. On the arrival of Lieutenant Hull near the principal part of the huts at Morrisania, all the detachments having been made agreeable to orders, the troops met with an unexpected obstruction, which he was apprehensive would have defeated his plan. A small creek (over which was a bridge) had been swelled by a very heavy rain the night and morning of the 21st, to such a height, and so filled with broken ice, as rendered the passage excessively difficult. Determined, however, to make the attempt, the infantry was ordered to mount behind the horsemen, and in the course of fifteen minutes, about seventy were carried over, which, with the horse, were thought a sufficient force to effect the business in that quarter, and, as not only this detachment, but Major Maxwell's command, were obliged to return the same way to gain Delancey's Bridge, it was thought

an object of the utmost consequence that this pass should be secured, and the remainder of the troops were ordered to take a position for the purpose. The noise unavoidably occasioned in passing this creek, was heard by the British on the other side, who immediately fired an alarm, which prevented the surprise being so complete as was designed. The infantry and horse were ordered to advance, and after capturing a number of the enemy, all the huts in that quarter were destroyed.

After this service was performed, that detachment returned, and being joined by Major Maxwell, who had destroyed the bridge over Harlaem Creek, and indeed executed every part of his orders, Lieutenant Hull proceeded with all the troops then joined, to Delancey's Bridge, where Captain White had forced the guards, and was in possession of the pass, over which the troops retreated with little or no loss, although the British had collected in considerable force, and were attempting to regain it.

On Hull's arrival at Westchester, Captain Prichard, who had made the attempt on Frog's Neck, joined the main body. As he was passing over the causeway, the guard posted for its defence fired on him, which gave the alarm, and prevented his success being as complete as was expected; he, however, charged the guard, wounded one, and captured six. On his way to Captain Simmons' quarters, he fell in with a patrol, one of which was killed, and two made prisoners. When he arrived, every man had left the house, and concealed themselves in the woods. After scouring the Neck, and capturing a number of prisoners, he returned, and in repassing the causeway, Ensign Thompson was unfortunately killed. The objects of the enterprise having been thus completed, it became necessary for the Americans to retreat to East Chester, as fast as their very great fatigue would admit. For this purpose a disposition was made, and the prisoners, which consisted of about fifty, with the cattle and horses, were ordered between the front guard and main body.

As soon as the line of march commenced, the British appeared on the flanks and rear of the Americans, and began a scattering fire. Dispositions were immediately made, by re-

inforcing the rear and flank guards, to secure the column, and annoy the enemy as much as possible after so long and severe a march. The enemy being continually reinforced, and their fire incessantly increasing, rendered it necessary for the troops to move exceedingly slow, and for the rear and flank guards to be increased, and ordered to positions best calculated for the purpose.

On Hull's arrival near East Chester, he found such a disposition made of the troops under the command of General Parsons, and measures so judiciously adopted, as effectually secured his retreat, and gave him an opportunity of placing himself under the orders of that general. What number of the enemy fell, either in the night attack, or on the retreat, is uncertain; it must, however, have been considerable. Fifty-two of Colonel Delancey's corps were made prisoners, between thirty and forty large huts built for their quarters and a quantity of forage, were destroyed. A large number of horses and cattle were likewise brought off.

Much credit is due to Major Maxwell for the exactness with which he executed his particular orders, and for his general good conduct during the whole expedition. The patience and fortitude of the soldiers in the execution of so severe a service, and their order and bravery when attacked by the enemy, place their conduct in a most honorable point of view. The conduct of Captain Honeywell, and the Refugees under his command, deserve particular commendation.[1]

Stephen Ball.

JANUARY 26.—LAST night, was executed at Bird's Point, Bergen county, in the province of New Jersey, pursuant to his sentence, Stephen Ball, a spy; he was very active in the execution of Thomas Long, a refugee from Jersey, who suffered death in that province in the year 1779. Ball was apprehended on Staten Island by a party of refugees.[2]

[1] Report of Lieutenant-Colonel William Hull to General Parsons in the New Jersey Gazette, February 21.

[2] Rivington's Gazette, February 3.

In the late excursion, which General Parsons made to Morrisania, Major Oliver Lawrence being detached with a recon-

Oliver Lawrence and Col. Delancey.

noitring party under the command of Colonel Grey, accidentally met with Colonel James Delancey, who taking the major for one of his officers, abruptly accosted him: "D——n you, what are you doing there? don't you see the rebels just on your back?" Major Lawrence, in order to decoy him, replied: "My dear colonel, pray give me your assistance; my men are in the greatest confusion, and I can't rally them." Upon which Delancey innocently rode up until he came within a few rods of the major; when unfortunately one of the major's party, having G. W. on his cap, rising from behind a stone fence, where they were secreted, discovered to the colonel his mistake; upon which he immediately wheeled about, put spurs to his horse, and preferring the danger of a broken neck to the fire of his enemy, leaped down a craggy precipice, exclaiming, when he first perceived his error—"Damn you, Oliver Lawrence, I know you."[1]

JANUARY 31.—This morning, his Majesty's ship Iris arrived at New York from the Chesapeake, with the following account

Arnold's Expedition to Virginia.

of the proceedings of the British forces in Virginia, under Brigadier-General Arnold:—"The fleet having been separated by a hard gale of wind on the 26th and 27th December, rejoined off the capes of Virginia, and arrived in Hampton road on the 30th, except three transports and one armed vessel, with upwards of four hundred troops.

"On the 31st of December the troops were embarked in small vessels and boats, (part of which were captured on their arrival,) and proceeded up James River, with the Hope and Swift armed vessels. On the 3d of January, in the evening, they anchored at Flour de Hundred, about half a mile from a battery of three eighteen and one twenty-four pounders, and one brass eight-inch howitzer, which only killed one man. Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe,[2] with two hundred men, landed and took possession of the battery, without opposition, spiked

[1] New York Packet, February 1.

[2] Of the Queen's Rangers.

the iron guns, and brought off the howitzer. On the 4th the fleet proceeded to Westover, about one hundred and forty miles from the capes of Virginia, where the troops were immediately landed, and marched to Richmond, which they reached without opposition; the militia that was collected having everywhere fled on their approach. From hence Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe marched with a detachment of the army to Westham, where the troops burnt and destroyed one of the finest foundries for cannon in America, and a large quantity of cannon, stores, &c. General Arnold, on his arrival at Richmond, found there large quantities of tobacco, salt, rum, sail cloth, and merchandise, and that part which was public property he destroyed.

"The public stores, &c., said to be at Petersburg, being found on inquiry not an object worth attention, the ships only were sent up within six miles of that place, from whence they brought off some vessels, several having been previously sunk by the rebels.

"The troops having effected this service, marched back with five very fine brass field-pieces, six-pounders, which they had taken, and arrived at Westover on the 7th, having performed a march of sixty-six miles, through very heavy roads and excessive rains, in three days, in an enemy's country where they were sometimes retarded for hours by the destruction of bridges, &c.

"The 8th, in the evening, Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe was detached with forty-two cavalry to Charles City Court House, nine miles from Richmond, where, with his usual address, he surprised about two hundred of the enemy's cavalry and foot, killed about twenty, and took eight prisoners, with the loss of one man killed and three wounded. Captain Shanks, of the Queen's Rangers, behaved on this, as on every other occasion, with great bravery.

"On the 9th the army was joined by the troops in the missing transports, and on the 10th the whole fell down the river to Flour de Hundred, where the general being informed there was a party of six or eight hundred rebels, under the command of Baron Steuben, he landed with part of his troops,

and sent Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe, with three hundred men, about two miles to the cross roads, where the enemy were posted; Captain Hatch, who commanded the van-guard, having with great gallantry drove in their picket on the main body. A very heavy fire from the rebels killed three men, and wounded Captain Hatch, Ensign Sword, and about twenty privates of the loyal American regiment, whose conduct on this occasion does them great honor. They then charged the enemy with such firmness and resolution, that they instantly fled on all sides, and were pursued about two miles, but the darkness of the night, badness of the roads, and a heavy shower of rain falling about the time, put an end to the pursuit. On their return, three pieces of heavy, and some light cannon, with a quantity of stores taken from the enemy, were put on board, and the troops embarked at four next morning. On the 11th, fell down the river, taking some stores on their way. On the 14th they anchored at Harding's Ferry, the troops, horses, and artillery were landed, and on the 15th the army marched to Smithfield, on Pagan Creek, seventeen miles from thence, where a quantity of provisions was collected.

"On the 16th, Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe, with two hundred men, was detached to Mackie's Mills, three miles from Smithfield, to dislodge about two hundred of the enemy who had taken post there, and who fled upon his approach. Major Gordon was at the same time thrown over the creek to cut off their retreat, but they took the woods. On the 18th the army moved to Sleepy Hole on Nansemond River, which Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe passed with his men, and at two o'clock in the morning they began to cross the ferry. They were all over by eleven, and marched fifteen miles. When they were within five miles of Portsmouth, Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe was detached thither, and arrived at ten the next morning, time enough to prevent the town from being burnt, as threatened by the rebels; and on the 20th, in the morning, the whole army, to the great joy of the inhabitants, marched into Portsmouth in good health and high spirits.

"General Arnold expresses himself much indebted to Commodore Symonds, Captain Evans, and the other officers of his

Majesty's ships on this service, for the great assistance he has received from them. And he at the same time speaks in the highest terms of the behavior of the officers and men of both navy and army during the whole expedition."[1]

A True Woman.

FEBRUARY 8.—CAPTAIN S——, lately returned from America to London with an express for government, relates, among many other affecting and uncommon incidents, among the royalists, as well as in the American army, the following narrative of tenderness, evincing to what a height the purity of passion can arrive in the bosom of a virtuous woman, uncorrupted by an erroneous education, or the depravity of fashionable life:—A young lady, long advertised in our public papers by her distressed family, having forsaken her father's house in Wales, in the beginning of the American war, leaving only a letter behind her to bid them be assured her honor and life should be secure in her own care, followed her lover (a cornet of horse) to whom she had engaged herself privately, during his recruiting in the town in which she lived. She married him the hour she arrived at New York, where his regiment was at that time. Her elegance and beauty inflaming the breast of the commander, as well as of those inferior in command in the regiment, her husband became the pointed mark of their malice as well as envy.

The cornet only exceeded the bounds of the country in search of some medicinal herbs for his beloved wife; the trespass was aggravated into a crime; he was indignantly sentenced to an ignominious confinement, which, by reason of the dampness of his prison, immediately threatened his life, and hers who had closely attended him during his confinement. She received a message whilst under these circumstances, from the general, informing her that if she would leave her husband, her presence availing him little, that she would find an asylum in his protection, and every thing that would be advantageous to her, would she listen to his passion. She replied by an opened letter, publicly read through the camp, in words as fol-

[1] Rivington's Gazette, February 7.

lows:—"Unworthy commander, though I would die on the rack without a groan to save my husband, yet I will not forfeit my honor, and dishonor him to save us both. Think not, vain man, that misery, pain, indigence, and chastity, cannot inhabit the same bosom together; know for once you are mistaken, and that being conscious nothing in my conduct could encourage that presumption. The insult is cruel, base, and unmanly. Molest me no more, nor dare to violate my presence. These languid arms, scarce able to lift themselves in tender offices for my husband, my wrongs may animate to avenge his cause and mine." The commander (who in this instance only stands impeached for want of honor and humanity) stood struck with remorse; he went to her, threw himself at her feet, humiliating himself before the companions of his guilt, avowing it and accusing himself and them for the disgraceful and precipitate step that had ruined a virtuous couple, promising her that for her sake he would ever reverence in future her whole sex. The husband was honorably discharged, and soon after promoted, and is now major in the regiment. This virtuous couple enjoy the veneration of all the corps, interrupted only in their happiness by a languishing state the major's imprisonment has occasioned. She lately has lain in, and a want of fresh provisions having happened just before the officer left the camp in Charleston, the major being in a state of weakness for want of proper nutriment, he left the lovely heroine supporting her husband with the milk of her chaste breast, that ever heaved with conjugal love, the innocent pledge of their love having died a few days after its birth. Surely such instances as these, and such of the justly celebrated Mrs. ——, should make us look round with contempt on the paltry passions and interested motives that connect and disunite our fashionable lovers in high life. What sensations can they experience in their most enviable hours, that equal the luxury of a virtuous affection? Riches and honor, like every other gratification of appetite and taste, by use, fall into satiety and languor; we look round to the deserted paths of nature and virtuous attachment, for a relief from that lassitude and ennui; but dissipation and habit have too early extinguished or ab-

sorbed those finer feelings that give rapture and enthusiasm, with durable rational enjoyment, to the humble, retired, and undepraved.[1]

FEBRUARY 22.—BY letters of a very late date from New York, says a writer in England, we are informed that Sir Henry Clinton has been attempting to negotiate a peace with America by offering the most advantageous terms to many of her leaders. Several of the American officers of rank, while prisoners, such as Lee, Stirling, &c., were tampered with on the same subject, but all without effect, as Washington, who is now more in the French interest than ever, opposes every attempt towards such accommodations short of independence. As to General Lee, he is now neglected and despised even by the Americans, who never had any opinion of his fidelity to their cause, after he was taken prisoner; nay, some of the most violent have gone so far as to charge him with being ever since in the British interest, although they have never been able to prove it.[2]

Generals Lee and Stirling tampered with.

A WRITER in England says:—"A Scotch officer, lately arrived from America, hath assured some particular friends, that on the day of the action near Camden, Lord Cornwallis's orders to the army were: 'To take no prisoners in the field of battle, but to put all to the bayonet without distinction, however supplicating for mercy they may be found!' (which accounts for the great and disproportionate slaughter made among the American troops,) but, after the action, and on the day following, his lordship gave leave for receiving alive such of the rebels as applied for quarter! *Bella, horrida bella!* Is it possible that such a kind of war can be approved of by a Christian Prince, reigning over a free and civilized people, once as renowned for humanity as for their valor in war? If the fact be as thus represented, what would be the consequences if the fortune of war should render that same noble lord a prisoner in the hands of the American

Cornwallis's Cruelty.

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, July 7.

[2] Upcott, vi. 181.

In the rage of revenge following his conduct, they onorably entomb him alive, with a number of the putrid he had so inhumanly butchered, to be his companions the time that starvation was finishing his wretched e. Most Reverend Father in God, Prelate of Canter- ighest spiritual teacher and preacher of mercy and under the blessed Jesus, Lamb of God! know thou, Reverend and Christian sir, (who seem to be not many n this side the bar of justice at which all mortals must) that this human butcher is thy nephew! and that w, *in est clementi forti!* had ever been considered as blished maxim. Doth such inhumanity meet with probation?"[1]

CH 1.—THIS day will be memorable in the annals of a to the last posterity, for the final ratification in Con- the articles of confederation and perpetual union be- he States.[2]

great event, which will confound our enemies, fortify ist their arts of seduction, and frustrate their plans of eration division, was announced to the public at twelve

Thus has the union, began by necessity, been indissolubly cemented. Thus America, (like a well-constructed arch, whose parts harmonizing and mutually supporting each other, are the more closely united the greater the pressure upon them,) is growing up in war into greatness and consequence among the nations. But Britain's boasted wealth and grandeur are crumbling to pieces, never to be again united. Her empire of the ocean is dividing among her insulted neighbors; and if she persists in her present self-destroying system, there will be a time when scarcely a monument of her former glory will remain. The fragments of her empire, and its history, will then be of little other use to mankind, but like a landmark to warn against the shoals and rocks on which her political navigators had shipwrecked that infatuated nation.[1]

Theatre in New York.

An American correspondent says, that the officers of the army in New York, concerned in the management of the theatre there, form a body like any other company of comedians, and share the profits arising from their exhibitions. To people in England it may seem mean for British officers to perform for hire; but in New York, necessaries are so extremely dear, that an inferior officer, who has no other resources than his pay, undergoes more difficulties than the common soldier; and circumstanced as many brave men now are in America, such an exertion of their talents to increase their incomes, deserves the greatest encouragement.[2]

Hubbel at Lloyd's Neck.

March 10.—Captain Hubbel, of the Associated Loyalists, has had another encounter with the pious Presbyterians at Lloyd's Neck.[3] This spirited officer, with his little band of *true* Englishmen, has made three attempts to effect the business pointed out to them. In the first, the weather obliged them to return to the Neck without landing. Their second attempt was on the 28th of February last,

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, March 3.

[2] Upcott, vi. 231.

[3] Smythe's Journal; Lloyd's Neck is a promontory between Oyster Bay and Huntington harbor, Long Island.

when contrary winds and bad weather again prevented the General Wolfe (an armed schooner, furnished by his Excellency the commander-in-chief, for the use of the board) from crossing the Sound. Captain Hubbel then manned four whale boats, and proceeded to Compo, in Connecticut, where the party landed, and being fired upon from two guard houses, the rebels were immediately driven from them, and the guard houses burnt.

By this time the alarm guns were fired, and the militia mustered to the number of three hundred, as the loyalists were well informed, and therefore it was thought best to retire to their boats, in which they proceeded to Five Mile River, where they again landed, and marched some distance into the country; but the beacons being lighted, and the militia everywhere collected, Captain Hubbel drew off his men, and returned to Long Island the next morning.

On the morning of the 4th instant, the party were embarked on board the General Wolfe, but the wind coming ahead, it was again determined to man four boats with between thirty and forty of the best men, which was immediately done, and the party crossed to McKenzie's Point, where, leaving a sufficient guard with the boats, Captain Hubbel moved with the rest two miles up Mill River, where they effectually destroyed two mills, with about two hundred barrels of flour, collected there, as they were told, for the French at Rhode Island.

After effecting this business and collecting a few sheep, they returned to their boats, and proceeded to Routon River, and again landed about sunrise, and marched into the country to a rebel guard house, which they burned. They also destroyed a salt work, and collected some cattle, but finding the rebels embodying against them, they retreated to their boats, being fired at by the rebels, and landed on one of the Norwalk Islands, where they expected the General Wolfe would have joined them, but being disappointed, they were obliged to pass the night on the island. About break of day they discovered a large barge and three whale boats, full manned with continentals and militia, rowing towards them; but on being challenged by the loyalists, they turned and landed on an island

within a few rods of the one occupied by Captain Hubbel, and began a heavy fire on the loyalists and their boats, which were turned up on the shore to shelter the men during the night. In the face of this fire, however, they launched their boats, and effected their retreat without any loss or damage, except a few shot holes through their boats.[1]

Mud Ammunition.

In the late encounter between Captain Hubbel and the Jonathans of Connecticut, at Lloyd's Neck, the latter used balls of baked mud filled with bits of iron, and pieces of rusty spikes, instead of bullets. This shows the state of the rebels' boasted "unbounded supply of ammunition," and at the same time accounts for the little execution done by that pious herd in their conflicts with the Britons.[2]

An English view of Andre's Execution.

March 14.—A writer in the London Public Advertiser,[3] gives the following reflections on the catastrophe of Major Andre:—"As nothing that concerns humanity can ever be imagined foreign to a British breast, any prefatory apology for a discussion of the degree of right or of wrong in the treatment of the unfortunate Major Andre, may very justly be considered as an insult to the reader, in its implication of a diffidence of his heart.

"But even such a discussion is not the only motive of this address; another capital one extorts it; a wish to satisfy the public that the Marquis La Fayette, then in the colony camp, and who, in all probability, irresistibly instigated Mr. Washington to the perpetration of that horrid crime, has therein not less wounded the honor of France than the feelings of humanity; a point which, when clearly established, cannot even displease those of the colonists themselves who, unfortunately, under the force of a cruel imposture, have been betrayed into such execrable lengths of criminality, as from their very souls they would otherwise probably have detested. A presumption this,

[1] Rivington's Gazette, March 14.
[2] Smythe's Journal, 108.
[3] Under the signature of "A Briton."

which does not, however, extend to the incendiaries of the rebellion themselves, who must be too case-hardened to receive an impression of truth and reason.

"First is to the pretended right of sacrificing the major to the rigor of martial law. True it is that general usage or practice constitutes the common law of war; and according to that, certain it is that spies when taken, are liable to be put to death. But according to the best information, the laws of war, in the true spirit of military honor, make a very justifiable difference between spies; a designation which in itself interposes no disgrace or derogation from the highest rank: at least I never heard it imputed as such, to one of the greatest kings that ever illustrated the English nation. Alfred, in the Danish camp, in the disguise of a harper, even accepting gratuities in that character, assumed for the laudable purpose of gaining useful intelligence against the enemies of his country, was not, perhaps, in that adventure, less Alfred the Great, than when pompously seated on his throne. Nor has he been the only prince that personally risked a stratagem of that kind. This is only mentioned to invalidate that cruel and unfair conclusion, that if the major *demeaned* himself to the personage of a spy, he was bound to take a spy's fate, an ignominious death.

"Justice, severe justice, (it has been said,) making no distinction of persons, no wrong was done to him; the law of war took his forfeited life. But this is, in general, false. That very law of usage leaves a latitude to discretion in favor of a very just, and consequently an honorable distinction.

"The persons who fall under the description of spies, liable, on capture, to a summary death, are in general understood to be peasants, or of the very lowest class of men; not that the life of one in such a class is not, in the eye of justice, held intrinsically as sacred as that of the highest personage; but here lies the difference: A peasant, a low-lived mercenary, taken as a spy, is currently supposed to be actuated merely by the promise or prospect of a sordid fee or reward for the mischief implied by his errand. He is looked upon as having gone out of his line of life for a vile hire, without a spark of

principle or of honor, and is accordingly treated and executed with very little ceremony. Whereas, generals or commissioned officers, though taken in the very attempt at such a service, are, unless some very aggravating circumstance should attend the act, not supposed to deserve any such ignominious treatment as usage appropriates to the lower ranks of life. The difference of the motive discriminates the undertaking. Their commission, if not an authority, is at least according to that usage which forms the military code of honor, an admissible excuse, and entitles them to the courtesy of a generous enemy. Thence their being commonly considered as only prisoners of war.

"Here, should any false distinction of rank have been made, any officer may easily correct the error, and will surely forgive it in favor of the innocence of the intentioner. This was certainly not to mislead, but to put the reader on his own examination of the plea adduced to justify one of the most atrocious crimes that has occurred in the course of this ever execrable war—the murder in cold blood of so estimable a member of the British community. And for what? For the being taken in the very act of recovering a British subject to his own proper nation, he having in all truth no other. It was not an enemy he had been treating with to betray his own countrymen, but with a relenting subject of Britain, to concert the deliverance of himself and country, enslaved to a tyranny the more fierce and bloody for its being founded on imposture, treason, rebellion, and ingratitude, all sanctified with the stale pretence of *liberty*, coupled with the nick-name of America. Oh! shocking absurdity! Britain, we all know, is in Europe; but did ever Britain pretend to be Europe, as the British colonies have assumed to be America? They modestly christen that part of our country America, and to heighten the joke, the French king piously stands godfather. Meanwhile, such is the boasted American liberty, which this unfortunate officer found to his cost could add new horrors to the face of war, and that war, too, a civil war!

"We now bring home this barbarous, cowardly act more especially to the Count de Rochambeau, or to any French

officer then in the camp. None of them could have ignorance to plead of a fact that was not of a nature to be forgotten by the French nation; a fact, the notoriety of which, ought to overwhelm with confusion whoever of them that did not disdain to instigate, or but to approve the perpetration of so black a crime by a chief who ought to have been particularly obnoxious to them, as Frenchmen, for a precedent action of his: an action of this *Defender of American Liberty*, that proves him worthy of such a cause, as the cause is indubitably worthy of such a defender. Be the reader the judge on the following narrative, principally taken from the preface of Mons. Thomas, a celebrated French writer, to an epic poem founded on a fact which there are, I presume, many colonists actually ready to authenticate on their own knowledge or well-grounded belief. But should I have been misinformed, I have only the public's pardon to ask, not Mr. Washington's, as no wrong will have been done him, since nothing could now add to his guilt.

"It was in the year 1753, that in consequence of various disputes about the limits of the British and the French colonies, disputes which at length brought on a war between the two nations, that a British officer (Mr. Washington) had, near the Monongahela River, and the Great Meadows, built a fort on ground falsely, perhaps, claimed by the French. Consequently, a Mons. Contrecœur, who commanded a body of troops posted on the banks of the Ohio, sent to Mr. Washington an officer of distinction with a letter, warning him to withdraw his force from the French territories. Mr. Washington pretended, at first, to comply with the summons, but, in fact, on the expectation of being soon attacked, he hurried on the building of the fort which he had begun, and gave it the name of Fort Necessity.

"Mons. de Contrecœur, uncertain of the English having withdrawn, despatched on the 20th of May, Mons. de Jumonville, a French officer, with an escort of thirty men, in order to ascertain that point, and if he found them not removed, he was to give the English officer a second summons of the like import as the first. The officer

Jumonville.

proceeded with this not unnecessary escort, in a country at no time absolutely clear of savages. At a small distance from the fort, he was, on a sudden, surrounded by some British provincials, who kept a terrible firing on him. With his hand he made a sign to the officer, holding up his credentials, and desired to be heard. The firing ceased, they surrounded him; he announced his mission, or character of envoy, and began reading aloud the summons of which he was the bearer, but had scarce got half way through it before he was shot dead.

"'Such (says the French writer) was the answer given by a nation that pretends itself a nation of philosophers, to the credentials of an envoy whose person is rendered sacred by a title in all ages and in all countries considered as inviolable.' The firing then immediately recommenced. The party that escorted Jumonville being surrounded, eight of them were killed, and fell by the side of their murdered chief, who lay weltering in his blood. The rest were forced to surrender prisoners, one Canadian only escaping to carry the horrid news of a fact which scandalized even the savages themselves, to whom such a crime was a novelty.

"On this advice, however, Mons. de Contrecœur, surely not unjustly provoked to revenge this shocking assassination, sent a detachment under the command of Mons. de Villiers, brother to Jumonville. This officer, animated at once by nature and by duty to his country, had to revenge the murder of a brother, and the outrage to his nation. The indignant savages served him for guides. On the 3d of July he came to the spot where the assassination had been committed, a spot still stained with his brother's blood, and where the bodies of the slaughtered French still lay unburied. What a sight! On this the fort was presently invested, attacked, and reduced to capitulate.

"The express orders to Mons. de Villiers having been to use no further violence than would precisely serve to force the British to evacuate the French territories, and in general, for him to avoid any extremities that might bring on a rupture between the two crowns; that officer adhered so punctually to his instructions, that under such trying provocations, he had hu-

manity and moderation enough to protect even the murderers of his brother against the rage of the savages, who ardently sought to sacrifice them to his resentment.

"It is on these incidents that Mons. Thomas has built an epic poem, under the title of Jumonville, a poem in which Mr. Washington could not well be the hero, on any other footing than that of the infernal spirit in Milton's Paradise Lost. The author, then, without deigning to name him, throws the whole odium of the action on the British nation itself.

"Here, it is but fair to obviate the candid reader's justly presumable objection, that after all, this villanous murder might only be, on the part of Mr. Washington, an innocent mistake, or, at the worst, a rash procedure. True, and great reason there would be for admitting such a plea. Unfortunately for it, our papers, our magazines of that time, all call it, without mincing the word, a murder, which had it been only an error, would have been in them a gross injustice. Whereas, as things were, they had the clearest authority on their side. From whom? Even from Mr. Washington himself, who, in the articles of capitulation, expressly signed his confession of having assassinated (assassiné, that was the term) Mons. Jumonville. Will it here by any shameless caviller be said, that he was at the time under a compulsion of bodily fear, to sign such a confession? May be so. But here I would willingly ask Mr. Washington one question, and leave it to himself to answer: Does he believe, that, in the case of being *innocent*, Major Andre, that gallant officer whom he has so barbarously murdered, would, in that situation, have signed such a cowardly confession? Alas! when was cowardice not allied to cruelty?

"What high heroic deeds of arms this great founder of *American Empire* has since produced to wash out that stain, will doubtless adorn the history of that glorious epoch; a history that will immortalize the prowess with which this colony Fabius, who having by dint of being beaten by his friends the French, learned the snug art of spinning out a rebel war against his own nation, could, without remorse, imbrue his hands in the blood of his perfectly innocent countryman.

whose object indisputably was not the subjugation, but the deliverance of the colonies from the chains of imposture, treason, and tyranny, to recover them in short to their country, to restore them with honor to themselves.

"But how will La Fayette acquit himself to his court, for the mean and infamous instigation of Mr. Washington to so base and inhuman a murder? The French are known to be a generous enemy; whenever the false views of their policy do not blunt their natural sensibility to honor, they feel it nobly and judge it rightly. Not a few of the worthiest of that nation have been astonished at his most Christian Majesty's having so degraded himself as to accept the lead of a miserably deluded and betrayed multitude in our colonies; to give them, too, the appellation of Dear Friends; while without puking he can bear so much as the idea of being styled their *Great and Good Ally!* Well may they say, '*En verité, c'est serieusement s'encanailler?*'

"At the worst, however, La Fayette may not impossibly have to comfort him, the compliment paid him in some ballad of the Pont Neuf, set to a scurvy French tune, of his having been in the affair the chosen instrument of Providence to revenge the death of an innocent French officer, by his influencing his confessed assassin to the murder of an innocent British officer, while the aggravating circumstance of his being his own countryman may be reckoned in as interest for such a debt of blood. Nor let it be disowned that relatively to Mr. Washington, our own nation is not entirely exempt for blame. It was rather not over delicate, however useful he might at the time have been thought, to suffer in its service a man notoriously under such a scar, as that of his confessed assassination. What then less bad, in general, could be the retribution expected from one capable of such a procedure? A retribution in which there has, in particular, been too cruelly involved, the catastrophe of a valuable British officer, into the balance against whose life, (in his character of a loyal subject, had he been even in the lowest rank,) to put the lives of thousands of rebel chiefs, or incendiary traitors, would be an indignity to his memory. Unless, indeed, by a doctrine new and unheard

of, till the blue code of Boston produced it, imposture could give weight, rebellion, rank, and treason authority. But oh! citizens of the British empire! can it be a crime to any of you to wish well to good old Britain? which, in spite of foreign enmity and domestic treason, may Heaven ever preserve, *great*, *happy*, and *free!* A wish this, to which all the colonies might well say *Amen!* since they are most naturally and most cordially included in it."[1]

Battle of Guilford.

MARCH 16.—YESTERDAY morning an engagement was brought on near Guilford Court House, between a small part of the American regulars, joined by a very considerable body of militia, and most of General Cornwallis's army.[2] Early in the morning, the American reconnoitring parties reported the enemy advancing on the Great Salisbury road. The army was drawn up in three lines: the front line was composed of the North Carolina militia, under the command of Generals Butler and Eaton; the second line of Virginia militia, commanded by Generals Stevens and Lawson, forming two brigades; the third line, consisting of two brigades, one of Virginia, and one of Maryland Continental troops, commanded by General Huger and Colonel Williams. Lieutenant-Colonel Washington, with the dragoons of the first and third regiments, a detachment of light infantry, composed of Continental troops, and a regiment of riflemen under Colonel Lynch, formed a corps of observation for the security of the flank; Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, with his legion, a detachment of light infantry and a corps of riflemen, under Colonel Campbell, formed a corps of observation for the security of the left flank.

The greater part of the country is a wilderness, with a few cleared fields interspersed here and there. The army was drawn up upon a large hill of ground surrounded by other hills, the greater part of which was covered with timber and thick underbrush. The front line was posted, with two field-

[1] Rivington's Gazette, March 14.

[2] Letter in the New Jersey Gazette, April 4.

pieces, just on the edge of the woods, and the back of a fence which ran parallel with the line, with an open field directly in their front. The second line was in the woods, about three hundred yards in rear of the first, and the Continental troops about three hundred yards in the rear of the second with a double front, as the hill drew to a point where they were posted, and on their right and left were two old fields.

In this position the Americans waited the approach of the enemy, having previously sent off the baggage to the Iron Works, (about ten miles from Guilford Court House,) appointed to rendezvous at in case of a defeat. Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, with his legion, his infantry and part of his riflemen, met the enemy, on their advance, and had a very severe skirmish with Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton, in which the enemy suffered greatly. Captain Armstrong charged the British legion, and cut down near thirty of their dragoons, but as they reinforced their advanced party, Lieutenant-Colonel Lee was obliged to retire, and take his position in the line.

The action commenced by a cannonade, which lasted about twenty minutes, when the enemy advanced in three columns; the Hessians on the right, the guards in the centre, and Lieutenant-Colonel Webster's brigade on the left. The whole moved through the old fields to attack the North Carolina brigades, who waited the attack until the enemy got within about one hundred and forty yards, when part of them began to fire; but a considerable part left the ground without firing at all. The generals and field-officers did all they could to induce the men to stand their ground, but neither the advantage of the position nor any other consideration could induce them to stay. Generals Stevens and Lawson, and the field-officers of those brigades, were more successful in their exertions. The Virginia militia gave the enemy a warm reception, and kept up a heavy fire for a long time, but being beaten back, the action became general almost everywhere. The corps of observation under Washington and Lee were warmly engaged and did great execution. In a word, the conflict was long and severe, and the enemy only gained their point by superior discipline.

The enemy having broken the second Maryland regiment, and turned our left flank, and got into the rear of the Virginia brigade, and appearing to be gaining our right, which would have encircled the whole of the Continental troops, General Greene thought it most advisable to order a retreat. About this time Lieutenant-Colonel Washington made a charge with the horse upon a part of the brigade of guards, and the first regiment of Marylanders, commanded by Colonel Gunby, and seconded by Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, followed the horse with their bayonets; near the whole of this party fell a sacrifice. General Huger was the last that was engaged, and gave the enemy a check.

The Americans retreated in good order to the Reedy Fork River, crossed at the ford, about three miles from the field of action, and there halted, and drew up the troops, until they collected most of their stragglers. They lost their artillery and two ammunition wagons, (the greater part of the horses being killed before the retreat began,) it being impossible to move the pieces but along the great road. After collecting their stragglers, they retired to the Iron Works, where they now are.

From the best information, we learn the British loss is very great, not less in killed and wounded than six hundred men, besides some few prisoners that the Americans brought off.[1]

[1] General Greene's letter to Samuel Huntington; and the New Jersey Journal, April 11. An officer in General Greene's army, in referring to this action, says: "The enemy were so beaten that we should have disputed the victory could we have saved our artillery, but the general thought it was a necessary sacrifice. The spirits of the soldiery would have been affected if the cannon had been sent off the field, and in this woody country cannon cannot always be sent off in a critical moment.

"The general, by his abilities and good conduct, and by his activity and bravery in the field, has gained the confidence and respect of the army and country, to an amazing degree. You would, from the countenances of our men, believe they had been decidedly victorious. They are in the highest spirits, and appear most ardently to wish to engage the enemy again. The enemy are much embarrassed by their wounded.

"When we consider the nakedness of our troops, and of course their want of discipline, their numbers, and the loose, irregular manner in which they come into the field, I think we have done wonders. I rejoice at our success, and were

Cornwallis, in his despatches to the British government, gives the following detailed account of this battle:—"In pursuance of my intended plan, I had encamped on the 13th instant, at the Quaker Meeting, between the forks of Deep River. On the 14th I received information that General Butler, with a body of North Carolina militia, and the reinforcements from Virginia, said to consist of a Virginia State regiment, a corps of Virginia eighteen-month men, three thousand Virginia militia and recruits for the Maryland line, had joined General Greene, and that the whole army, which was reported to amount to nine or ten thousand men, were marching to attack the British troops. During the afternoon intelligence was brought, which was confirmed in the night, that he had advanced that day to Guilford, about twelve miles from our camp. Being now persuaded that he had resolved to hazard an engagement, (after detaching Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton with our wagons and baggage, escorted by his own regiment, a detachment of one hundred infantry, and twenty cavalry, towards Bell's Mill, on Deep River,) I marched with the rest of the corps at daybreak, on the morning of the 15th, to meet the enemy, or attack them in their encampment. About four miles from Guilford our advanced guard, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton, fell in with a corps of the enemy, consisting of Lee's legion, some back mountain men, and Virginia militia, which he attacked with his usual good conduct and spirit, and defeated; continuing our march, we found the rebel army posted on rising ground, about a mile and a half from the Court House. The prisoners taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton, having been several days with the advanced corps, could give me no account of the

British Account of the Battle of Guilford.

our exertions and sacrifices published to the world, as some commanding officers would have published them, we should have received more applause than our modesty claims.

"Many officers have not a shift of clothes, and few have a second vest or breeches. They have had no baggage since the first of January, and we have not pulled off our clothes at head-quarters since that time. We are, however, blessed with health and spirits, and are happy that our exertions and sufferings tend to repel the enemy, and put a period to the war."—*New Jersey Gazette*, April 11.

enemy's order or position, and the country people were extremely inaccurate in their description of the ground. Immediately between the head of the column and the enemy's line, was a considerable plantation, one large field of which was on our left on the road, and two others, with a wood of about two hundred yards broad between them, on our right of it; beyond these fields, the road continued for several miles to our right. The wood beyond the plantation in our front, in the skirt of which the enemy's first line was formed, was about a mile in depth, the road then leading into an extensive space of cleared ground about Guilford Court House. The woods on our right and left were reported to be impracticable for cannon; but, as that on our right appeared to be most open, I resolved to attack the left wing of the enemy, and whilst my disposition was making for that purpose, I ordered Lieutenant-Colonel McLeod to bring forward the guns, and cannonade their centre. The attack was directed to be made in the following order:

"On the right, the regiment of Bose, and the 71st regiment, led by Major-General Leslie, and supported by the 1st battalion of guards; on their left the 23d and 33d regiments, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Webster, and supported by the grenadiers and 2d battalion of guards, commanded by Brigadier-General O'Hara; the Yagers and light infantry of the guards remained in the wood, on the left of the guns, and the cavalry in the road, ready to act as circumstances might require. Our preparations being made, the action began about half-past one in the afternoon. Major-General Leslie, after being obliged by the great extent of the enemy's line, to bring up the 1st battalion of guards to the right of the regiment of Bose, soon defeated every thing before him. Lieutenant-Colonel Webster having joined the left of Major-General Leslie's division, was no less successful in his front, when, on finding that the left of the 33d was exposed to a heavy fire from the right wing of the enemy, he changed his front to the left, and being supported by the Yagers and light infantry of the guards attacked and routed it; the grenadiers and 2d battalion of guards moving forward to occupy the ground left vacant by the movement of Lieutenant-Colonel Webster.

"All the infantry being now in the line, Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton had directions to keep his cavalry compact, and not to charge without positive orders, except to protect any of the corps from the most evident danger of being defeated. The excessive thickness of the woods rendered our bayonets of little use, and enabled the broken enemy to make frequent stands with an irregular fire, which occasioned some loss, and to several of the corps great delay; particularly on our right, where the first battalion of guards and regiment of Bose were warmly engaged in front, flank, and rear, with some of the enemy that had been routed on the first attack, and with part of the extremity of the left wing, which by the closeness of the woods had been passed unbroken. The 71st regiment and grenadiers, and 2d battalion of guards, not knowing what was passing on their right, and hearing the fire advance on their left, continued to move forward, the artillery keeping pace with them on the road, followed by the cavalry. The 2d battalion of the guards first gained the clear ground, near Guilford Court House, and found a corps of Continental infantry, much superior in number, formed in the open field on the left of the road. Glowing with impatience to signalize themselves, they instantly attacked and defeated them, taking two six-pounders, but pursuing into the wood with too much ardor, were thrown into confusion by a heavy fire, and immediately charged and driven back into the field, by Colonel Washington's dragoons, with the loss of the six-pounders they had taken. The enemy's cavalry was soon repulsed by a well-directed fire from two three-pounders just brought up by Lieutenant McLeod, and by the appearance of the grenadiers of the guards, and of the 71st regiment, which, having been impeded by some deep ravines, were now coming out of the wood on the right of the guards, opposite to the Court House. By the spirited exertions of Brigadier-General O'Hara, though wounded, the 2d battalion of guards was soon rallied, and, supported by the grenadiers, returned to the charge with the greatest alacrity. The 23d regiment arriving at that instant from our left, and Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton having advanced with part of the cavalry, the enemy were soon put to

flight, and the two six-pounders once more fell into our hands; two ammunition wagons, and two other six-pounders, being all the artillery they had in the field, were likewise taken. About this time the 33d regiment and light infantry of the guards, after overcoming many difficulties, completely routed the corps which was opposed to them, and put an end to the action in this quarter. The 23d and 71st regiments, with part of the cavalry, were ordered to pursue; the remainder of the cavalry was detached with Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton to our right, where a heavy fire still continued, and where his appearance and spirited attack contributed much to a speedy termination of the action. The militia, with which our right had been engaged, dispersed in the woods; the Continentals went off by the Reedy Fork, beyond which it was not in my power to follow them, as their cavalry had suffered but little. Our troops were excessively fatigued by an action which lasted an hour and a half; and our numerous wounded, dispersed over an extensive space of country, required immediate attention. The care of our wounded, and the total want of provisions in an exhausted country, made it equally impossible for me to follow the blow next day. The enemy did not stop until they got to their iron works on Troublesome Creek, eighteen miles from the field of battle.

"From our own observation, and the best accounts we could procure, we did not doubt but that the strength of the enemy exceeded seven thousand men; their militia composed their line, with parties advanced to the rails of the field in their front; the Continentals were posted obliquely in the rear of their right wing. Their cannon fired on us, whilst we were forming, from the centre of the line of militia, but were withdrawn to the Continentals before the attack.

"I have the honor to inclose your lordship the list of our killed and wounded. Captain Schutz's wound is supposed to be mortal, but the surgeons assure me that none of the officers are in danger, and that a great number of the men will soon recover. I cannot ascertain the loss of the enemy, but it must have been considerable; between two and three hundred dead were left upon the field; many of their wounded that were able

to move, while we were employed in the care of our own, escaped and followed the routed enemy; and our cattle drivers and foraging parties have reported to me, that the houses in a circle of six or eight miles round us are full of others; those that remained we have taken the best care of in our power. We took few prisoners, owing to the excessive thickness of the woods facilitating their escape, and every man of our army being repeatedly wanted for action.

"The conduct and actions of the officers and soldiers that composed this little army, will do more justice to their merit than I can by words. Their persevering intrepidity in action, their invincible patience in the hardships and fatigues of a march of about six hundred miles, in which they have forded several large rivers and numberless creeks, many of which would be reckoned large rivers in any other country in the world, without tents or covering against the climate, and often without provisions, will sufficiently manifest their ardent zeal for the honor and interests of their sovereign and their country.

"I have been particularly indebted to Major-General Leslie, for his gallantry and exertion in the action, as well as his assistance in every other part of the service. The zeal and spirit of Brigadier-General O'Hara merit my highest commendations, for, after receiving two dangerous wounds, he continued in the field whilst the action lasted; by his earnest attention on all other occasions, seconded by the officers and soldiers of the brigade, his Majesty's guards are no less distinguished by their order and discipline, than by their spirit and valor.

"The Hessian regiment of Bose deserves my warmest praise for its discipline, alacrity, and courage, and does honor to Major Du Buy, who commands it, and who is an officer of superior merit.

"I am much obliged to Brigadier-General Howard, who served as volunteer, for his spirited example on all occasions. Lieutenant-Colonel Webster conducted his brigade like an officer of experience and gallantry. Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton's good spirit and conduct in the management of his cavalry, was conspicuous during the whole action; and Lieutenant

McLeod, who commanded the artillery, proved himself upon this as well as all former occasions, a most capable and deserving officer. The attention of my aide-de-camp, and of all the other public officers of the army, contributed very much to the success of the day.

"I have constantly received the most zealous assistance from Governor Martin, during my command in the southern district. Hoping that his presence would tend to excite the loyal subjects to take an active part with us, he has cheerfully submitted to the fatigues and dangers of our campaign; but his delicate constitution has suffered by his public spirit, for, by the advice of the physicians, he is now obliged to return to England for the recovery of his health.

"This part of the country is so totally destitute of subsistence, that forage is not nearer than nine miles, and the soldiers have been two days without bread; I shall therefore leave about seventy of the worst of the wounded cases at the New Garden Quarter Meeting House, with proper assistance, and move the remainder with the army to-morrow morning, to Bell's Mill. I hope our friends will heartily take an active part with us, to which I shall continue to encourage them, still approaching our shipping by easy marches, that we may procure the necessary supplies for further operations, and lodge our sick and wounded where proper attention can be paid to them."[1]

March 27.—On the evening of the rejoicing at Charleston, South Carolina, after the battle at Guilford Court House, two sailors walking in the streets, and observing the brilliant illuminations, one says to the other: "Jack, what the d—l are so many candles lighted for?" Jack replies: "You are a pretty fellow, indeed, not to know the cause. Why, they are lighted to keep us and all the people in the dark."[2]

Anecdote.

March 28.—Chevalier d'Astouches, with the French fleet, lately returned to Rhode Island from an unsuccessful encoun-

[1] London Gazette, June 5, and Rivington's Gazette, August 11.

[2] Pennsylvania Packet, June 16.

ter with the British squadron in the Chesapeake. The subjoined relation of his recent operations, is given by a writer at Newport:— "The gale of wind on the 21st of January, having consequences which put some equality in the naval forces of France and Great Britain, in North America, the Chevalier d'Astouches took advantage of the circumstance to stop the depredations and plunders of the British on the coast of Virginia. For that purpose he sent with the greatest speed a sixty-four gun ship and two frigates, under the orders of Mons. de Tilly, captain of the navy. His orders were to go to Chesapeake Bay, and to endeavor to destroy the little British fleet there, and the frigates which protected it. The enemy having taken the precaution to put their vessels out of danger in the small river of Elizabeth, Mons. Tilly could not completely carry out the object of his mission; his expedition, however, was not fruitless; he took or destroyed ten ships, and carried into Newport, Rhode Island, the Romulus, of forty-four guns, which he had taken at the entrance of the bay.

The French and British Fleets meet off Virginia.

"The success of this undertaking, and the great desire of Mons. d'Astouches to give an efficacious succor to the State of Virginia, made him take the resolution to renew the attempt with greater force. He fitted out his squadron, armed the Romulus, and to insure as much as it was possible the success of the expedition, the Count de Rochambeau sent on board his men-of-war and the Fantasque, a detachment of his army, under the orders of the Baron de Viomenil.

"On the 8th of March, in the evening, the fleet got under way; the contrary winds drove it the following days to the south-east; however, they took the advantage of the variety of the winds, approached the coast, and on the 14th, in the morning, discovered Cape Charles, in Chesapeake Bay. The south winds which blew very hard, did not allow them to rise in the wind so as to go into Cape Henry; on the contrary, they were driven northward, and tacked about two whole days. On the 16th, at daybreak, the wind still continuing to blow from the same quarter, but with less force, and the weather foggy, the fleet having their larboard tacks on, a frigate was discovered

two gunshots to windward; the admiral made signals for chasing, but a short time after, many large ships appearing through the fog, he did not in the least doubt but the British had got intelligence, by some enemy to America, of his going out, and that the west and north-west winds having made them run more rapidly, they had arrived almost as soon as the French fleet on the coast of Virginia. In consequence of that reflection, he called back the chase, and the wind shifting to the north-east in the same instant, he made signal to form the line, with the larboard tacks on. The British fleet were then two leagues off to the southward, steering the same course. At nine o'clock the French fleet wore round ahead by the counter march, and in half an hour after, the British did the same. At half-past ten the admiral, seeing that the wind increased, and that he was approaching the shallows on the north coast of Virginia, made signals to take the larboard tacks on board, and to wear round before the wind by the counter march.

"The Chevalier d'Astouches was conscious that not having got into the Chesapeake before the British, his expedition could not take place; he knew it was impossible to land his troops, even from the men-of-war, under the fire of a superior fleet; his only care was for the glory of the arms of his king, without endangering his fleet.

"The British taking advantage of their superiority in sailing and force, continued to rise in the wind, crowding a great deal of sail, having their starboard tacks aboard. At noon they were in the French fleet's wake; a little before one, their van approached within half a league of the rear of the French line, and they seemed to have a mind to attack to the leeward. Till then the Chevalier d'Astouches had worked his ships so as neither to avoid nor seek the engagement, because he was sure that even the happiest issue of it would hinder him from fulfilling his principal object; but the honor of the king's arms, which he must sustain before America, would not let him give room to the British to boast that they had pursued him, even with a superior force, and he took the resolution of attacking by falling on their van, wearing round by a counter march.

and fighting them on opposite tacks to leeward, that his ships might with facility make use of their lower deck guns.

"At one o'clock, the headmost ship of the French line was within gunshot of the British, and a few minutes after the engagement began. The van of the British fell to leeward, and the van of the French fleet did the same, to keep up with the enemy, so that those two parts of the fleet fought for some time, running before the wind. A little before two o'clock, the admiral seeing that the manœuvre of the British van did not allow it to run more to leeward, made his fleet haul in the wind, with larboard tacks aboard by a successive motion, which made his whole line file off upon the van of the enemy. This manœuvre had a complete success; their foremost ship had scarce received the fire of the fifth French ship, when she fell to leeward, took the wind on his starboard side, and left the line, accompanied by a frigate which came to her relief; however, the rear of the British fleet had kept to windward, and was near enough to fight the French rear while it was making a motion to get in the wake of the head of the line. This attack of the enemy's van did very little damage to the ships that sustained it. The Conquerant, however, suffered a great deal, because, after having fought with the British van, she sustained all the fire of the centre. She especially fought with a three-decker, the loss of whose maintopsail yard, and of a great part of her rigging, compensated the damage done the Conquerant.

"A quarter before three, the fire having ceased on both sides, and the French fleet being ahead and to leeward of the British, the admiral made signal to form promiscuously the line, larboard tacks aboard. In a short time this was done, and the fleet ran under small sail in expectation that the enemy would attack a second time. The admiral then proposed to wear round them, and fall upon their van, but they had been so ill-used in the first encounter, that they did not think it prudent to expose themselves to a second, and during the rest of the day they kept to windward and astern, without taking advantage of their superiority in sailing, to renew the fight.

"In the beginning of the night the British fleet fell to leeward, and the French fleet continued to run to the south-east with very little sail, and all its lights hung out. The next day the British were not to be seen, and the Chevalier d'Astouches, though the advantage was on his side, was obliged to renounce his hopes of succoring Virginia. Consequently he steered towards Newport, to repair his ships that had been damaged, and to put them in a condition of undertaking new operations.

"Too much praise cannot be given to the intrepid firmness shown by the captains, officers, crews, and troops; their courage has made a compensation for the number and superior strength of the enemy's ships, and the expedition would have been successful had it been depending on the superiority of courage. The loss of the fleet amounts to eighty men killed, or dead of their wounds, and one hundred and twenty wounded. Among the first are sincerely lamented, M. de Cheffontaine, captain of the navy, and Mons. de Kergu, ensign."[1]

Attack on Steward's House.

APRIL 5.—ON Saturday last, (March 31st,) a party from his most gracious Majesty's ships the Monk, and Hope, off Annapolis, Maryland, proceeded up West River, with an intention of destroying, with their accustomed savage cruelty, the property of Mr. Stephen Steward. They arrived at a kind of peninsula called Chalk Point, about a mile from Mr. Steward's. It appears from the route they took, they were conducted by a negro of Mr. Steward's, who lately ventured to try their generosity, and escaped from his master. On Chalk Point was a cannon of six pounds, and six men, who, conceiving the enemy's approach must be in front, (unless they knew the situation of the cannon,) were unfortunately alarmed too late to make use of their cannon, for at their first discovery they were within a few yards of the shore, and considerably in the rear of the guards. On being challenged, they answered: "Friends to Congress from Annapolis;" when they were fired on by two only of the guard, some of their pieces missing fire, the others, frightened at their numbers, immediately ran off. They returned the fire furiously

[1] Newport Mercury, March 31; and Rivington's Gazette, April 18.

with swivels and small arms, and unfortunately for those whose inclination was to harass them, those who ran off had with them all the ammunition. No farther resistance being made, (for indeed it was now impracticable,) they advanced by land to Mr. Steward's, where the whole force that could be mustered, on whom there could be any dependence, was six or seven. It was determined to retreat to Captain Harrison's, where they were next expected, and there make what resistance they could with the assistance of such neighbors as might join them; but their vengeance was satiated for that time.

When they had so gloriously completed the destruction of every thing valuable to Mr. Steward on that place, how did they exult! how glowed the generous bosom of the Briton at a sight so glorious! how did the conscious blush, which suffuses each feature of the hero, brighten their looks! how beat the gallant heart when they beheld the flames which British heroism alone could kindle, ascend and consume all before them! A ship of twenty guns, that in a few days would have been launched, the dwelling-house with most of the furniture, two or three store-houses, &c., filled with articles of every kind for conducting the business of building ships, as well as for private purposes, provisions, tools, timber, every thing was lost. The houses, though not elegant, were, for the purpose they were intended, equal to the most superb; the hospitable door was ever open to the honest, and guests of every degree were welcome as their merits entitled them; and the very savages who effected this horrid affair, a few hours before might have been fed had they been hungry. The loss is not yet to be estimated; every hour they discover their loss greater. Some papers and books were consumed.

This brave band, at length satisfied with their mighty feat, their vengeance glutted, retired in good order, and made good a retreat, to their immortal honor, although opposed by such numbers. Their malice seemed to be levelled alone at Mr. Steward, they having passed through Mr. Harrison's house without injuring it, and in their way up and returning they passed several others without molesting them. There were cannon at the shipyard, but they were too well informed of

its direction to march that way. Say, ye deluded few, whom idle fear, prejudice, or treachery actuate; ye warm advocates for a union with Britain, can idle fancy picture the idea! No, even folly laughs at it; insanity derides it. Oh! George, which of the heroes from the long line of kings that have graced the British throne, can compare with thee? Brave, generous, just, humane, time can never produce any thing to emulate thy worth.[1]

Hubbel's Descent on Connecticut.

April 20.—Day before yesterday, Captains Hubbel and Ives, with the assistance of other spirited loyalists, manned eight whale boats, and left Lloyd's Neck, with an intention to make descents on the coasts of Connecticut. At sunsetting they discovered a schooner at a mile's distance, on which they immediately gave chase, but the weather being hazy, and the schooner favored with a strong southerly wind, got into Newfield harbor, notwithstanding every exertion to prevent it; she was pursued so close to the shore, that several long shots passed between Captain Hubbel's party and some rebel militia who came down to protect the schooner.

Captain Hubbel then rowed to the eastward, determined to attack the fort near New Haven; and so well was the plan conducted, that they landed in the night about a quarter of a mile from the fort, and proceeded in such perfect silence, that they gained the centre of the parade, secured the sentry, and surrounded the barracks before the rebels knew of their approach. After forcing the door and entering the barracks, one of the rebels discharged his musket, and thereupon was instantly killed. The rest of the party, eleven in number, surrendered prisoners. Captain Hubbel then ordered the platforms to be burnt, cut down the flag-staff, and effectually destroyed two French (double fortified) nine-pounders, set fire to the barracks, and to every thing that would burn. The rebel colors, with the prisoners and eighteen stand of militia arms, were brought off, and the party returned to Lloyd's Neck without sustaining any loss.[2]

[1] New Jersey Gazette, April 18.

[2] The prisoners were carried into New York.—*Gaine's Mercury*, April 30.

APRIL 25.—YESTERDAY morning the American forces under General Greene, encamped on Hobkirk's Hill, about a mile from Camden, (S. C.,) where they remained unmolested until this forenoon, at which time Lord Rawdon,[1] who has been in possession of Camden for some time past, attacked them unexpectedly, and after a furious fight, compelled them to retire from the field, leaving a large number of killed and wounded. Battle at Hobkirk's Hill.

In the action Colonel Washington,[2] with more address than usual, captured a party of the British, but was obliged to relinquish a great portion of them on the retreat. Much dissatisfaction is expressed by the general with the conduct of the officers, but we (the soldiers) are loaded with honor.[3]

[1] Rawdon, Hastings, Francis, Marquis of Hastings, Earl of Rawdon, &c., the son of John, Baron Rawdon, and Earl of Moira, of the kingdom of Ireland, was born December 7, 1754. He was educated at Oxford, and entered the army in 1771, as an ensign in the fifteenth regiment of foot. Having been promoted to a lieutenancy, he embarked for America in 1775, and was present at the battle of Bunker's Hill. After serving in other engagements, he was, in 1778, nominated Adjutant-General of the British army in America, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. At a later period he commanded a distinct corps in South Carolina. At the battle of Camden, August 16, 1780, he commanded one wing of the army under Lord Cornwallis. The surrender of that general and the decline of the British power in America, closed his active career. On his return to England he was created a peer with the title of Baron Rawdon, and held various offices, both civil and military. He died on the 28th of November, 1825.

[2] Lieutenant-Colonel William Augustine Washington.

[3] "The fortune of the day," says Gordon, "was irretrievable, but Greene, with his usual firmness, instantly took measures to prevent Rawdon's improving the success he had obtained. The retreat was conducted with such order and deliberation, that most of the American wounded, all their artillery, and all their baggage, were safely carried off, together with six royal commissioned officers, beside Washington's prisoners. The action was continued with intervals, till about four in the afternoon, and till the Americans had retreated about four miles, when a detachment of the infantry and cavalry, under Washington, were ordered to advance and annoy the British. The York Volunteers, a handsome corps of horse, being a little advanced of the British infantry, Washington with great intrepidity instantly charged them, killed a number and dispersed the rest. The British army, without attempting any thing further, retired to Camden, and Greene encamped the Americans about five miles from their former position. The field of battle was occupied only by the dead. The loss of the Americans in killed, wounded, and missing, was two hundred and sixty-four. Among the first was Captain Beatty of the Maryland line, one of the best of officers, and an ornament to his profession. Many of the missing returned."

APRIL 28.—"CASSIUS," in the Pennsylvania Packet of today, makes the following strictures upon the present state of affairs in America:—

Si nolis sanus, curres hydropicus.

FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN:—We are now entered into the sixth year of the war, and yet experience has not furnished us with wisdom. Our officers and soldiers have indeed acquired a considerable degree of military knowledge; but every department of government, in every State of the Union, seems rather to have lost a part of what they possessed at the beginning of the contest, than to have added to the original stock. When Sir William Howe landed on this continent with about thirty thousand veteran soldiers in 1776, though you had nothing but inexperienced and undisciplined troops to oppose to them, no despondency was to be seen. At the beginning you were beaten, which was expected by everybody who had any knowledge of the history of the world. The perseverance, however, and exertions of Congress, and of the different States, prevented the enemy from reaping the advantages which they expected from their success. Their objects were conquest and subjugation, and they were disappointed. The capture of the Hessians at Trenton, and the engagement at Princeton, which immediately followed that event, reflected the highest honor on your general and the troops under his command, and gave the first favorable turn to your affairs; and the courage and conduct of your army at Saratoga impressed all Europe with a high opinion of your military character. The virtuous cause in which America was engaged, the wisdom of her councils, and the bravery of her troops, were everywhere the subjects of conversation. Your friends were delighted, and the various publications which appeared in England, together with the debates of the English Parliament, proved that your enemies could not withhold their admiration, at the same time that they were confounded and astonished.

Strictures on the inertness of the Americans.

In the hour of their insolence the throne of England had been in vain besieged by your supplications. Offers were now made on their part and rejected, infinitely more favorable to

America than had ever been proposed by her. These offers came too late. Your Representatives in Congress had resolved to break the political bands which had connected you with England, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitled you; and for the support of that declaration had pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

Other insuperable objections presented themselves against the acceptance of the offers of Great Britain. The most solemn engagements had been entered into by treaty with the king of France, that neither of the contracting parties should conclude either truce or peace with her, without the formal consent of the other; and they had mutually agreed not to lay down their arms, until the independence of the United States, which is declared to be the essential and direct end of the alliance, should be secured. The two contracting parties likewise engaged "to make all the efforts in their power against their common enemy, in order to attain the end proposed."

It is not my intention to touch upon the cabals and party disputes with which this country has been distracted, both in and out of Congress, and which have retarded our exertions. I pass over them with silence and with sorrow. They are to be lamented by us all; and it is the interest of all that they should be buried in eternal oblivion. I am induced to trouble you with this address, to remind you that the stipulations which have just been mentioned are mutual. That you are as solemnly engaged to France, as she is to you, to make all the efforts in the power of each of you, against the common enemy, for the purpose of securing the independence of the United States, AND THAT YOU HAVE NOT FULFILLED YOUR ENGAGEMENTS. With respect to the army, Congress appear to have done every thing in their power. They are not vested with legislative authority, but whenever their requisitions are made for the public good, they ought punctually to be complied with. They called in proper time upon the different States, for a certain number of men, to be furnished by each of them, in proportion to their respective abilities, for the completion of the federal army.

The time for opening the campaign draws very near, and this necessary requisition of Congress has not yet been fully complied with. The reinforcement mentioned by the Count De Rochambeau will probably arrive during the course of next summer.

That general officer informed the Assembly of Rhode Island, that the corps which he now commands, is only the *avant-garde* of a greater force expected from France. It is certain that the *avant-garde* has preceded the main body an unusual length of time; unforeseen circumstances may have occasioned this. There is no doubt, however, but the latter will come; and when they do, it will be as uncommon a spectacle as it will be disgraceful to us, to see a body of auxiliaries sent from the distance of three thousand miles, exceeding in number the national troops of the country they are sent to assist.

If you are determined not to make those exertions which are necessary for establishing your independence, it is an act of cruelty to suffer the war to be continued any longer. In that case you should instruct your representatives in Congress to send a deputation immediately to the Court of France, to inform them of your intentions. They should be told, that the solemn assurances which you gave some time ago, to prosecute the war with all possible vigor, even to the sacrifice of your lives and fortunes, for the accomplishment of your independence, were words without any meaning, and that you are sorry you ever made use of them. That it is true the English have used you very ill, that they have destroyed a great number of your bravest and most valuable citizens, have burnt your towns, and let loose the savages of the wilderness to murder your women and children, and have committed many other acts of the most atrocious nature; that, however, your hearts are very tender, and disposed to forget and forgive; and that therefore you beg to be absolved from your engagements with the Court of France, that you may sue for, and receive the pardon and protection from the king of England, which he has been graciously pleased to offer to those who truly repent.

Dishonorable and criminal as this proceeding may appear,

house, and the next room is full of them." Upon which information he left his bed in a moment, seized his rifle, ran to the front door of the room, opened it, and saw about ten Indians before the piazza, when he presented his piece briskly from one to another, which induced the whole to run to the rear of the house; he then, by the same stratagem, drove the whole out of his house. In the mean time, two of his negroes got clear, whom he fixed at the two front doors of the house, each with an axe, with orders to defend them to the last extremity, then ran up to the second story, and began to fire out of the windows, when he soon got the assistance of a man who lay in one of the upper bed-rooms; they continued a brisk fire for near an hour, running from window to window, and making all the parade possible. The Indians continued a sharp fire upon the house during the whole time, but such was the unparalleled bravery and good conduct of Captain Shimer, that they despaired of effecting their cursed design, and began to retreat with their prisoners and plunder. At this moment Captain Shimer got a reinforcement of four good marksmen, when he put on his breeches and shoes, (having fought all the morning in his shirt,) and pursued them to the river, near a mile from his house, where he found that about one-half had crossed. He continued his pursuit with a brisk fire after the others, crying out: "Rush on, my brave boys; we'll surround them!" which so terrified the cowardly murderers, though double in number, that they ran into a swamp, leaving behind them their plunder, Mrs. Job, her little girl, and a negro man belonging to Captain Shimer. They took Mr. Brink and his two boys over with the first party. Captain Shimer, going into a back bedroom to discharge his piece, providentially prevented his two daughters, one a young woman, the other Captain Bonnel's wife with a child in her arms, from jumping out of the window, as they were just lifting up the sash for that purpose, which was at least eighteen feet from the ground. The loss of the enemy we cannot ascertain. During the action they were seen to carry off one on a board, and several were carried away from the Pennsylvania

shore; there was likewise a considerable quantity of blood seen where they passed.[1]

The Depreciation of Paper Money.

MAY 1.—WHEN rebel writers write, and rebel printers print, all good rebels must believe. Walsingham's inquiry into the causes of the depreciation of the paper money of the United States, is an honest display, to say the least, and will effect a change in the sentiments of those who have been the real supporters of the Congress measures.[2] That writer says:—"The Continental money was issued in 1775, at a time when America was without trade, without allies, and above all, without any system of government. At no period of the present revolution were the malice and arts of dissaffection employed with more industry to prevent the circulation of this money, than for the first year after its emission; and yet, under all these complicated disadvantages, it passed near a twelvemonth upon a par with gold and silver; nor did it suffer the least depreciation, until it felt the operation of that cause which would have depreciated the gold of Ophir; I mean an excess in its quantity. Here, then, we have fixed the first cause of the depreciation of the paper money of the United States. This cause affected its value only, but had no effect upon its credit. The lower it depreciated, until it fell to four to one, the more extensively and freely it circulated, insomuch that many of the most acknowledged Tories sold gold for it at the above exchange, and put it into the funds, or locked it up in their chests.

"The second cause which produced a depreciation in our money, must be sought for in those acts of government which affected its credit. These were:

"1. *The resolve of Congress for calling the emissions of May* 1777 *and* 1778 *out of circulation.* This was the first shock the money received. Hundreds suffered by it, and al-

[1] New Jersey Journal, May 16. Rivington, in republishing this account in his paper of May 23, says, "A Retrospect of the murders and devastations of the rebel commanders, (Mr. Sullivan in particular in his last campaign against the Indians,) will be considered fully to justify these descents."

[2] MS. letter from Edward Bagot, May 20.—*Winslow.*

though its quantity was diminished by it, yet it fell in a few weeks from four to ten, and in a few months to twenty to one.

"2. *The laws for making the Continental money a legal tender for old debts.* This made it the interest of every man who had debts or even taxes to pay, to depreciate the money. It moreover excited the disgust and opposition of everybody who had been injured by it.

"3. *Laws for regulating the prices of goods.* These, from the instability of the paper currency, were unjust and incapable of execution, and hence specie or barter were introduced in many places in the room of paper money. This affected the money in two ways. By diminishing the number of people among whom it circulated, it sunk its value, and the authority of the laws which compelled its circulation at a given rate, for articles at all times fluctuating in their prices, necessarily struck at its credit.

"4. *The embargo upon provisions.* This depreciated the money in two ways: First, it lessened the objects of money, particularly among the farmers; and secondly, it obliged our merchants to purchase specie often at a high exchange to send abroad, which exchange afterwards stamped a similar value upon every article of life.

"5. *The resolve of the eighteenth of March*, 1780, *for redeeming the money at forty for one.* This resolve, from being compared with the tenor of every bill, and above all, from being compared with the circular letter which preceded it only a few months, destroyed all faith in the promises and declarations of government. I should as soon think of trusting a man with a cargo of goods who had ruined my family by bankruptcy, as think of giving a credit to a new emission of money, from a body of men who had acted so contrary to every principle of sound policy.

"6. *The neglect of Congress to pay the interest of the moneys borrowed since March.* This, like number five, helped to destroy the confidence of the public in the promises of Congress.

"7. *The payment of public debts in depreciated money.* This, like numbers five and six, has destroyed the faith of in-

dividuals in our governments. The scale of depreciation lately adopted by the State of Pennsylvania, for the settlement of old debts, is both impolitic and unjust. The first payment of the money due, for depreciation, to the officers and soldiers of the Pennsylvania line, is obviously calculated to promote resignations and mutiny.

"8. *The laws for investing executive bodies with a power to alter the exchange of money.* The edict of the council of Pennsylvania, of the second of May, was the death-blow of paper currency of all kinds. As Mark Antony says of the wound inflicted by Brutus upon the body of Cæsar, 'it was the most unkindly stab of all.'

"Thus have I enumerated the principal causes and circumstances which have reduced and nearly ruined the paper money of the United States. I think it is evident, from what has been said, that the arts of the Tories, sharpers, speculators, and money-changers, so often mentioned by weak politicians, have had no more to do in depreciating it than the patriotism of the Whigs, or the exertions of officers of government have been effectual in raising its value or restoring its credit. It is high time to seek for the causes of our misfortunes, in other sources than the disaffection of a few *tame* animals, who are peaceably submitting to our governments, and contributing their share of industry in agriculture, arts, and commerce, towards establishing our independence. This country groans at present only beneath the folly of weak, ambitious, and interested Whigs, from whom we have more to fear than all the Tories on the continent, or even from the power of Britain.

"It becomes rulers to learn, from the catastrophe of our continental currency, that money is upon a footing with commerce and religion. They all three refuse to be the subjects of law. It becomes the rulers of freemen to learn further, that money is property, and that the least attempt to lessen its value in our pockets or chests, is taxing us without our consent. It is the highest act of tyranny. We have tried every art and device to keep up the credit of paper money, except one. We have never yet tried the effects of being honest.

"I shall conclude by proposing two plans for the emission

of paper money, which no arts of Tories or Whigs will be able to depreciate:

"1. Institute a bank where specie may be lodged in safety; let bills be issued, signed by the Financier-General, subject to be exchanged at the pleasure of the holder, for specie at this bank. One million of Spanish dollars, under the management of a gentleman of established credit and ample fortune, would serve as a fund for ten millions of paper dollars. Or,

"2. Let our government emit money, and let a tax be imposed at the same time to the exact amounts of the emission to be paid in three, six, nine, or twelve months in specie, or the said bills only. This will necessarily bring the paper money into universal circulation, and preserve its equality to gold and silver.

"It has been said, that the war may be carried on by taxes and loans in specie. Perhaps this may be necessary until we forget the frauds and deceptions of our paper currency. It is certain there is more specie in the country than there was ten years ago. But while contracts for specie may be cancelled with paper, (but little more valuable than oak leaves,) it will be difficult to draw it from the coffers of those who hold it in the largest quantity.

"The Americans deserve the highest praise for the fortitude with which they have borne the sacking of their towns, and the desolation of their country, from the hands of the British army. But let Europe and posterity admire them chiefly for the patience with which they have borne the more complicated evils and losses of tender laws, regulations of trade and exchange, and a depreciating paper currency. In spite of them all, I hope my countrymen will part with their republican forms of government and their independence only with their lives."[1]

MAY 7.—THE Congress is finally bankrupt! Last Saturday a large body of the inhabitants with paper dollars in their hats by way of cockades, paraded the streets of Philadelphia,

[1] Pennsylvania Journal, May 16.

their shops, declining to sell any m
silver. It was declared also by the
opposition to Great Britain was nc
solid money instead of paper bills, a
mother country were vain, and mus

Lord Rawdon and General Greene.

MAY 12.—LORD RAWDON havin
reinforced by the corps under L
marched out with the
Greene to action; but
still more so by the event of the 25t
in a strong position, behind Swar
efforts of his lordship could draw h
see his enemy manœuvre in his fro
of a victorious army, than contest a
perience must have rendered hi
Rawdon, therefore, finding it impo
but on terms highly disadvantageo
tion which gave the rebels their
Camden, having convinced Gener
his ideas of blockading that place
seek shelter in the recesses of the
suffer that blockaded garrison to ta

Thus finding all efforts to enga
d were ineffectual, Lord Rawd

son, when that part of the country proves destructive to the soldiery.[1]

Skirmish near Croton River, New York.

MAY 14—YESTERDAY, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Colonel Delancey, with about one hundred cavalry and two hundred foot, marched from Morrisania, in New York, and penetrated about thirty-three miles into the country, distant one mile and a half beyond Croton River, which they crossed with great difficulty, from its being then unusually deep; the cavalry were obliged to carry the foot on horseback, and many of them were forced to swim. Directly after crossing the river, Captain Kipp, of the horse, and Lieutenant Totten, of the rangers, with the troops under their command, attacked the rebel Colonel Greene,[2] with a number of Continental troops; the colonel was mortally wounded, and Major Flagg, with twelve privates, were killed. The doctor, with twelve or thirteen men, were taken prisoners. At the same time, Captain Knapp, of the horse, with a detachment under his command, attacked the house of the widow Griffin, about half a mile distant from the above, where he took one ensign and twenty privates, and killed eight men.

On their return, Captain Kipp took five militiamen, and killed three, without the loss of a man. Lieutenant Totten

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, July 12. The evacuation of Camden animated the friends of Congress, and daily increased their numbers; while the British posts fell in quick succession. The day after the evacuation, the garrison of Orangeburgh, consisting of seventy British militia and twelve regulars, surrendered to Sumpter. Marion and Lee, after the capture of Fort Watson, crossed the Santee and moved up to Fort Motte, which lies above the fort, on the south side of the Congaree, where they arrived on the 8th of May. The British had built their works round Mrs. Motte's dwelling-house, which occasioned her moving to a neighboring hut. She was informed that firing the house was the easiest mode of reducing the garrison; upon that she presented the besiegers with a quiver of African arrows, to be employed in the service. Skewers armed with combustible materials were also used, and with more effect. Success soon crowned these experiments, and her joy was inexpressible upon finding that the reduction of the post had been expedited, though at the expense of her property. The firing of her house compelled the garrison, of one hundred and sixty-five men, to surrender at discretion on the 12th, after a brave defence.—*Gordon*, iv. 89.

[2] Colonel Christopher Greene, of Rhode Island, who defended Red Bank, on the Delaware, in 1777.

Nathan Hale and Andre.

and generosity in the
latter we may place the
Andre, a British spy, who came wit
sign to ruin our country. Justice
Andre died. But justice was exec
every alleviation afforded him that t
low. The generous Americans seem
his attempt, in the regard they paid
a man and as a soldier. And he v
scene, by seeing respect and compas

[1] Gaine's Mercury, May 21. The number ki
two were wounded and thirty-six taken prisone
the following account of this action : — A
commanded by Colonel Christopher Greene, of
our lines near Croton River, were surprised by
rise on the 13th instant. They first attacked C
quarters, and killed the major while in bed.
in the house, was carried into the woods and
alterns and twenty-seven privates were also ki
with about twenty men, taken prisoners. Thi
regretted; Colonel Greene bravely distinguish
cer, at Red Bank, in October 1777, and has eve
vigilant officer. He had taken post in a situati
at Croton River, and had practised the greatest
off his guards at sunrise, on the idea that the e
in the daytime; but the enemy having lear

countenance and in every action of those into whose hands he had fallen. But while we pay the debt of humanity to our enemies, let us not forget what we owe to our friends. About four years ago, Captain Hale, an American officer, of a liberal education, younger than Andre, and equal to him in sense, fortitude, and every manly accomplishment, though without opportunities of being so highly polished, voluntarily went into the city of New York, with a view to serve his invaded country. He performed his part there with great capacity and address, but was accidentally discovered. In this trying position he exhibited all the firmness of Andre, without the aid of a single countenance around him that spoke either respect or compassion, and though every thing that was said or done to him was adapted to make him feel that he was considered as a traitor and a rebel. Andre appeared great in not contesting the clear grounds upon which he was condemned, and in refusing to employ the absurd and frivolous pleas that Clinton would have put into his mouth. Hale, though not at all disconcerted, made no plea for himself, and firmly rejected the advantageous offers made him by the enemy, upon condition of his entering into their service. Andre earnestly wished the mode of his death might have been more like that of a soldier; but consoled himself by observing, that in either way it would be "but a moment's pang." Hale, calm and collected, took no notice of either of those circumstances. Andre, as he was going to die, with great presence of mind, and the most engaging air, bowed to all around him, and returned the respect that had been and was still paid to him, saying: "Gentlemen, you will bear witness that I die with the firmness becoming a soldier." Hale had received no such respects, and had none to return, but just before he expired, said aloud: "I am so satisfied with the cause in which I have engaged, that my only regret is, that I have not more lives than one to offer in its service."

Let justice be done to the character both of the Briton and American, and to the behavior of their respective nations upon this and similar occasions.[1]

[1] Boston Independent Chronicle, May 17.

MAY 20.—A WRITER in the British army at Charleston, South Carolina, in a letter to his friend in London, says:—

Affairs in Charleston, S. C.

"The retrograde progress of our arms in this country, you have seen in your newspapers, if they dare tell you the truth. This precious commodity is not to be had in the government paper which is printed here, for a fell licenser hangs over the press, and will suffer nothing to pass but what is palatable; that is, in plain terms, what is false. Our victories have been dearly bought, for the rebels seem to grow stronger by every defeat, like Antæus, of whom it was fabled, that being the son of the goddess Tellus, or the earth, every fall which he received from Hercules gave him more strength, so that the hero was forced to strangle him in his arms at last. I wish our ministry could send us a Hercules to conquer these obstinate Americans, whose aversion to the cause of Britain grows stronger every day.

"If you go into company with any of them occasionally, they are barely civil, and that is, as Jack Falstaff says, by compulsion. They are in general sullen, silent, and thoughtful. The king's health they dare not refuse, but they drink it in such a manner as if they expected it would choke them.

"The assemblies which the officers have opened, in hopes to give an air of gayety and cheerfulness to themselves and the inhabitants, are but dull and gloomy meetings; the men play at cards, indeed, to avoid talking, but the women are seldom or never to be persuaded to dance. Even in their dresses the females seem to bid us defiance; the gay toys which are imported here they despise; they wear their own homespun manufactures, and take care to have in their breasts knots, and even on their shoes something that resembles their flag of the thirteen stripes. An officer told Lord Cornwallis not long ago, that he believed if he had destroyed all the men in North America, we should have enough to do to conquer the women. I am heartily tired of this country, and wish myself at home."[1]

Patriotic Women.

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, December 11.

MAY 24.—THIS day, the redoubtable Rawdon[1] and his not to be trusted squire Balfour,[2] now in very uncomfortable quarters at Monk's Corner, have issued a characteristic proclamation, in which they say:—"Although attention to the general security of the province has obliged his Majesty's troops, for the present, to relinquish some of the upper parts of it, we trust that it is unnecessary for us to exhort the loyal inhabitants of those districts to stand firm in their duty and principles; or to caution them against the insidious artifices of an enemy, who must shortly abandon to their fate those unfortunate people whom they have deluded into revolt. Lord Rawdon's Proclamation.

"But being well informed that many persons sincerely attached to his Majesty's cause, have, notwithstanding, been forced to join the enemy, as the only means of preserving themselves and their families from the savage cruelty of the rebel militia, until escape should be practicable, we desire all such to be confident, that they run no risk of suffering from us, through indiscriminate vengeance; reminding them that the British government never extends its hands to blood, without the most convincing proofs of intentional guilt.

"And we advise all persons in the above predicament (as likewise those who, from the oppressions of the enemy, have been obliged to quit their possessions) to take the earliest opportunity of coming in with their arms, to any post or detachment of the royal army. We give them assurance of every support, and of every endeavor on our part to mitigate their present sufferings; further declaring to them, that we shall feel ourselves no less bound to reward the fidelity of those who have remained unshaken in their allegiance, than to inflict the punishment due to reiterated perfidy. Nor should we give them this invitation, were we not certain that in conjunction with the army, (daily expecting powerful reinforcements,) their exertions will very shortly reinstate them in the full and peaceable possession of that property, which they will thus

[1] See note at April 25, ante.

[2] Nisbet Balfour, lieutenant-colonel and commandant of Charleston, S. C.

have only yielded for a time, to receive again with confirmed security."[1]

LORD RAWDON'S PROCLAMATION.

To all our subjects true and loyal,
We greeting send this promise royal,
Tho' signed by Rawdon and Balfour,
They're George's sentiments, we're sure.
And therefore if you can believe it,
As such we doubt not you'll receive it.
'Tis true we are a little staggered,
(But when so, we have always swaggered,)
And found the trick has sometimes taken,
As by it oft we've saved our bacon,
And for so once we think we've reason,
T' exhort you strongly against treason;
For tho' to save ourselves 'twas meet
That to Charleston we should retreat,
To keep ourselves from rebel Greene,
The d—dest cut-throat e'er was seen;
Yet still we think it very right
That you should stay behind and fight;
You know the worst—you can but die,
Or into our protection fly;
And if the rebels do not carve you,
We with the greatest ease can starve you;
But should you suffer them to bang you,
Unless y' escape, we'll surely hang you;
For only such as to us run,
Shall 'scape the halter or the gun.
For running is a token sure,
That on our side you are secure,
Which is the greatest test we have
To prove the loyal and the brave,
From such we never draw the blood,
But (if we have it) give them food,
To strengthen them and make them fat,
To march the better in retreat.
This nostrum great Cornwallis taught,
And with it we have wonders wrought,
By this arcanum Tarleton soon
Escaped that butcher *Washington*,[2]
Who but for this had flay'd him down,
From nape of neck to knuckle bone.

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, July 12.

[2] At the Cowpens.

I, Rawdon, too, from Camden hurried,
Or flashing Greene my hide had curried.
Should our predicament befall you,
Or should you fear that they may mall you,
Or should oppression from the rebel,
Greater than ours be twice or treble,
Come quickly to us we invite you,
And we will do our best to right you,
And when we get a strong remittance,
Will give you of those scoundrels quittance;
These we expect each day will come,
(We sometimes think we hear their drum,)
But should our organs be mistaken,
Ne'ertheless we hope you'll be unshaken,
Firmly to your allegiance hold,
Till we can get a little gold,
Then faithful subjects we'll reward,
And punish t'others with a cord;
Then think how foolish they will look,
(Hung by th' neck in every nook,)
While you with pockets full may strut,
And all your vengeance safely glut.
Who would not yield what they possess,
For a time, t' arrive at so much bliss?

That all we've told you is most certain,
(We therefore here will drop the curtain,)
As that two and two make four,
And sign R. Rawdon, N. Balfour.
N. B. I' the name of George our gracious king,
It's known, we may say any thing.[1]

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, July 12.

CHAPTER X.

JUNE 1.—WE hear from Newark, in New Jersey, that a few days since, a number of persons who live near the moun-

The "Back Shad" at New Jersey.

tains, and from their wickedness and poverty have properly acquired the appellation of the Back Shad, in consequence of a resolution of the pious Reverend Commissary Caldwell, and his associates, who were lately convened at Chatham, repaired to the learned and renowned Justice Campbell, and there, agreeably to the directions of a late law made by the humane William Livingston, swore that a number of the inhabitants of the township of Newark were dangerous to the liberties of the State, and ought to be removed back into the country, whereon this great magistrate issued his warrant for their removal, and gave them till this day to prepare for their departure. This will probably create some disturbance, as our informant tells us that the obnoxious inhabitants refuse to go unless compelled by force.[1]

JUNE 6.—THIS day arrived at New York, Ebenezer Hathaway and Thomas Smith, who, on the 18th of May last, made

Hathaway and Smith's Adventure.

their escape from Simsbury Mines,[2] after a most gallant struggle for their liberty. These men declare, that they were two of eight belonging to the Privateer boat Aventure, which was duly commissioned; that they were taken in Huntington Bay, Long Island, on the 7th of April, by seven rebel whale-boats, manned with seventy-three men, and that night carried across the Sound to Stamford, in

[1] Rivington's Gazette, June 2.

[2] In Connecticut.

Connecticut; that the next day they were carried to what they called head-quarters, before General Waterbury, who with the air of a demagogue, ordered them to Hartford Gaol, and told the guard they had his liberty to strip them even of the clothes remaining on their backs; but the captors had left them so bare, that all they had about them was not now an object even to a Yankee soldier; there they lay until the 27th following, when their trial came on before the Superior Court; that they were brought before the court and directed to plead not guilty, and offered for council Colonel Sention, one of the justices, then on the bench, in order that they might by law bring them in guilty; but aware of their knavish tricks, they declared themselves British subjects, and refused to plead either guilty or not guilty, therefore they were ordered to Newgate Gaol, or rather to that inquisition, Simsbury Mines, which, from the following description, exceeds any thing amongst their allies in France or Spain.

Simsbury Mines.

These poor unfortunate victims relate, that they were taken from Hartford Gaol, and marched under a strong guard to Simsbury Mines, distant about seventy-four miles. In approaching this horrid dungeon, they were first conducted through the apartments of the guards, then through a trap-door down stairs into another upon the same floor with the kitchen, which was divided from it by a very strong partition door. In the corner of this outer room, and near to the foot of the stairs, opened another huge large trap-door, covered with bars and bolts of iron, which was hoisted up in two guards by means of a tackle, whilst the hinges grated as they turned upon their hooks, and opened the jaws and mouth of what they call Hell, into which they descended by means of a ladder about six feet more, which led to a large iron grate or hatchway, locked down over a shaft of about three feet diameter, sunk through the solid rock, and which they were told led to the bottomless pit. Finding it not possible to evade this hard, cruel fate, they bid adieu to the world, and descended the ladder about thirty-eight feet more, when they came to what is called the landing; then marching shelf by shelf, till descending about thirty or forty feet more, they came to a platform of

They were obliged to make
pel the foul air, which in some
means of a ventilator or auger
surface through at this spot, sai
dicular. Here they continued
solved, however, to avail thems
to get out, although they shou
tempt. Accordingly, on the 18t
up to the kitchen to cook, found
the door, which kept them from
up to the guard-room. They no
push should the door be opened
case about ten o'oclock at night,
who had come there and was pe

Immediately they seized the
up, but before any, except one, g
down on the rest, and he, the br
commanded the adventure, scuf
for a few minutes, and was woun
when he was nobly assisted by h
and afterwards by the other eigh
the guard, consisting of twenty-f
whole prisoners. This was no s
brought their companions from o
put the guard down into their

Portsmouth, England, Mr. William Hines, an officer of the General Gates' private ship of war, from Danvers, near Boston, Massachusetts; after having with much patience, and with the most irreproachable conduct, sustained a three years' captivity. He was a man of eminent religion and virtue. Finding death swiftly advancing, he called to him his two sons, Francis and William, the one in the eighteenth and the other in the fifteenth year of his age, and said: "My dear boys, I cheerfully submit to my lot, for it is appointed for all men once to die. I meekly resign unto the Providence of God, for I see infinite mercy toward me in this dispensation. Indeed, why should I repine? I shall now speedily obtain that release which my eyes have often failed me in looking after. Oh! wretched man that I was! that my faith had almost failed me, as to my temporal deliverance, at the moment my God was about to give me my grand discharge! Who, or what shall now confine me! I shall soon be free as a celestial. Farewell, farewell bolts, bars, and prisons! Adieu ye dungeons! adieu ye tents of clay! welcome fair daylight and liberty! The time of my redemption draweth nigh. But, my dear boys, how shall I bid farewell to you? That final parting which would have been easy, which would have been blissful in our cottage at Danvers, gives pungent grief to my spirits. I leave you, alas! in this abode of sorrow and of wretchedness, but I charge you 'to pray unto God from this far country and cry unto him from this strange land.' I hope it will be given to you to revisit the land of your nativity, and to enjoy peace and prosperity for the days wherein ye have seen evil. Let a high and genuine sense of liberty direct and animate your whole conduct. I give no directions concerning my bones. They indeed must lie in this region of oppression and cruelty. O that I had been buried in some part of the American world! then would the clods of the valley have been sweet to me. It is done—my children, weep not for me, 'but weep for yourselves, and for the slain of your people.' If ever you mourn, let it be for the calamities of your country, highly beloved, because greatly injured. Francis, give me thine hand—slender as thine arm is, it may shield thy

Death of William Hines.

the whole to despair, excites them
exertion for the preservation of the

The mob legislature of New
enacted treasons into felonies, tha
with only one witness, or presumpt
witnesses to each overt act, as their
requires; and that they may the
attend in criminal cases, and thus
within the exception contained in t
Commissioners, by being exempte
loyal subjects to death. The new
at Albany, gives power to send suc
offences *before* treasonable, and *n*
the *French fleet.*

Their laws for taxing the pec
home into military services, are in

The Black Act.

Among others they
Act, under which the
every thing lost or taken from an
by this they have found means so
to enrich themselves. There is an
of about five hundred pounds in
to pay for a *single horse.* Others
the loyalists, whose houses are e
night calling themselves *Tor*

That they may not be embarrassed by the backwardness or conscientious qualms of jurymen, certain classes of people obnoxious to the ruling party, are made triable by courts-martial, and many perish by these military tribunals, under the imputation of spies, or concealers, or comforters of spies. To the credit of the main body of the people, it is observed, that few, and in some districts none, attended at the late elections for the officers of the usurpation, and many have removed to Vermont and other places, not yet so miserable as those they fly from. In some counties there would be tolerable ease to the inhabitants, but for ten or twelve of the ringleaders in the vicinity in all the wicked work of oppression, plunder, and blood-shedding. It is with difficulty the unhappy sufferers restrain themselves under their complicated calamities, and only through their present dread of the rebel garrison at West Point.

Of the tyrants against whom the complaints of the people run highest as the most unfeeling malefactors, we find in the latest letters in general, those acting as Commissioners for conspiracies, and sequestrations, and sheriffs, with the names in particular of William Duer, Egbert Benson, Robert Harper, Henry Williams, a fellow vulgarly called at Poughkeepsie, *the Bishop*, a Doctor Van Wyck, Judge Platt, Squire Van Ness, old Wisner, Squire Stewart, Joseph Wood, William Holly, Gill Cooper, Judge Call, Squire Rye, and Captain Crompond Drake.

Some Connecticut friends assert that there appears to be such an abhorrence of the present system, and so general a turn in the minds of the people, that if any patriot should stand forth, and call out all those who wish to preserve the charter, and enjoy immediate peace, he would be instantly joined by a vast majority of the colony, in a resolution to withdraw from the Congress, and oppose the pernicious councils by which they so often have been cheated of their property. Connecticut.

Very judicious intelligencers also inform us, that the disgusts and impatience of the main body of the people are as great in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and especially in all that part of the former to the west of Connecticut River.

A few months ago, Deerfield ordered her delegate in the general court at Boston, to move for instructions to the province of Delegates in Congress, to make overtures for peace with the mother country; and so much alarmed were the zealots for independency, lest this should prove a match to a train, as instantly to violate their new constitution, by suspending the privilege of habeas corpus; after which the tyrants threw Messrs. Williams, Catlin, and Ashley into jail, as chief promoters of the Deerfield instructions.[1]

Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

JUNE 20.—THE Tories in New York, "finding much more tragedy than they desire to witness in their excursions to Westchester, the Jerseys and indigo Connecticut, (as Gaine calls it,) have taken to comedy. Last month a greater part of the army deserted their posts to attend a fox-chase on Long Island, and returned only in time to prepare for Deane's rout in honor of Rawdon's success at Hobkirk's. A bull fight is next to feast the reason."[2]

Amusements in New York.

[1] Rivington's Gazette, June 16.

[2] Carver, 164. The following advertisement appeared in Rivington's Gazette of June 20:—

To all who know not, be it understood,
Pro bono Publico, means mankind's good.

This day, being Wednesday, the 20th of June, will be exhibited at Brooklyn ferry, A BULL BAITING, after the true English manner.

Taurus will be brought to the ring at half-past three o'clock; some good dogs are already provided, but every assistance of that sort will be esteemed a favor. A dinner exactly British will be upon Loosley's table at eleven o'clock, after which there is not the least doubt but that the Song called "O! the roast beef of Old England!" will be sung with harmony and glee.

This notice gives to all who covet
Baiting the bull, and dearly love it,
To-morrow's very afternoon,
At three—or rather not so soon—
A bull of magnitude and spirit,
Will dare the dogs presuming merit.
Taurus is steel to the backbone,
And canine cunning does disown.
True British blood runs thro' his veins,
And barking numbers he disdains,
Sooner than knavish dogs shall rule,
He'll prove himself a true John Bull.

JUNE 22.—INFORMATION being received that Lord Rawdon had received a reinforcement from England, and that he was advancing to the relief of Ninety-Six, General Greene determined to make an attack upon the British fortifications, before he raised the siege, commenced against that post on the twenty-second of last month. Accordingly, on the morning of the 18th, the necessary dispositions were made, and about twelve o'clock the action commenced. The fire from the American battery on the right, where Lieutenant-Colonel Lee commanded, was so warm that the British were soon driven from their redoubt in that quarter, which the colonel immediately took possession of, and pointed the cannon against the town. At that moment, Lieutenant Selden, of the Virginia, and Lieutenant Duval of the Maryland line, made a lodgment in the fosse of the star redoubt, against which our principal approaches were directed without the loss of a man. The working party were pulling down the sand bags, and there was a great probability of their making a breach in the parapet in a very little time, when the British being reinforced from the right, charged the Americans in their fosse to the right and left, and were driven back three times with very considerable loss; but Lieutenant Selden, having received a wound in his arm, and being obliged to retire, the men were pressed in upon the Marylanders, and the whole thrown into confusion, which induced Lieutenant Duval, who had likewise received a wound, to bring off the party. These two young gentlemen displayed great gallantry upon this occasion, and merit the particular respect of their country.

Siege of Ninety-six.

During the attempt, a very heavy fire was kept up by the American troops in the front parallel, and the riflemen upon the advanced battery, with considerable execution; and though they had the misfortune to fail in their first effort, such was the spirit and eagerness of the men to engage, that if their situation and circumstances would have justified the general in sporting with the lives of two hundred men, they could have carried the place. The Americans continued before it until the morning of the 20th, (when his lordship was within

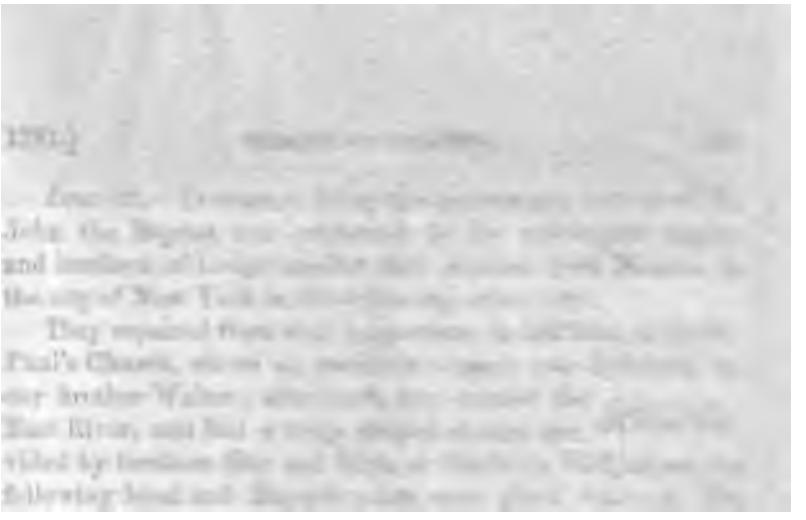
twelve miles of the American camp,) and then retired across the Saluda River.

His lordship is now at Ninety-Six, and the Americans are about fifteen miles off. The military of the country are turning out, and when drawn to a point, we think we shall be able to put him in a retrograde to Monk's Corner; at any rate he cannot live where he is, and must either retire to the neighborhood of Charleston or take post at the Congaree. Should he take post there without superior cavalry and mounted militia, we can cut off his supplies, and render his situation very critical. We are prepared for all events, and let what will happen, we are determined to do every thing in our power to promote the interest and honor of our country.[1]

JUNE 25.—THE virtue and magnanimity of the Charleston ladies, vies with the Spartans of old. Nothing can equal their adherence to the independence of America. The vanquishers strive all in their power to induce them to partake of their amusements, but all their importunities cannot prevail upon any of them, to add a lustre to their balls, &c. They, sensible of the distresses of their (once happy) country, seem to take no pleasure but in retiring from public view, to bemoan the cause of suffering liberty. When nothing but tyrannical destruction appears to be hovering over every friend to freedom, they, like true heroines, discover an invincible firmness and resolution. Were the men half so steady to their country's good as the women, no nation could boast more illustrious natives than Carolina. To the everlasting glory of the sex, many examples can be adduced of ladies exhorting their dearest connections to behave with a becoming fortitude; anxious for their honor, earnestly urging them to perseverance, while they by a laudable economy are supporting their families. Are not these things enough to reanimate the Carolinians to recover their oppressed country?[2]

The Carolina Women.

[1] New Jersey Journal, August 1. [2] Pennsylvania Packet, August 21.



JUNE 26.—YESTERDAY being the anniversary festival of St. John the Baptist, was celebrated by the worshipful master and brethren of Lodge number 210, Ancient York Masons, in the city of New York in the following order, viz.:

They repaired from their lodge-room, in due form, to the St. Paul's Church, where an excellent sermon was delivered by our brother Walter; afterwards they crossed the East River, and had a truly elegant dinner, provided by brothers Hay and Kirk, at Brooklyn Hall, where the following loyal and Masonic toasts were given, viz.:—1. The king and the craft; 2. The queen, royal family, with Masons' wives and bairns; 3. Sir Henry Clinton, and all loyal Masons; 4. Admiral Arbuthnot, with the other officers of the navy, and all distressed Masons; 5. Generals Knyphausen and Reidesel, with the troops under their command, with our visiting brethren; 6. The army and navy of Great Britain, and the grand-masters of England, Ireland, and Scotland; 7. Lords Cornwallis and Rawdon, and the army to the southward, with the Ancient Fraternity; 8. All loyal subjects, and each faithful Fair that loves the craft of Masonry; 9. Success to the loyal embodied refugees, and our ancient fellow lodges in this city; 10. Victory to our fleets and armies in the West Indies, and all regular ancient lodges; 11. May the Congress at Vienna consult the honor of Great Britain in their councils, and may every good man be a Mason, and every Mason a good man; 12. A speedy conviction to our enemies of the error of their ways, and the day. After which the following song was sung:

Masons' Celebration at New York.

TUNE—*God Save the King.*

By sacred influence hurl'd,
From chaos rose the world,
Great will of Jove.
Grand architect supreme,
Fountains of wisdom stream,
Receive our humble theme,
Duty and love.

Yon glorious azure arch,
Beyond frail mortals search,
Stupendous sphere,

Immensity design'd
To elevate the mind,
Such power with love conjoin'd,
Let us revere.

This day our hearts inspire
With true Masonic fire,
Such be our prayer.
Regardful of our vows,
Then to the world disclose,
What virtues to compose,
Masons that are.

In mystic moral line
Let all the virtues shine,
Censure will cease.
Let charity abound,
Sweet unity be found,
So ever be renown'd,
For faith and peace.

Temples aloft shall rise,
And fabricks reach the skies,
By Masons' hands.
May temperance e'er command,
With prudence in her hand,
Guide each Masonic band
Throughout all lands.

Return ye erring few,
Whom frantic zeal withdrew
From honor's cause.
Wide we'll our arms expand,
Grasp you with friendly hand,
Say you through life demand
Brothers' applause.

'Tis by the will of heaven
Kings to command are given,
George we proclaim.
Chant in full song his praise,
May such deeds crown his days,
As will through ages raise,
A deathless name.

Jehovah we implore
Peace to his realms restore,
Grant that his reign
Tyranny may destroy,
While we with rapture cry,
The King shall then enjoy
His own again.

After which they re-crossed the East River, repaired to their lodge-room and closed the day.[1]

JUNE 28.—THE United States of America have at this moment a fair prospect of establishing their peace and independence, which may soon be realized, if the Americans be not wanting to themselves. The Britons, by turning their arms to the Southern States, have experienced what the wise and sagacious predicted from this measure; they have greatly exhausted and dissipated their army, and found it easier with a collected force, covered by a superior navy, to penetrate into a thin settled country, than to spread themselves over it, and maintain their conquests. The climate, and the brave persevering efforts of the patriots in that quarter, have almost ruined the army of Cornwallis, which having been drawn from New York, must have greatly weakened that important post. The Spaniards have greatly distressed the British settlements in the Floridas, and have taken Pensacola.[2] A great part of Georgia is recovered from the British, and almost the whole of South Carolina is at this hour in the possession of the United States. Virginia, under particular disadvantages at its first invasion, is now collecting its whole force to co-operate with the assistance it has received, and to which it is entitled, and the prospect there is far from being discouraging. Britain has received an unexpected and terrible shock in the late account from the East Indies, where the loss of a large share of her settlements, and the tottering state of the rest,

State of American Affairs.

[1] Printed by order of the Worshipful Master, James Foreman, Secretary. Gaine's Mercury, July 2.

[2] Don Galvez, the Spanish governor of Louisiana, took Pensacola on the 9th of May.

threatens the total ruin of her finances; at the same time she cannot but look with anguish on the good condition of the finances of France, where not a single new tax has been levied during the war; but the whole charge of it defrayed by the mere savings of economy. These, and many other circumstances that might be mentioned, must induce Britain to be very serious in her desires of peace. Accordingly she has consented, if not primarily, and secretly moved a convention of the belligerent powers at Vienna for that purpose, under the mediation of the Emperor of Germany and the Empress of Russia. To suppose that nothing is to be said in this convention respecting America, or that even Britain has forbidden it, is too ridiculous to require a serious answer. It is to suppose all the powers convened in this business are fools; for how can they confer upon a pacification, and at the same time leave out America, the source and principal seat of the war? In the nature of things, America must be the chief subject of their deliberations, and Britain will doubtless keep her eye principally upon that continent during the negotiations, and will rise and fall in her demands, will accede to, or recede from the proposals made, according to the events of war in that quarter.

The present, then, is the critical day for America. Dissensions, languor in our councils or conduct, would revive the hopes of Britain, and might be an irreparable injury to the Americans and their latest posterity. Union and vigor through the present campaign, may lay a stable foundation of liberty and happiness to these States. Having expended already so much blood and treasure in their glorious cause, it should be a first principle in the mind of every free citizen, that the only way to reap the fruits of all, and to make a safe and honorable peace, is to conduct the remainder of the war with vigor. This, and this alone, will make it short. The most noble negotiator in Europe will find himself greatly embarrassed if the measures we take here do not give force to his demands on our behalf, and an edge to his arguments and persuasions. A good army in the field, and well provided, is absolutely necessary to give the finishing stroke to the establishment of Ameri-

ca's invaluable rights. One signal defeat of the British will have more effect on the negotiations at Vienna, than all the eloquence of the most accomplished plenipotentiaries.[1]

JUNE 30.—BY a person from Winchester, in Virginia, which place he left last Wednesday week, (20th,) we hear that a desperate knot of Tories has been discovered. A man, formerly a Hessian soldier, had been observed at Martinsburg several times very busy among the Saratoga prisoners, and upon strong suspicion of his conduct, he was apprehended, when, to avoid immediate death, he confessed, after having been twice tied up. A party were directly sent to examine the person, who, he said, was to be their colonel, but whose name this informant does not recollect. The colonel was taken prisoner, and upon searching his house they found a great number of guineas, copies of commissions, and other papers, by which it appeared that *Charles Lee, Esq.*, (formerly a Continental general,) was to be their principal commander. A detachment of the militia light-horse was immediately sent to Lee's house, but he had gone off, and it was generally supposed in Virginia, that he had got safe into the British lines. A report also prevails in town, that *General Charles Lee* has joined Earl Cornwallis at Williamsburgh in Virginia.

Gen. Charles Lee a Traitor.

In confirmation of the above, is a letter from a member of Congress at Philadelphia, saying that "*General Lee has sold all his property, and deserted to the enemy.*"[2]

JULY 1.—LAST Thursday night a small party of mounted rebel militia surrounded the house of Andrew Williamson, Esq., formerly brigadier-general of the South Carolina militia, about seven miles from Charleston, and without allowing him time to put on his clothes, carried him off prisoner. On intelligence being received of this, Major Frazer, with ninety of his dragoons, was detached next day in quest of them. After having effected a circuitous

Capture of Colonel Hayne.

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, July 14. [2] Upcott, vi. 207; Rivington, July 7.

march of more than seventy miles through the woods, with the most profound secrecy, on Saturday morning the major surprised their main body in their camp at the Horse Shoe, killed fourteen on the spot, wounded several, took Colonel Isaac Hayne, their commander, prisoner, and released General Williamson from his confinement at a house in the neighborhood.

The anxiety to rescue General Williamson, and the rebels not making the smallest show of resistance, but betaking themselves to the woods in every direction, prevented their sustaining a greater loss. Their numbers before that morning were estimated at more than two hundred; their own accounts made them much stronger. Among the killed was the second in command, Lieutenant-Colonel McLaughlan; his brother Captain McLaughlan was dangerously wounded. Colonel Hayne was brought into Charleston to-day, and is now lodged in the provost.[1]

JULY 4.—THE imagination can scarcely conceive of a more miserable condition than that of the inhabitants of New York, between the Highlands and Albany. The persons favoring independency, which consist only of such as despair of escaping the vengeance of their countrymen, abandon themselves to all the cruelty of cowardice. Alive to suspicion, the general consideration is about spies and harborers of spies, and in the extremity of their terrors, the slightest preparations pass with the tyrants in office for demonstrative proof. Hence women are committed to their jails, capital executions grow more frequent, and to the reproach of humanity, there was an instance within a month past of a man under public condemnation, being hanged *in his prison* to gratify the pride of the sheriff, who (obliged to be executioner himself) was ashamed to perform the office of hangman in the fields. Albany was reserved for this first and rare instance of infamy.

Rivington's "Condition of New York."

And though the credit of paper money is totally extinct in

[1] Rivington's Gazette, August 1.

[redacted]

all parts of the continent, (and for that reason the late mint of *specie or hard money paper* not wholly issued, but withheld if possible to increase its value, or rather the demand for it,) their late mob assembly have published a tax law, to oblige every man to give a bushel of wheat for every sixty dollars of his former assessment, in old continental, and if he has no wheat, then twelve shillings in lieu of a bushel of wheat, and on failure in ten days, two bushels or twenty-four shillings. This wheat, it is said, is for the supply of Washington's army, but really intended to be sold to the French for hard money; and what will be done with that, no person is at a loss to conjecture. *Miserable people, the prey of plunderers of their own creating!* "How long, O Lord!" is the cry of the oppressed!

By the abandoning of Fort Stanwix, all the western country is deserted down to Schenectady, and the persecutors who dare to continue in Kingston have fortified and drawn ditches around their houses, in expectation of the Indians as soon as the harvests are in stack.

The advocates for peace and the re-union, and who have been so ever since the fatal declaration of independence, and who are a vast majority, grow every day more numerous, and it is remarkable that not a single instance can be assigned of the apostasy of a loyalist to the wicked and interested views of the usurpers.

There is a new set of mob legislators met at Poughkeepsie; a little time will show whether they mean to expose themselves to all the vengeance of which the majority of the late assembly and senate live in constant dread, many of them changing their lodgings, to elude the search of the avengers of the innocent blood they have shed. Mr. Clinton, the titular governor, has fortified his huts against a sudden surprise, and the rebel slaves of Poughkeepsie guard it every night.[1]

From the commencement of the present war, the British Ministry, their agents and tools, have depended more upon the base arts of deceit and corruption, than the justice of their cause

[1] Rivington's Gazette, July 4.

or the power of arms. It is a fact well established, that in the course of the last year, the British government expended upwards of fifty thousand guineas on hirelings employed to tell lies in pamphlets and in the newspapers in Europe and America. The present year will probably cost them double that sum, as their affairs are in a more critical state, and we may expect to see marks of redoubled industry in the trade of misrepresentation and falsehood. The newspapers begin to abound with this species of intelligence. We are told that fleets of ships and armies of men are coming to America; that all the powers of Europe are against us; that the rupture with Holland is to be made up; that a peace is about to be concluded among the European belligerent powers, and the United States are to be left to shift for themselves; with a thousand tales of this stamp, so shallow and absurd, that any man who has the least reflection or the slightest means of information, and believes them, almost deserves to be duped and imposed upon. It is to be lamented that the uninformed, the unwary, and the timid, are sometimes deceived, notwithstanding the whole experience of the war. *Beware, Americans, that they who cannot fight you out of your liberties, be not suffered to lie you out of them.*[1]

English Lies.

July 8.—Lafayette and Wayne are leading the British in Virginia through a very intricate path. The latest operation is that of Wayne, with a handful of Pennsylvanians, frightening the whole of Cornwallis's army of "undaunted Britons." The Tories say it is only "another version of the deceit and unfairness practised by the little Frenchman last May:"[2]—Cornwallis having encamped near

Engagement near Jamestown, Va.

[1] New Jersey Gazette, July 4.

[2] Letter from Colonel Alexander Scammel, dated King's ferry, New York, August 20. The *descent* here alluded to is as follows:—Lord Cornwallis, on taking command of the British forces in Virginia, felt himself so superior to the Americans, that he exulted in the prospect of success; and despising the youth of his opponent, Lafayette, unguardedly wrote to Great Britain, "*The boy cannot escape me.*" The marquis's army consisted of three thousand and sixty men. Cornwallis proceeded from Petersburg to James River, which he crossed in order to dislodge Lafayette from Richmond. That place having been evacuated, he then

Jamestown, in Virginia, the Marquis Lafayette sent General Wayne, with the Pennsylvania line, to take their station within a small distance of the British army, and watch their motions. About three hundred riflemen occupied the ground between General Wayne and Lord Cornwallis, who were directed to scatter themselves in the woods, without order, and annoy the enemy's camp. This they did with such effect, that

marched through Hanover county, and crossed the South Anna River—Fayette constantly following his motions, but at a guarded distance, in every part of his progress. His lordship at one time planned the surprisal of the marquis, while on the same side of the James River with himself; but was diverted from his intention by a spy, whom Fayette had sent into his camp. The marquis was very desirous of obtaining full intelligence concerning his lordship, and concluded upon prevailing, if possible, upon one Charles (generally called Charley) Morgan, a Jersey soldier, of whom he had entertained a favorable opinion, to turn deserter and go over to the British army, in order to his executing the business of a spy more effectually. Charley was sent for and agreed to undertake the hazardous employ, but insisted, in case he should be discovered and hanged, the marquis, to secure his reputation, should have it inserted in the Jersey paper, that he was sent upon the service by his commander. Charles deserted, and when he had reached the royal army, was carried before his lordship, who inquired into the reason of his deserting, and received for answer, "I have been," my lord, "with the American army from the beginning, and while under General Washington was satisfied; but being put under a Frenchman, I do not like it, and have left the service." His lordship commended and rewarded his conduct. Charley was very diligent in the discharge of his military duty, and was not in the least suspected; but at the same time carefully observed all that passed. One day while on particular duty with his comrades, Cornwallis, in close conversation with some officers, called Charley to him, and said, "How long a time will it take the marquis to cross James River?" Charley paused a moment, and answered, "Three hours, my lord." His lordship exclaimed, "Three hours! why it will take three days." "No, my lord," said Charley, "the marquis has so many boats, and each boat will carry so many men. If your lordship will be at the trouble of calculating, you will find he can cross in three hours." His lordship turned to the officers, and in the hearing of Charley, remarked, "The scheme will not do." Charley concluded this was the moment for his returning to the marquis. He, as soon as possible, plied his comrades with grog till they were well warmed, and then opened his masked battery. He complained of the wants that prevailed in the British camp, commended the supplies with which the American abounded, expressed his inclination to return, and then asked, "What say you, will you go with me?" They agreed. It was left with him to manage as to the sentries. To the first he offered, in a very friendly manner, the taking a draught of rum out of his canteen. While the fellow was drinking, Charley secured his arms, and then proposed his deserting with them, to which he consented through necessity. The

a small party was sent out against them, to dislodge them; each side continuing to reinforce, at length the whole of General Wayne's division were engaged; they drove the advance detachment back to their lines, and, without stopping there, attacked the whole British army, drawn up in order of battle, and charged them with their bayonets. The action was obstinate for the little time it lasted, but the disproportion of numbers was too great. The marquis arrived, in person, time enough to order a retreat, and to bring off the Pennsylvania troops before they were surrounded, which the enemy were endeavoring to effect, being able greatly to outflank them. Cornwallis did not pursue them more than half a mile in the retreat, apprehending that the rest of the Americans were near enough to support them, and not choosing to risk a general engagement. The Americans lost two field-pieces, which could not be brought off, all the horses belonging to them being killed. Captain Savage did great execution with a third field-piece under his command, situated in such a manner as to rake, with grape shot, a solid column of the enemy on their march, with which he cut lanes through them, and repeatedly drove them back with the utmost confusion. The riflemen and light-infantry were of great service, and gave the British some well-directed and very heavy fires. The whole of the American troops which were engaged that day, did not amount to more than eleven hundred. Wayne's division lost one hundred and seven privates and non-commissioned officers, killed,

second was served in like manner. Charley Morgan by his management carried off seven deserters with him. When he had reached the American army, and was brought to head-quarters, the marquis, upon seeing him, cried out, "Ha! Charley, are you got back?" "Yes; and please your excellency, and have brought seven more with me," was the answer. When Charley had related the reason of his returning, and the observations he had made, the marquis offered him money, but he declined accepting it, and only desired to have his gun again. The marquis then proposed to promote him to the rank of a corporal or a sergeant. To this Morgan replied, "I will not have any promotion. I have abilities for a common soldier, and have a good character; should I be promoted, my abilities may not answer, and I may lose my character." He however nobly requested for his fellow-soldiers, who were not so well supplied with shoes, stockings, and clothing as himself, that the marquis would promise to do what he could to relieve their distresses, which he easily obtained.—*Gordon*, iv. 113.

wounded, and missing, and twelve commissioned officers, among the last, Captain Stakes, wounded in the leg, and Captain Cunningham, in the foot, both slightly. The Americans suffered no loss of any consequence, except in General Wayne's division.

The British, immediately after the action, which ended about nine o'clock in the evening, crossed James River. The whole army were crossed over in the morning, excepting a part of their light-horse, for which they had boats ready to bring them over instantly, in case of an emergency. Saturday afternoon, or evening, they crossed also.

Those of the wounded Americans who were left on the field, to the number of about twenty-five, were treated by the British with more humanity than usual, and were left behind.

Cornwallis, finding among the killed and wounded none but the Pennsylvania line, and from that circumstance, and the information of his prisoners, having learned that only that line, with a few riflemen and light-infantry, had been in the action, found greater cause of chagrin that such a handful of men should have made so spirited an attack upon his army, than of exultation for having repulsed them.

It is said a part of the British troops are embarking for New York, that a garrison will be left at Portsmouth, and the rest probably go to the southward. The marquis is moving up James River.[1]

JULY 9.—IN the evening of the 2d, Lieutenant-Colonel Emmerick marched with one hundred men, drawn from the regiments of the line, from the encampment near New York, to Phillips' house; as, the next morning, a number of wagons, under an escort of two hundred foot,

Fight at Kingsbridge, New York.

[1] Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Captain Moor's troop of light dragoons, dated Holt's Forge, New Kent county, July 11; in the New Jersey Gazette, August 8. The same writer, in concluding his letter, says:—"I had the pleasure of seeing the marquis in a most amiable point of view, visiting the wounded officers and soldiers, going from man to man, examining into their situation, their attendance, their wants, and giving every possible care that all things necessary should be furnished—a conduct which, while it does honor to the humanity and goodness of his heart, cannot fail to engage him the affections of the soldiery, and endear the name of La Fayette to every American."

and thirty mounted Yagers, were to be sent to the same place for some hay. But about ten o'clock the same evening, intelligence was received of General Washington's army having been at Sing Sing in the afternoon of the 2d instant. It was therefore resolved to leave the wagons within the lines, and send the detachment to recall Colonel Emmerick. Lieutenant-Colonel De Prueschenck, with the following officers under his command, viz.: Captain Henricks, Captain De Wangenheim, Lieutenant Schaefer, Lieutenant De Deimar, and Lieutenant De Baltholmai, left the camp at daybreak, and having left Kingsbridge, would not pass a series of defiles before he had reconnoitred Fort Independence; he therefore ordered his advanced guards, under Lieutenant Schaefer, and another party, of a sergeant and ten men, to examine the fort and its environs. It being not yet quite day, these parties did not perceive the rebels drawn up in a line of battle, till they were within ten yards of them, when they received their fire, returned it, and fell back to a proper distance. Lieutenant-Colonel De Prueschenck immediately and with great resolution and presence of mind, endeavored to gain the height in the rear of the fort, and though he received the rebels' whole fire, succeeded so far as to take possession of the ruins of a house which was formerly fortified by Colonel Emmerick. From this place he attacked the rebels in their advantageous position, intending to dislodge them; but, observing a battalion with flying colors in the fort, finding their superiority of numbers, being furiously attacked with the bayonet, and at the same time seeing no possibility of gaining any ground to his advantage, he resolved to fall back under the cannon in Charles' redoubt; but the rebels pressing too hard upon him, and his infantry, on account of the narrow passage, beginning to lose ground, and being apprehensive of sustaining some loss in repassing the defile in such a situation, he ordered his cavalry under Lieutenant Flies, to charge the advancing enemy. This had the expected effect; the rebels stopped, the Yagers formed again and recommenced the attack with redoubled vigor, obliged the rebels to quit the fort, and drove them from the heights as far as Deveaux's house, taking possession of the ground they had quitted. At this time

Lieutenant-Colonel De Wurm arrived with the rest of the Yager corps from Kingsbridge, and took possession of the rising ground between the Bridge and Fort Independence, reconnoitred the enemy's new position, extending from Miles-square road over the height to William's Bridge, with a thick wood in their rear, plainly indicating a design to conceal their real strength. As repeated intelligence was received that three hundred French horse covered the enemy's left at William's Bridge, Colonel De Wurm acted with precaution, and did not think proper to risk another attack; but Lieutenant-Colonel Emmerick retreating over Spuyten Duyvil, and being cut off by the rebels' position, (two hundred men being arrived at this time from the regiments of the line, and the refugees from Morrisania having joined,) it was absolutely necessary to force the rebels from their ground, to give Colonel Emmerick an opportunity of joining by the way of Cortlandt's house, still in possession of the rebels. The Yagers moved forward and took possession of Cortlandt's Bridge; the refugees and the advanced parties of the Yagers engaged the rebels' advanced posts and drove them to their main body, which immediately filed off to the left, and retreated towards William's Bridge. The passage being now open, Colonel Emmerick was desired to leave Spuyten Duyvil and to join, which he did, and informed General De Losberg that he drew two hundred rebels into his ambuscade at Phillips' house, of which he killed three and took nine; that the rebel army was moving in two columns, (one of which was already seen on Valentine's Hill advancing towards Cortlandt's Bridge.) The troops were now ordered to fall back to their former position, leaving one hundred Yagers at Fort Independence, and observe all the motions of General Washington's army, who himself reconnoitred Spuyten Duyvil at three o'clock in the afternoon. At four o'clock the troops moved into the lines and to their encampment.

The loss of the Yagers is three men killed; one officer, one sergeant, twenty-six men wounded, and five missing. That of the rebels is very considerable; intelligence was received that they embarked one hundred and one wounded men at Sing Sing, and sent them up the North River, besides a great many

who died of their wounds before they reached that place, and one officer and seventeen men who were left on the field, with seventeen stands of arms.[1]

JULY 11.—THE rebel chiefs are put to their trumps to keep their party alive, under the increasing diffidence of the people after so many repeated impositions. The current lie lately minted at New Windsor, New York, to bring out the militia *once more to the Shambles*, is that the French fleet from the West Indies is soon to appear off New York, from which it is added, the British *are preparing to run away*. And thus they are promised, if they will rise, plunder and victory without fighting and bloodshed. To give color to this new fraud, the French are brought forward from Rhode Island; wagons are moving night and day with flour from the westward; some troops detached to meet the French in Westchester county from Washington's pitiful army in the Highlands, and the eastern road is encumbered with mortars, cannon, and stores, dragged from Boston. But neither vaunting and confident assurances, nor guileful pretexts, will any longer suffice to form the host, which, according to the Congress resolve of the 21st of September last, was by the 1st of January to have amounted to thirty odd thousand.

Rivington.

George! George! the paralytic state of your cause is too manifest to deceive a people who have bought wisdom at the expense of their *fortunes* and *blood*. They remember the *flagitious fib* uttered in general orders to your whole army on the 20th of August, 1776:

To Washington.

"The general being informed, to his great surprise, that a report prevails and is industriously spread far and wide, that Lord Howe has made proposals of peace, his duty obliges him to declare that *no such offers have been made by Lord Howe;* but, on the contrary, by the best intelligence we can procure, the army may expect an attack as soon as the wind and tide prove fair."[2]

Do you wonder, after this, that the American husband-

[1] Rivington's Gazette, July 14.

[2] See extract from Ichabod Lewis's parole book, published in Rivington's Gazette, April 11, 1781.

men no longer flock to your perfidious standard? And can you think so contemptibly of your countrymen as to imagine that they do not discern your plans through the cobweb you are throwing over the distress of your partisans for establishing a tyranny in America, after perusing your letter of the 28th of March last, to Mr. Harrison, who left your Congress at little York, for fighting the overtures to peaceful negotiations with General Howe, communicated by Mr. John Brown? Your own words in that letter are too well remembered not to disclose the intention of the artifices now practising upon the people:—

"You will readily perceive from the foregoing, that there is little probability of adding to the force already ordered to the southward; for, should the battalions from New Jersey to New Hampshire, inclusive, be completed, (a thing not to be expected,) we shall, after the necessary detachments for the frontiers and other purposes are made, have an army barely sufficient to keep the enemy in check in New York."

Deny this letter if you dare, murderer of Andre! murderer of those Americans who sought liberty, but have lost their lives in your baneful projects and services, by trusting to the never to be forgotten false and bloody orders of 1776.[1]

July 17.—Congress have had before them a number of official letters from the ministry in Britain, to their commander-in-chief, and other heads of departments in America; they were intercepted in a packet taken in Europe, and transmitted by Dr. Franklin. By the letters of Lord G. Germaine to Sir Henry Clinton, it appears that the expectation of a speedy conquest was fully impressed on the British cabinet, and that administration already regretted their proffered clemency, (through their commissioners,) held out in their proclamations. He observes to General Clinton and the other commissioners, that their offers of pardon were not sufficiently guarded with exceptions, and that the supplicants for pardon being re-admitted into a full enjoyment of the rights exercised under their former connection,

England's projects Discovered.

[1] Rivington's Gazette, July 11.

was more than government ever intended to grant, or in other words, that they meant to deprive them of their characters, and constitute their governments more to the will of the Parliament. He expresses much satisfaction at the general's information, that there were more provincials in his Majesty's service in America, than that of the United States; but laments the mortifying reflection, that under these circumstances, the rebellion should have continued so long. His lordship reprehends General Clinton's generosity in recommending so many of the provincial corps to be put on the British establishment, and then, secure of victory, gives such a construction to his Majesty's directions on that subject, as to restrict the benefits of it to very few.

These instances serve to show (if it remained to be proved) what would be the treatment of the friends to America in it, if his (Germaine's) imaginary ideas of success were to be realized. No sooner have they any foundation for such a hope, than they begin to estimate the value, and regret the loss, of estates secured under former submissions, and wish to discharge from their service, without the rewards held out formerly, those whom they have seduced to be instrumental in accomplishing their supposed conquests. Lord G. Germaine speaks of the Carolinas and Georgia as totally reduced, and has no doubt but that Virginia must immediately yield to the activity and enterprise of Lord Cornwallis, supported by so powerful an army. His lordship speaks of an expedition which had been projected against the Chesapeake, approves of it, and urges General Clinton to push it with vigor. It was intended to send a number of troops to the head of it to act against Maryland and Pennsylvania, and establish a place of security for the reception of the loyal subjects in those States. The reverse of fortune to the southward hath probably delayed the execution of this plan, and we hope the event of the operations there and elsewhere, will oblige the enemy totally to abandon it. It appears from Germaine's letters, that they intended to fix a permanent port at Elizabeth River.[1]

[1] Extract of a letter from Philadelphia in the Pennsylvania Packet, August 2.

JULY 20.—ON Sunday evening, the 15th instant, two sloops of war, two tenders, and one galley, all British, came up Hudson River, with intention, as is supposed, to destroy the stores then moving from West Point to the army. There were at that time two sloops going down the river, laden with cannon and powder. As soon as they discovered the enemy, they put about and stood in for Tarrytown, where they ran aground. The enemy having a fair wind and tide, came up the river so fast that it was impossible to march infantry down in time to unload or protect the stores, as there were no troops at Tarrytown, except a sergeant's guard of French infantry. Colonel Sheldon (whose regiment lay at Dobb's Ferry) immediately marched his mounted dragoons to the place, where he ordered his men to dismount and assist to unload the stores, which was done with great despatch. By this time the enemy having come to anchor off Tarrytown, began a heavy cannonade, under cover of which they sent two gunboats and four barges to destroy the vessels. Captain Hurlbert, of the second regiment of light dragoons, was stationed on board one of them with twelve men, armed only with pistols and swords; he kept his men concealed till the enemy were alongside, when he gave them a fire, which they returned and killed one of his men. Captain Hurlbert finding himself surrounded, ordered his men to jump overboard and make for the shore, which they did, he following; the enemy immediately boarded and set fire to the vessels, but were obliged immediately to retire, owing to the severe fire that was kept up by the dragoons and French guard. Captain Hurlbert, Captain-Lieutenant Miles, Quartermaster Shaylor, and others, jumped into the river and made for the sloops, in order to extinguish the fire, which they did, and saved the vessels; while in the water, Captain Hurlbert received a musket ball through the thigh, but is now in a fair way to do well. About daylight, General Howe arrived with a division of troops and some artillery, a battery was opened on the enemy, which obliged them to slip their cables and fall down the river about two miles, where they continued till Tuesday about noon, when General Howe again opened a battery on them, and obliged

Action at Tarrytown, New York.

them to make sail up the river. They continued near Taller's Point till near Thursday, during which they sent their gun-boats on shore, and burnt the elegant house of Captain Robert, at Haverstraw. About noon, taking advantage of a fair wind and tide, they made sail and stood down the river. When coming near Dobb's Ferry, (where the Americans had erected a battery of two eighteen-pounders, two French brass twelve, and seven half-inch howitzers,) they (the Americans) commenced a heavy fire on them from the works, on both sides of the river; the British returned the fire, but did not the least damage. The largest of their ships sustained the greatest damage, many shot were fired through her, and one of our shells bursting on board her, threw them into great confusion; eighteen or twenty of their men jumped overboard, three or four of whom swam on shore, and the rest are supposed to be drowned.[1]

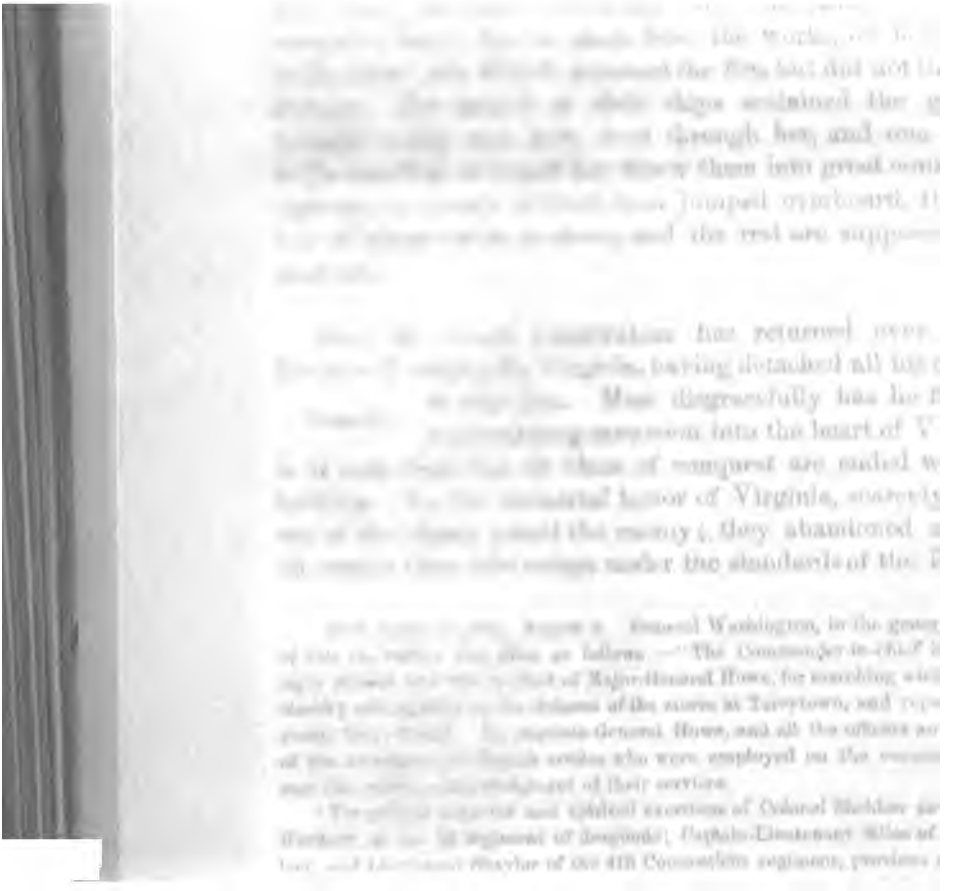
Cornwallis.

JULY 26.—LORD CORNWALLIS has returned over James River to Portsmouth, Virginia, having detached all his cavalry to Carolina. Most disgracefully has he finished a plundering excursion into the heart of Virginia. It is now clear that all ideas of conquest are ended with his lordship. To the immortal honor of Virginia, scarcely a citizen of that State joined the enemy; they abandoned and lost all, sooner than take refuge under the standards of the British.[2]

New Jersey Gazette, August 8. General Washington, in the general orders of July 19, notices this affair as follows:—"The Commander-in-chief is exceedingly pleased with the conduct of Major-General Howe, for marching with so much alacrity and rapidity to the defence of the stores at Tarrytown, and repulsing the enemy from thence. He requests General Howe, and all the officers and soldiers of the American and French armies who were employed on the occasion, to accept this public acknowledgment of their services.

"The gallant behavior and spirited exertions of Colonel Sheldon and Captain Hurlbert, of the 2d regiment of dragoons; Captain-Lieutenant Miles of the artillery, and Lieutenant Shaylor of the 4th Connecticut regiment, previous to the arrival of the troops, in extinguishing the flames of the vessels which had been set on fire by the enemy, and preserving the whole of the ordnance and stores from destruction, entitle them to the most distinguished notice and applause of their general."

[2] New Jersey Gazette, August 15.



During Benedict Arnold's military speculations in Virginia, he took an American captain prisoner. After some general conversation with the captain, he asked him what he thought the Americans would do with him if they caught him? The captain at first declined giving him an answer, but upon being repeatedly urged to it, he said: "Why, sir, if I must answer your question you must excuse my telling you the plain truth; if my countrymen should catch you, I believe they would first cut off that lame leg, which was wounded in the cause of freedom and virtue, and bury it with the honors of war, and afterwards hang the remainder of your body in gibbets."[1]

Anecdote of Arnold.

August 1.—An American, now confined on board the Jersey (vulgarly called Hell) prison-ship at New York says:—"There is nothing but death or entering into the British service for me. Our ship company is reduced to a small number (by death and entering into the British service) of nineteen. There is a partial cartel arrived which brought eleven prisoners, and the names of so many as make up that number, sent from Boston by somebody. Damn the villain that trades that way, though there are many such that are making widows and fatherless children—a curse on them all! The commissary told us one and all, to the number of four hundred men, that the whole fault lays on Boston, and we might all be exchanged, but they never cared about us; and he said the commissaries were rogues and liars.

The Jersey Prison-Ship.

"I am not able to give you even the outlines of my exile; but thus much will I inform you, that we bury from six to eleven men in a day; we have two hundred more sick and falling sick every day; the sickness is the yellow fever, smallpox, and in short every thing else that can be mentioned. I had almost forgot to tell you, that our morning's salutation is, 'Rebels, turn out your dead!'"[2]

August 17.—A correspondent at Salisbury, in North Caro-

[1] New Jersey Journal, August 1.

[2] Pennsylvania Packet, Sept. 4.

lina, thus refers to the commander of the southern army:—"Future ages will celebrate the name of that illustrious hero, who, by his activity and superior military talents, has, for more than eight months past, so often baffled the British, always superior in numbers and every thing else except valor and military talents. The Carolinas will never forget General Greene, and the North State in particular will always acknowledge that it is to his abilities and perseverance we owe our present promising condition. He has inspired our people with a spirit and confidence that rises greatly above every opposition and distress. Our civil government has now acquired a better tone.

General Greene.

"Major Burnet and Colonel Morris, two of the general's aids-de-camp, have gone to the northward, I presume on business of great importance; those two young gentlemen are an honor to their profession, and their names ought never to be forgotten. Indeed, all that little army have done and suffered more in the defence of their country than can be expressed."[1]

The Southern Army.

August 24.—In the present unsettled state of things in America, when the British are in possession of a part of the southern States, and when men's minds are distracted between a love of property, and that attention which should ever be paid to the solemn agreements entered into by them at the commencement of the war, it may not be amiss to throw the following remarks respecting our situation, upon paper, convinced that it is not the case with us, (as we believe it to be with the people of England,) that we are unable to bear full liberty. In a republic where its powers are well poised, liberty may be better preserved, than by any monarchial government we know of, whatever forms may exist in imagination. Those who have already enjoyed, in any degree, the benefits of this establishment, will not, we presume, easily give it up, and run infinite hazards in endeavoring to obtain one a little better, even if they have the prospect of attaining it.

Remarks of a Carolina Planter.

[1] New Jersey Journal, September 19.

The American government is a good one, and must be much better as soon as we have expelled the British from it, and buried in oblivion those prejudices which have done infinitely more harm than any thing else. From our unhappy divisions, our enemies have derived more benefit than they have ever done from the success of their arms; they have taken the advantage of our internal contentions, and endeavored to crush us in this moment of adversity. These unfortunate dissensions have contributed upon every occasion to deprive us of that strength which is ever the attendant of national union. It is ridiculous to suppose that we can ever entertain the same affection for the people of Great Britain we formerly did, or even to expect the renewal of those blessings we enjoyed under that government, previous to the Stamp Act. While their manners remained entire, they corrected the vice of their laws and softened them to their own temper, but in all their late proceedings we see very few traces of that generosity, humanity, and dignity, which formerly characterized them. War seems to have suspended all the rules of moral obligation; civil wars strike deeply into the manners of the people, vitiate their politics, corrupt their morals, and even pervert the natural taste and relish of equity and justice; the very names of affection and kindred, which were the bond of union while we agreed, are now become incentives to rage and hatred.

It is too late to flatter ourselves that we shall not fall into this misfortune. Experience has convinced us that we are not exempt from the ordinary frailties of our nature, and that we have nothing to hope for but from *perseverance*, that pillar of fire, which can alone conduct us to the promised land.

The affairs of Britain are certainly at this time in a most distressing situation; at war with France, Spain, Holland, and America. She seems tamely to acquiesce in the loss of her East and West India possessions, in the destruction of her commerce, and in the diminution of her credit, merely to cherish the delusive idea of reducing America; but after all her exertions, she must be convinced it is now wholly impossible that America can ever be conquered. Not a single dis-

hroughout our extensive continent has yet voluntarily
tted. Even in Carolina and Georgia (where from the
the army in Charleston, they had the fairest opportuni-
ney now only occupy the spot they encamp on, and no
Wherever they move they spread devastation and hor-
d their perfidy and cruelties invariably tend to unite
ople more firmly in their opposition.

a time when we are insulted by enemies, long accus-
to conquer, when some of our governments are not so
stablished as we could wish, and their existence endan-
it is too late to inquire minutely into the causes which
rought us into this situation. The conjuncture calls for
mediate exertion of whatever wisdom or vigor is left
us, and the man who withholds his assistance, on any
ce, is an enemy to his country. It is a common cause,
ch every one is concerned, and in which all should be
d; the blunders of the ruling powers should be over-
, and the gratification of personal animosities should
ay to the public good of the community. At such a
to arouse the drooping spirit of the people, to encour-
timid, to revive the desponding, and to animate the
is the duty of every friend to his country; for by vigor-

de la Fayette's people. He has been very busy of late in collecting vast numbers of cattle for the American army, and it is not improbable that the Colonels Abercrombie and Tarleton before sunset may release a tolerable portion of them, if they can only overtake that body of freebooters. The marquis's main body is about twenty miles from Williamsburgh; a party of four hundred of them have been routed, about twenty killed, and as many made prisoners by Colonel Tarleton.[1]

Battle off Barnegat, New Jersey.

About three o'clock last Tuesday afternoon, a very severe action was fought between the whale boat Surprise, Captain Thompson, and her consort, both their crews consisting of twenty-six men, and two rebel whale boats belonging to Philadelphia, off Little Barnegat, on the coast of New Jersey. The conflict lasted more than an hour, within pistol shot, in which Captain Thompson received a dangerous wound in the thigh; notwithstanding which he continued the contest, until the rebels took to their oars, first throwing over four of their dead. Among their number, it is said, was one of their captains, named Eccles.

Captain Thompson's behavior on this occasion does him much credit, and demands the tribute of praise from every loyal heart. It is remarkable that after having received a swivel ball in his groin, he discharged his fusee twice; and when the anguish of his wound had disqualified him for the more active part of the contest, he still continued giving orders in a supine posture, and exerting his men, who were all refugees, not to strike the colors to the rebels. This relation is given the public not to magnify the action in its immediate consequence, but as a clear testimony of the more elevated bravery of those who have nobly sacrificed their domestic ease and enjoyments, to the best of all principles, that of loyalty.

The rebel army, under the command of General Washington, left their encampment at White Plains, in Westchester county, last Monday, (20th,) and some of the Continental troops

[1] Extract of a letter from an officer, dated Yorktown, Va., August 24, in Rivington's Gazette, September 1.

are gone up the North River. The French army crossed the Hudson yesterday, and proceeded on their march for Chatham,

Washington's Army leaves White Plains.

eight miles from Elizabethtown, where their artificers have been building ovens, &c., for more than ten days. Part of Dayton's brigade is also at Chatham, in Jersey, and a York provincial regiment is now stationed at a place called Fox Hall, four miles from Newark, and seven from Elizabethtown; so that the number of troops now in that neighborhood amount to at least six thousand, and their greatest distance from Staten Island is not more than nine miles.[1]

AUGUST 25.—RIVINGTON, in the Royal Gazette of this day, republishes[2] the following proclamation by Governor Living-

Gov. Livingston's Proclamation.

ston of New Jersey, offering a reward for Ensign Moody and his party, with a counter proclamation from Moody:—

"*Whereas* it has been represented to me that the persons hereinafter mentioned, have been guilty of atrocious offences, and have committed divers robberies, thefts, and other felonies in this State. I have therefore thought fit, by and with the advice of the Honorable Privy Council of this State, to issue this proclamation, hereby promising the rewards herein mentioned, to any person or persons who shall apprehend and secure in any gaol of this State, any or either of the following persons or offenders, to wit: Caleb Sweesy, James O'Hara, John Moody, and Gysbert Eyberlin, the sum of two hundred dollars of the bills of credit issued on the faith of this State.

"Given under my hand and seal at arms, at Trenton, the third day of August, 1781, and in the fifth year of the independence of America. WIL. LIVINGSTON."

[It may be proper to intimate that Mr. Moody has succeeded in two enterprises, twice interrupting the mails from the eastern to the southern provinces, and carried them to headquarters in New York.[3]]

[1] Gaine's Mercury, August 27.

[2] The proclamation was first published in the New Jersey Journal.—See page 308, ante.

[3] Note by Rivington.

HUE AND CRY: *Two Hundred Guineas Reward.*

"*Whereas* a certain William Livingston, late an Attorney-at-Law, and now *a lawless usurper* and *incorrigible rebel*, stands convicted in the minds of all honest men, as well as in his own conscience, of many atrocious crimes and offences against God and the king, and among many other treasonable practices, has lately, with malicious and murderous intention, published a seditious advertisement in a rebel newspaper, offering a reward, of what he calls two hundred State dollars, to an assassin who shall take and deliver me and three other loyalists into the power of him, the said William Livingston. Moody's Counter Proclamation.

"I do therefore hereby promise to pay the sum of two hundred guineas, *true money*, to the person or persons who shall bring the said William Livingston alive into New York, and deliver him into the custody of Captain Cunningham, so that he may be duly lodged in the provost, till the approaching extinction of the rebellion, then to be brought to trial for his numerous crimes and offences aforesaid. In the mean time, if his whole person cannot be brought in, half the sum above specified will be paid for his EARS and NOSE, which are too well known, and too remarkable to be mistaken. Observe, however, that his life must not be attempted, because that would be to follow his example of exciting the villanous practice of assassination, and because *his death* at present, would defraud Jack Ketch of a future perquisite.

"Given under my hand and seal at arms, in New York, this twenty-third day of August, 1781, (a style which I have surely as much right to assume as William Livingston, or any other rebel usurper.) J. MOODY.

"The several printers on the continent are requested to insert the above in their newspapers."

AUGUST 26.—COLONEL ISAAC HAYNE was, by a mandate of Balfour's, ignominiously hanged in Charleston, South Carolina, on the fourth instant. After the execution, his young son was permitted to carry his father's body and inter it at his plantation at Ponper, which was done Execution of Colonel Hayne.

on Sunday evening last, (19th.) Colonel Hayne was a most amiable character, highly respected, and had a most extensive influence. Nothing could strike deeper at the root of independence than this measure, if suffered to pass without retaliation; General Greene therefore has stopped all further exchanges, avowed his intention of retaliation, and issued a proclamation, setting forth his reasons, let them lead to what consequences they may. Our countrymen breathe nothing but revenge on this cruel occasion; it will now unite them stronger than ever, in prosecuting the war with the greatest vigor and spite. Could the diabolical Balfour fall into our hands to suffer the same ignominious death, it would be but a small recompense for the loss of our worthy countryman; but he keeps close in his strongholds in Charleston.[1]

EARLY in the morning of the twenty-second instant, a party of Indians and Tories, consisting of about four hundred, entered the beautiful settlement of Warwarsing, situated on the great road leading from Minisink[2] to Esopus, about thirty-five miles

[1] New Jersey Gazette, September 26 and October 10.

After the reduction of Charleston, Colonel Hayne had, with some restrictions, subscribed to a declaration of allegiance to the King of Great Britain; but afterward, from an "open breach of contract" on the part of the British, and their inability to afford him the promised protection for his allegiance, he was led to consider himself released from his engagements, and, on solicitation, took the command of a regiment of militia in Carolina. Falling into the hands of the British while in arms, he was thrown into a loathsome provost; and though he was at first promised a trial, and had counsel prepared to justify his conduct by the laws of nations, and the usages of war, yet this privilege was finally refused, and he was ordered for execution. The royal Lieutenant-governor Bull and a great number of the inhabitants of Charleston, both loyalists and Americans, interceded for his life. The ladies of that town generally signed a petition in his behalf. His children, accompanied by some near relations, begged on their bended knees for the life of their father. These intercessions, "drew tears from many a hard eye;" but the British commanders were inflexible. Colonel Hayne submitted to his destiny with decent firmness, composure, and dignity. "Thus fell," says Doctor Ramsey, "in the bloom of life, a brave officer, a worthy citizen, a just and upright man, furnishing an example of heroism in death, that extorted a confession from his enemies, that though he did not die in a good cause, he must at least have acted from a persuasion of its being so."—*Holmes' Annals*, ii. 337.

[2] Minisink is situated among the Shawangunk Mountains, about twelve miles from Goshen, in Orange county, New York.

from the former. At their first coming to the place, they were hailed by a sentinel who was at the gate of a picket fort where there was a sergeant's guard kept, (which were the only soldiers in that quarter;) they not making any answer, induced the sentinel to fire, and run within the fort, which alarmed the garrison. The enemy kept up a constant fire upon the fort for some time, but without effect, and at last retired in confusion, with the loss of three killed and two wounded. They then proceeded to burning and plundering the place. The inhabitants being alarmed by the firing at the fort, all made their escape, except one, John Kittle, whom they killed. The loss of these poor people is very great; the fate of an hour reduced them from a state of ease and affluence to want and beggary. Thirteen elegant dwelling-houses with all the out-buildings and furniture, fourteen spacious barns filled with wheat, besides barracks, stables, stacks of hay, and grain, were all consumed; between sixty and seventy horses, mostly very fine, and a great number of cattle, sheep, and hogs, were driven off. Colonel Pawling, getting intelligence of the above, immediately collected about two hundred New York levies and militia, and pursued them about forty miles, but was not able to overtake them. It appears that they fled in confusion, as they left a considerable quantity of their plunder behind them in many places. By a white man who has been with them for three years, and made his escape while Warwarsing was in flames, we learn that this party was from Niagara, and that they were four weeks and three days on their way; that they were exceedingly distressed for want of provisions, insomuch that they eat up their packhorses and dogs. He adds that the garrison of Niagara was in a melancholy situation for want of provisions and the necessaries of life; and that the Tories there most bitterly execrate the day they were deluded by the tyrant emissaries to take up arms against their native country.[1]

The Burning of Warwarsing.

AUGUST 27.—A WRITER of South Carolina presents the fol-

[1] Pennsylvania Gazette, October 3.

lowing address to Lord Cornwallis:—"My lord,—As a generous enemy I mean to address you with candor. I possess not the acrimony of a satirist nor the disposition to encourage it. I wish only to approach you with the confidence of truth, and by telling you what you really are, make you reflect on what you really may be.

"Leonidas" to Cornwallis.

"Your panegyrist in the Charleston paper, has labored to give a brilliant and finished portraiture of your military character. What he says of your qualities I believe in general terms to be true. Your mental powers, I am told, are heightened and refined by a genteel and liberal education, and your commerce with the world, it is said, has taught you a knowledge of all the motives of action, and the principles which are best calculated to impose upon the credulity of the world.

"To give a polish to your military achievements, I observe by your public letters, is the peculiar object of your attention; the great outlines by which truth alone is to be ascertained, are so lost in the pomp of your descriptions, that the garb seems better suited to the glitter of a Roman triumph, than the ornament of a little action. But you wrested the laurels from the conqueror of Burgoyne, and fought the battle of Camden; yes, my lord, you did; and for your conduct, deserve to be handed down to posterity with some degree of credit. It was a stroke, indeed, severe and painful to our interest, but you did not improve the advantages as a great man ought to have done; it was far, very far from being decisive, and by no means so very important, my lord, as you would fain make your *royal master* and the world in general believe it was. Who can read your publications without pitying our *expiring liberties?* Who is there that lives three thousand miles from the scene of action, but from your representation would suppose that all America had fallen prostrate at your feet! Had Cæsar given such a puff to the battle of Pharsalia, it would, in the same ratio, have gone infinitely beyond the powers of any language to encompass the magnitude of its consequences. As it is, it only runs parallel with your famous battle of Camden, and the conqueror of the world now finds a competitor for fame in the Earl of Cornwallis.

"The gloss given to the battle of Guilford is equally *ingenious;* but why you should relate circumstances so palpably erroneous, is something so very strange, and of a nature so very extraordinary, (when you might have confined yourself to truths that would reflect equal honor on your conduct without betraying so much ingenuity,) that I am willing to suppose your letter had either been altered by the ministry in England, or that the printer, in a fit of negligent industry, had published the rough original instead of the corrected copy. You assert, with great confidence, that Colonel Tarleton had given Lieutenant-Colonel Lee a handsome drubbing in the morning of the action; whereas, on the other hand, that gallant partisan drove Tarleton's dragoons up to the head of the British column, cut down several of them in their flight, killed a captain of the guards, and halted your whole army (which was the object of his meeting you) for upwards of an hour. During your halt, General Greene was busily employed in arranging his little army in order of battle. I will here beg leave to remark, my lord, that our force consisted chiefly of militia, and our numbers on that day did not exceed three thousand three hundred men; the British army, on the other hand, consisted of at least twenty-five hundred old veteran soldiers, inured to action, and made firm by discipline to oppose them. When you advanced, the British troops rushed on with a confidence that did honor to themselves and their country, but it must be acknowledged, my lord, that you met with a warm reception, and that the greater part of the militia poured into your ranks the severest and longest fire, that perhaps ever was known by any irregular body of men upon any former occasion. You were heard to acknowledge at Cross Creek, that the Virginia militia were nearly equal to regulars, and that if the North Carolinians had made the same opposition, your army must have been inevitably ruined. Your old veterans were several times staggered, victory for some minutes appeared doubtful, and so very much cut to pieces were they when they got up to the Continental troops, that had it not been for an unlucky circumstance which occasioned a part of the Maryland line to give way, we should have balanced the battle of Camden, and

your lordship would no longer have been thought the Hannibal of the British army. Whilst every thing was giving way, and a retreat was ordered, the first regiment of Marylanders made a charge, and being seconded by the horse, the guards were cut to pieces, and a check given to the pursuit of your whole army; whilst Mr. Tarleton, at an awful distance, with three times the number of horse that Colonel Washington had on the field, beheld with astonishment, such an instance of superior firmness. Yet, my lord, notwithstanding those violent efforts, you only lost between four and five hundred men. Were I allowed the liberty of judging upon this occasion, I should determine nothing short of seven hundred. It is certain a return was brought from your orderly office, which made your loss in killed, wounded, and taken, six hundred and sixty-three men, exclusive of officers; but if your loss was so very trifling as you affect to represent, how comes it about that you should retreat before us with such precipitation, three days after the action? And why should your officers, particularly those who have seen the longest service, declare, upon every occasion, that it was the hottest and bloodiest action, by a very great deal, that had happened in America since the revolution? And why, great sir, should you leave so many of your wounded behind you at New Jordan, with a request that we should take charge of them in your absence? All these circumstances seem to prove your loss to be heavy, and fix upon you all the consequences of a defeat, or, surely, my lord, as a great general, you ought to have fought us again. We pushed you hard, you must acknowledge, and offered you opportunities of giving us battle every day during the pursuit; but, as if your army had been composed of so many nimble-footed Mercuries, you flew with the celerity of a light corps, and by making a timely escape over Deep River, saved the destruction of your army. You were permitted to go and enjoy your visionary conquests in Wilmington, while General Greene moved into South Carolina and Georgia, and recovered those two States from the most oppressive tyranny. From Wilmington you took your course to Virginia, triumphing as you went, in the ruin of individuals, without one single prospect of gaining any ad-

vantage, either to yourself or to the nation for which you fight. But here, my lord, I must carry you back to the memorable 17th of January, when the hero of the British legion delivered up his laurels to the eminently great General Morgan of the American army. What a scene for a pen like yours! You have handled it indeed, my lord, with an art peculiar to yourself. No man but you dare give it such a touch; whils tit labors for a *ray of truth*, it holds out the speciousness of *facts*.

"You acknowledge the stroke to be unexpected, but will not allow the consequence of a defeat. You say four hundred men were killed, wounded, and taken, but that Tarleton retook his baggage, and gave Colonel Washington a drubbing. Is it possible, my lord, that you dare deceive your countrymen with such a tale? Where was the necessity of concealing facts that must force themselves upon the world? If you are so *ignorant* of circumstances, I will inform you that upwards of one hundred were killed on the field, two hundred wounded, and that five hundred and thirty were brought off prisoners, after a pursuit of twenty miles. It was the most finished defeat I ever heard of. Mr. Tarleton, although at the head of three hundred cavalry, was routed, and lost near a hundred of his best dragoons, by Lieutenant-Colonel Washington, who appeared at the head of only ninety. Whilst your favorite hero had nothing to oppose but a few raw and undisciplined militia, he did great *wonders*, every newspaper was filled with eulogiums, and England was intoxicated with his worth. But when disciplined soldiers met him, all the honors he had ever reaped were lost, and that same Tarleton who was but as yesterday the terror of the militia, is now the object of their ridicule and contempt. You, my lord, owe some of your fame to this same kind of success, as yet you have never had a regular force equal to your own to contend with; but I wish not to detract from your military character; it is a good one, and were you engaged in any other cause it would be a great one. You have, by flashes of success, raised your name to a very considerable pitch; but take care that some ill-fated blow does not level you with your friend Tarleton. Fortune is

then, my lord, can he possibly hope
and independent people." '

Colonel Hayne.

AUGUST 29.—A CORRESPONDENT a
lina, says :—" Every officer in the l
that was present, has
on the late execution o
that the Lex Talionis shall follow.
the general has issued his proclam
by a flag sent to the commandant o
ed him copies of the address and
forth : 'That retaliation shall imme
the Tory militia officers, but it sha
lar British officers.' This will now
shed, which in the end the British
repent. We have three British offi
are quaking with fear, on the resul
they are not of sufficient rank to be
that Colonel Balfour was very ave
against Colonel Hayne, and throw a
don and Colonel Gould. However
as the character of the commandar
tion, and hypocrisy is so well estab
that he would not have foregone th
fiat to the execution of an An

"General Greene, with the army, left Camden day before yesterday, on his march towards the enemy at Congarees, and we imagine he crossed at Friday Ferry yesterday. A report has just reached us that the enemy the night before last, on receiving intelligence of General Greene's movements, precipitately left their encampment and marched off, first setting their huts and some houses on fire." [1]

AUGUST 31.—YESTERDAY, at one o'clock in the afternoon, his Excellency the commander-in-chief of the American armies, accompanied by the Generals Rochambeau and Chastellux, with their respective suites, arrived in Philadelphia. The general was received by the militia

Washington at Philadelphia.

ing a regiment of militia in the service of the United States, was captured by a party of British troops, and after a rigorous confinement in the provost of Charleston, most cruelly and unjustifiably condemned and executed, in open violation of the cartel agreed upon between the commanders of the two armies for the relief and exchange of prisoners of war.

And whereas, it is no less the duty than the inclination of the army to resent every violence offered to the good citizens of America, and disclaim those distinctions set up for discriminating between different orders of men found in arms, in support of the independence of the United States, and as these violences are intended to deter the good people from acting agreeably to their political interest and private inclination, and as the mode of trial and punishment which follows these discriminations are no less opposite to the spirit of the British constitution, than they are an unwarrantable attack upon the laws of humanity, and the rights of free citizens of these United States; I have therefore thought fit to issue this my proclamation, expressly declaring it to be my intention to retaliate for all such inhuman insults, as often as they may occur.

And whereas the enemy seem willing to expose a few deluded inhabitants who adhere to their interest, if they can but have the opportunity of sacrificing the many who appear in support of our cause; I do further declare it my intention to make BRITISH REGULAR OFFICERS, and not the deluded inhabitants who have joined their army, subjects of retaliation. But while I am determined to resent every insult that may be offered to the United States, for supporting their independence, I cannot but regret the necessity of appealing to measures so hurtful to the feelings of humanity, and so contrary to those liberal principles on which I would choose to carry on the war.

Given at head-quarters at Camden, the 26th day of August, 1781, and in the sixth year of American Independence.

By the General's command, NATHANAEL GREENE.

Will Pierce, Jr., Aid and Secretary.

New York Packet, October 4.

Moultrie, and several other gentler
dining with him. After dinner, som
port, and then lying in the stream, fi
ent toasts which were drank. In th
luminated, and his Excellency wall
principal streets, attended by a num
eagerly pressing to see their beloved

SEPTEMBER 4.—YESTERDAY, at h
Pennsylvania, died, General Willia

General William Thompson died.

knew his virtues, will r
character with esteem.
of the present war, he took an acti
in the cause of liberty. Recomm
spirit and military knowledge, by h
his zeal for the interest of freedom,
honorable body to the command of
Pennsylvania. When he joined th
rank of first colonel in the service
the siege of that place, intrepidity,
manly candor, rendered his charac
admiration and esteem.

Fortune, which had hitherto sm
at a moment when she promised to

by the reflection that he was precluded from signalizing himself in the defence of his country.

His death is considered as an event of universal concern and lamentation. His funeral was the most respectable that has ever been known at Carlisle. In the great number that assembled on the melancholy occasion, scarcely was there one person to be found who did not drop a tear to the memory of the soldier, the patriot, and the friend.[1]

Naval Engagement off the Chesapeake.

SEPTEMBER 5.—THIS day an engagement between the British fleet, under Admiral Graves, and the French, commanded by De Grasse, took place off the Chesapeake. The first certain notice Admiral Graves received of the French fleet being actually upon the coast, was from the advanced ships of his fleet, this morning, when the French were seen at an anchor, extending from Cape Henry to the centre of the middle ground, (a shoal so called, which confines the entrance into the Chesapeake,) apparently in three divisions.

As the British fleet advanced with a fair wind, the French got their ships under sail, and extending themselves in a line of battle ahead, stretched out to seaward. The British ran down upon an east and west line, with the wind at N.N.E., formed, and put themselves into order and preparation for battle. As they advanced toward the shoal of the middle, they were prepared to veer by signal, the whole fleet together, to bring them upon the same tack with the French, who were all this time forming the line as they advanced to sea.

The moment it was no longer safe for the British van to advance further, on account of the shoal, the fleet wore together, and came to the same tack with the French, and formed a line ahead nearly parallel with them, with their main top-sails square, to let the French van-guard advance until the British could operate to advantage.

The French came forward slowly, and showed twenty-four large ships of their line of battle. The British formed nineteen in theirs.

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, September 15.

The French van had extended themselves considerably too much from their own centre, and seemed to present the favorable moment for attack, while the British line had been continually pressed down to approach them as near as possible; and the moment the French van betrayed their apprehension of our design by bearing away, the signal for a close action was made, and the signal for the line taken down, that nothing might cross the opportunity.

Rear-Admiral Drake's division composed the van of the British line; Rear-Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, Bart., that of the rear.

The action began at a quarter after four, about the fourth or fifth ship, and in a few minutes extended from the van to the second ship astern of the centre. In the van the fight was very close and sharp for some time, and continued so until the French ships put before the wind to prevent being cut up. Their centre and rear then pushed forward and kept much from the wind as they approached the British centre, appearing to have little more in view than to advance far enough to receive their own van, who were nearly before the wind, and the better to effect this purpose, they constantly declined close action with the centre of the British fleet.

Every necessary signal was made to urge a close as well as general action, which Count De Grasse appeared desirous to decline, and he did not permit the British rear to close with him, which prevented that part of the fleet from having any share of the action.

All firing ceased on both sides soon after sunset. About ten o'clock it was made known to the British admiral by two frigates, which had been sent throughout the line, that several of the ships of the van were not capable of keeping extended with the enemy, having suffered so much in their masts and rigging, they must attend to their security or be dismasted; that two of the ships which came very leaky from the West Indies, had aggravated their complaints, and one of them could only be kept free with all her pumps.[1]

[1] The two fleets remained near each other for five successive days, at times very close. The French, it was visible, had received much damage to their van ships, and from thence quite on the next ahead of the admiral's ship;—but our

SEPTEMBER 6.—THIS morning about daybreak, twenty-four sail of British shipping appeared to the westward of the harbor of New London, in Connecticut. By many they were supposed to be a plundering party, after stock. Alarm guns were immediately fired, but the discharge of cannon in the harbor has become so frequent of late, that they answered little or no purpose. A few of the inhabitants who were equipped, advanced towards the place where the enemy were thought likely to make their landing, and manœuvred on the heights adjacent, until the British, at about nine o'clock, landed in two divisions of about eight hundred men each, one of them at Brown's farm, near the light-house, the other at Groton Point. The division that landed near the light-house, marched up the road, keeping out large flanking parties, who were attacked in different places on their march by the inhabitants, who had spirit and resolution enough to oppose their progress; the main body proceeded to New London, and set fire to the stores on the beach, and immediately after to the dwelling-houses lying on the mill cove. The scattered fire of the little parties of Americans, unsupported by their neighbors

Arnold at New London, Conn.

masts and yards had suffered much more, apparently. This enabled the French to gain the wind, and two changes of wind much in their favor, prevented the British recovering it. No time or effort was neglected which could put the British in proper order; for the French, with their superiority of numbers, ought certainly to have made an attack. On the tenth, the Terrible could no longer resist her leaks, and the fleet was obliged to bring to, as well to examine as to give some time to shift some topmasts. This was done at night, and the next morning Admiral Graves saw no more of the French, who certainly pushed to regain the Chesapeake, having been driven a great way to the southward.

The day being calm, the Terrible was dismantled and set on fire, and several of the West India squadron, that had very little bread on board, and but a few days' water, were supplied from other ships of the fleet, when the whole moved towards Cape Henry, which we made on the fourteenth. Here we found the French fleet had placed themselves so advantageously between the sands, as to give no probability of our being able to force them, or get any succor up to York River, and as it became absolutely necessary to shelter the fleet before the approaching equinox, (as a gale of wind, by dismantling our ships, might do us more injury than a general action,) we returned to New York.

The British lost in the action one lieutenant and ninety men killed, and two hundred and forty-six wounded,—one captain having lost his leg.—*New York Gazette*, Sept. 24.

istant, galled them so that they soon began to retire,
fire to stores and dwelling-houses promiscuously in
ay; the fire from the stores communicated to the ship-
hat lay at the wharves; a number were burnt, others
to singly and remained unhurt. At four o'clock they
o quit the town in great precipitation, and were pursued
ie spirit and ardor of veterans and driven on board their
Five of the British were killed, and about twenty
ed; among the latter is a Hessian captain, who is a
r, as are seven others. The Americans lost four killed,
or twelve wounded, none mortally.

most valuable part of New London is reduced to ashes,
l the stores. Fort Trumbull not being tenable on the
de, was evacuated as the British advanced, and the few
it crossed the river to Fort Griswold on Groton Hill,
was soon after invested by the division that landed at
nt. The fort having in it only about one hundred and
men, chiefly militia hastily collected, was defended
ie greatest resolution and bravery, and the British were
pulsed; but the fort being out of repair, could not be
d by such a handful of men, though brave and deter-
against so superior a number. They did all that men

ed up the river on the approach of the enemy, and were saved, while four others remained in the harbor untouched. The troops were commanded by that infamous traitor to his country, Benedict Arnold, who headed the division which marched into New London.

By this calamity, it is judged that more than one hundred families are deprived of their habitations, and most of them of their all. The neighborhood feels sensibly the loss of many deserving citizens, and though deceased, cannot but be highly indebted to them for their spirit and bravery in their exertions and manly opposition to the merciless enemies of our country in their last moments.

SEPTEMBER 6.—IN the Gazette of to-day, is the following letter from a "Carolina Exile," to the printer, on the late execution of Colonel Hayne:—"Sir: So great is my indignation, on being assured that the haughty and bloodthirsty commandant of Charleston, Lieutenant-Colonel Nisbet Balfour, has executed, with every mark of ignominy and disgrace, my amiable and truly worthy countryman, Colonel Isaac Hayne, of South Carolina, I cannot resist the impulse I feel to address through your paper, the public and my fellow-citizens on the subject, though totally unaccustomed to appear in print. The Execution of Colonel Hayne.

"How long, sir, are we to suffer the rights of humanity to be trampled upon by this upstart, arrogant Briton?[2] How

[1] New York Journal, Sept. 24:—The following savage action, committed by the troops who subdued Fort Griswold on Groton Hill, ought to be recorded to their eternal infamy:

Soon after the surrender of the fort, they loaded a wagon with the wounded Americans, by order of their officers, and set the wagon off from the top of the hill, which is long and very steep; the wagon went a considerable distance with great force, till it was suddenly stopped by a tree; the shock was so great to those faint and bleeding men, that part of them died instantly. The officers ordered their men to fire on the wagon while it was running.

[2] This redoubted Lieutenant-Colonel Balfour is the son of Balfour the auctioneer and bookseller at Edinburgh. The father is employed almost daily in knocking off eighteen-penny lots of old books and pamphlets in sweet Edinburgh, whilst the son, forgetful of the ancestors he sprung from, assumes more state and consequence than the first peer of the British realm.

ill American pusillanimity (for such I must call it) suffer
nged the best blood of her sons to be wantonly spilled
e inhuman butchers that are now ravaging our fertile
y? When, sir, shall we see a proper attention to the
of human nature, and a regard to the many, supersede,
ver ought, the particular interests of a few? How often
to hear our insolent invaders declare that we dare not
te, and suffer them to misconstrue American mercy
enerosity into an abject fear of consequences? In my
n, a longer perseverance in the mild and merciful line,
ess, their generals and other officers, seem to have
d, will be highly criminal, and amount to something very
traying the trust reposed in them by the people. All
and orders of men must be fully convinced by this time,
othing but a most exemplary retaliation can check the
ce of our enemies, and show the commandant of Charles-
d every British officer, that we are determined to punish
future breach of the laws of nations and of war.

For your information, and that of the public at large, I beg
to add that Colonel Hayne was one of those virtuous
s who refused the British protection till reduced to the
tremity,' and then only accepted it on special terms of

South Carolina. Being afterwards made prisoner in a skirmish with the British horse, it is said he was not even tried by a court-martial, but though an officer of the rank of colonel, he has been hanged like a common felon, after being led, bound with his hands behind him, through the principal streets of Charleston, as a spectacle for Tories, protection traitors, and the vile rabble of the British army to scoff at.

"Could my weak pen do justice to your character, my dear departed countryman, how pleasing would the task be! With what satisfaction would I show to the world those virtues for which you were so highly eminent! With what rapture would I paint you in the amiable lights of a tender husband, an affectionate father, kind master, sincere and benevolent friend, and honest patriot! But I am unequal to the task. Suffice it to say, that you are entombed in the breast of every virtuous Carolinian, and that your country will one day rejoice in an opportunity of erecting a more permanent monument to your memory.

"When the British major Andre suffered the just fate of a spy, all pens were ready to heighten his character, and even that of a distinguished American soldier was devoted to emblazon him, attributing to him virtues as his own that existed nowhere but in the sympathetic and generous breast of the writer. How great disservice the author of that panegyric on that officer has done to his country, and the cause of liberty, he does not know. I am indeed sure he could not have intended any by praising an unfortunate enemy whom he thought virtuous. One fact, however, Mr. Printer, I aver and can fully prove: that when the intelligence of Andre's execution was brought to St. Augustine, the unhappy defenceless exiles there had well-nigh fallen victims to the rage of an inflamed soldiery, encouraged and set on by the most brutal officers that ever disgraced any service. It is to that ill-timed praise of a man taken earning money in a way the most dishonorable and disgraceful to a soldier and a man of virtue, (if he really were such,) that I attribute the cruel execution of my worthy countryman.

"The high encomiums passed by American writers on a

British spy, have been made use of to justify a charge of want of humanity in our excellent commander-in-chief, and the court of officers that condemned him; and the author of these lines has more than once heard British officers declare that the very first opportunity would be catched at, to put to death some distinguished character among the Americans. To this vindictive spirit Colonel Hayne has fallen a sacrifice, though in no way circumstanced like Andre?

"If the unprincipled robber of a public library,[1] the cringing insidious sycophant[2] and base spy could call forth so many pens to celebrate him for supposed virtues, how much more ought to be said of the brilliant virtue and unsullied character of a Hayne, our own countryman?

"I trust, Mr. Printer, that a severe retaliation for this murder will take place by order from Congress, not on protection men and such insignificant miscreants, (to destroy these would please Colonel Balfour and his peculating herd of police;) but on British officers of rank. I wish to see one of equal rank hanged whenever in our power. I expect shortly to be enabled to take the field with the southern army, and am ready to submit to my fate, should it be my misfortune to fall under the power of British butchers. No apprehension of consequences, however, will prevent my avenging with my own hand, (should an opportunity offer,) the blood of my illustrious and unhappy countryman. I am mistaken and do not

[1] The library of the University of Philadelphia received as a present from the Academy of Sciences in France, by the hands of Doctor Franklin, a complete copy of that most invaluable work called L'Encyclopédie, which the *virtuous* and *gallant* Major Andre stole, and carried off with him. This fact is too well known to need a mention of the names of the witnesses; if necessary, however, they can be produced.

[2] Major Andre had the address to insinuate himself so much into the favor of his commander-in-chief, that he was said to have gained an absolute ascendency over that officer. The consequence was that he disposed of all offices and favors, and drove out of Sir Henry Clinton's family all his former friends and favorites, who possessed too much independency of soul to accept any thing through the medium of Mr. Andre, and were too honest to stoop to use those means by which this *pattern* of *virtue* succeeded. This is by no means a private anecdote, but was the public conversation of officers of various ranks in Charleston, after the surrender of that place.

know the feelings of my fellow-citizens, if such will not be the determination of every honest Carolinian." [1]

SEPTEMBER 7.—A CORRESPONDENT now in the camp of Lafayette's army in Virginia, says:—"Let me make you acquainted with Major-General the Marquis de St. Simon, and the French army; you have seen the British troops and the troops of other nations, but you have not seen troops so universally well-made, so robust, or of such an appearance, as those General St. Simon has brought to our assistance. These are all under the command of our general. They now encamp nearly on the ground the British occupied before they evacuated Jamestown. I do not pretend to know the secrets of our commander, or I would tell you what is to be done; I pretend, however, to see a great general in the Marquis de St. Simon, an affectionate politeness in his officers towards ours, and a general impatience in the French army to complete the Gordian knot, in which our second Fabius Fayette has been entangling his lordship; some of its cords already press him, and, I believe, if there were hopes of succeeding, he would attempt to cut it. But notwithstanding his lordship is, perhaps, the first officer in the British service, yet he may not be in possession of the sword of Alcides. French Troops in Virginia.

"The light infantry are advanced to Williamsburgh; the Pennsylvanians lay near us, and it is the talk of the camp that the French troops will take their position to-morrow in its vicinity. The French ships lay in James River, to prevent a retreat in York River, and at the capes. You are a soldier as well as a philosopher, and will experience our feelings on the present occasion. We have a brave army to contend against, furnished in provisions, with all the necessaries for a gallant resistance, and in number fully sufficient for the defence of their post; but we shall do very well, for to the common motives of our profession will be joined an emulation arising from the fighting by the side of our allies.

"The British are intrenching at York with great industry.

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, September 6.

Every thing is landed from their shipping, and dispositions made for their destruction. *A propos*, yesterday evening a patrol of nine or ten militia fell in with a patrol of Colonel Tarleton's legion, of an equal number, and commanded by a lieutenant, the whole of which the militia captured; it is a trifle, but it is a trifle that was very prettily done." [1]

Battle of Eutaw Springs.

SEPTEMBER 9.—GENERAL GREENE has added another to the number of *rebel* victories. Yesterday morning at four o'clock, having been joined by the forces under General Marion, he made the following disposition of his army, and marched from the encampment at Burdell's plantation, to attack the British at Eutaw Springs. His front line was composed of four small battalions of militia, two of North and two of South Carolinians; one of the latter was under the immediate command of General Marion, and was posted on the right, who also commanded the front line; the two North Carolina battalions, under the command of Colonel Malmady, were posted in the centre, and the other South Carolina battalion, under the command of General Pickens, was posted on the left. The second line consisted of three small brigades of Continental troops, one from North Carolina, one from Virginia, and one from Maryland. The North Carolinians were formed into three battalions, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Ash, Majors Armstrong and Blount, the whole commanded by General Sumner, and were posted on the right. The Virginians consisted of two battalions, commanded by Major Snead and Captain Edmonds, and the whole by Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, and were posted in the centre. The Marylanders also consisted of two battalions, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Howard and Major Hardman, and the brigade by Colonel Williams, deputy adjutant-general to the army, and were posted upon the left. Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, with his legion, covered the right flank, and Lieutenant-Colonel Henderson, with the State troops, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonels Hampton, Middleton, and Polk, the left. Lieutenant-

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, September 18.

Colonel Washington, with his horse, and the Delaware troops under Captain Kirkwood, formed a corps de reserve. Two three-pounders, under Lieutenant Gaines, advanced with the front line, and two sixes under Captain Brown with the second. The legion and State troops formed the advance, and were to retire upon the flanks upon the British forming.

In this order the Americans moved on to the attack. The legion and State troops fell in with a party of British horse and foot, about four miles from their camp, who, mistaking the Americans for a party of militia, charged them briskly, but were soon convinced of their mistake by the reception they met with. The infantry of the State troops kept up a heavy fire, and the legion in front, under Captain Rudolph, charged them with fixed bayonets, when they fled on all sides, leaving four or five dead on the ground, and several more wounded. As this was supposed to be the advance of the British army, the front line of the Americans was ordered to form and move on briskly in line, the legion and State troops to take their position upon the flanks. All the country is covered with timber, from the place where the action began to the Eutaw Springs. The firing began again between two and three miles from the British camp. The militia were ordered to keep advancing as they fired. The British advanced parties were soon driven in, and a most tremendous fire began on both sides, from right to left, when the legion and State troops were closely engaged. General Marion, Colonel Malmady, and General Pickens, conducted the troops with great gallantry and good conduct, and the militia fought with a degree of spirit and firmness that reflects the highest honor on that class of soldiers. But the enemy's fire being greatly superior to the Americans', and continuing to advance, the militia began to give ground. The North Carolina brigade, under General Sumner, was then ordered up to their support. These were all new levies, and had been under discipline little more than a month; notwithstanding which, they fought with a degree of obstinacy that would do honor to the best of veterans, and it was hard to tell which to admire most, the gallantry of the officers, or the bravery of the troops. They kept up a heavy

and well-directed fire, and the enemy returned it with equal spirit, for they really fought worthy of a better cause, and great execution was done on both sides. In this stage of the action, the Virginians, under Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, and the Maryland troops under Colonel Williams, were led on to a brisk charge with trailed arms, through a heavy cannonade and a shower of musket balls. Nothing could exceed the gallantry and firmness of both officers and soldiers upon this occasion; they preserved their order, and pushed on with such unshaken resolution, that they bore all down before them. The British were routed in all quarters. Lieutenant-Colonel Lee had, with great address, gallantry, and good conduct, turned their left flank, and was charging them in rear at the same time the Virginians and Maryland troops were charging them in front. A most valuable officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Henderson, was wounded early in the action, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hampton, who commanded the State cavalry, and who, fortunately, succeeded Lieutenant-Colonel Henderson in the command, charged a party of the enemy, and took upwards of one hundred prisoners.

Lieutenant-Colonel Washington brought up the corps de reserve upon the left, where the British seemed disposed to make further resistance, and charged them so briskly with the cavalry and Captain Kirkwood's infantry, as gave them no time to rally or form. Lieutenant-Colonels Polk and Middleton, who commanded the State infantry, were no less conspicuous for their good conduct than their intrepidity; and the troops under their command gave specimens of what may be expected from men naturally brave, when improved by proper discipline. Captain-Lieutenant Gaines, who commanded the three-pounders with the front line, did great execution till his pieces were dismounted.

The Americans kept close at the enemy's heels after they broke, until they got into their camp, and a great number of prisoners were continually falling into their hands, while some hundreds of the fugitives ran off towards Charleston. But a party threw themselves into a three-story brick house which stands near the Spring, others took post in a picketed garden,

and in the impenetrable shrubs, and the rear also being secured by the Springs and deep hollow-ways, the British renewed the action.

Every exertion was made to dislodge them. Lieutenant-Colonel Washington made most astonishing efforts to get through the thicket to charge them in the rear, but found it impracticable, had his horse shot under him, and was wounded and taken prisoner.

Four six-pounders were ordered up before the house, two of the Americans' and two of the enemy's which they had abandoned, and they were pushed on so much under the command of the fire from the house, and the party in the thickets, as rendered it impracticable to bring them off again when the troops were ordered to retire. Never were pieces better served; most of the men and officers were either killed or wounded.

Washington failing in his charge upon the left, and the legion baffled in an attempt upon the right, finding the infantry galled by the fire of the British, and the ammunition mostly consumed, though officers and men continued to exhibit uncommon acts of heroism, General Greene thought proper to retire out of the fire of the house, and draw up the troops at a little distance from the woods, not thinking it advisable to push his advantages further, being persuaded the enemy could not hold the post many hours, and that his chance to attack them on the retreat was better than a second attempt to dislodge them, which, if he succeeded, must be attended with considerable loss.

After collecting all the wounded, except such as were under the command of the fire of the house, the Americans retired to the ground from which they marched in the morning, there being no water nearer, and the troops ready to faint with the heat and want of refreshment, the action having continued near four hours. A strong picket was left on the field of action, and early this morning, General Greene detached General Marion and Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, with the legion horse between Eutaw and Charleston, to prevent any reinforcements from coming to the relief of the British, to retard their march

should they attempt to retire, and give time for the army to fall upon their rear, and put a finishing stroke to the work. The Americans left two pieces of artillery in the hands of the enemy, and brought off one of theirs.[1]

General Greene thinks himself principally indebted for this victory to the free use of the bayonet made by the Virginians and Marylanders, the infantry of the legion, and Captain Kirkwood's light infantry; and though few armies ever exhibited equal bravery with the Americans in general, yet the conduct and intrepidity of these corps were peculiarly conspicuous. Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell fell as he was leading his troops to the charge, and though he fell with distinguished marks of honor, yet his loss is much to be regretted. He was the great soldier and the firm patriot.[2]

The American loss in officers is considerably more from their value than their number, for never did either men or officers offer their blood more willingly in the service of their country. "I cannot help acknowledging my obligations to Colonel Williams," says General Greene, "for his great activity on this and many other occasions, in forming the army, and for his uncommon intrepidity in leading on the Maryland

[1] On the evening of the day following the battle, the British retired, leaving upwards of seventy of their wounded behind them, and not less than a thousand stand of arms that were picked up on the field, and found broken and concealed in the Eutaw Springs. They stove between twenty and thirty puncheons of rum, and destroyed a great variety of other stores which they had not carriages to carry off. General Greene pursued them the moment he got intelligence of their retiring. At Martin's tavern they formed a junction with Major M'Arthur, (General Marion and Lieutenant-Colonel Lee not having a force sufficient to prevent it,) but on Greene's approach they retired to the neighborhood of Charleston. The Americans have taken five hundred prisoners, including the wounded the enemy left behind; and they cannot have suffered less than six hundred more in killed and wounded. The fugitives that fled from the field of battle spread such an alarm that the enemy burnt their stores at Dorchester, and abandoned the post at Fair Lawn, and a great number of negroes and others were employed in felling trees across the road for some miles without the gates of Charleston. Nothing but the brick house, and the peculiar strength of the position at Eutaw, saved the remains of the British army from being all made prisoners.

[2] After his fall he inquired who gave way, and being informed the British are fleeing in all quarters, he added, "I die contented," and immediately expired.—*Gordon*, iv. 171.

troops to the charge, which exceeded any thing I ever saw. I also feel myself greatly indebted to Captains Pierce and Pendleton, Major Hyrne, and Captain Shubrick, my aide-de-camp, for their activity and good conduct throughout the whole of the action."[1]

[1] Letter from General Greene to the President of Congress, in the New Jersey Gazette, October 24; and Carver, 140. The following is a British account of this battle:—"The rebel army having been augmented by recruits from their continental battalions and militia, drawn from the disaffected parts of North and South Carolina, to upwards of four thousand men, General Greene was induced to act offensively. The reports he had of the weak state of our army rendered him confident of success.

"Colonel Stewart was at the Eutaws, near Nelson's ferry, when Greene's army crossed the Congaree, but the latter's great superiority in cavalry and numbers of the militia being mounted, gave him every advantage of concealing his approach. Early on Saturday morning a scouting party from the several regiments in camp was sent out, and which it was supposed would be covered by a very considerable party of cavalry and infantry ordered out that morning, which fell in with the rebel army on its march, about seven o'clock. The firing that then ensued gave the first information of the enemy's advancing.

"Our line was immediately formed, and a little after eight o'clock the whole rebel army was opposed to it.

"The action immediately commenced with a heavy discharge of field-pieces and musketry on both sides. The rebel cavalry came on with such impetuosity as to make a considerable impression; at one time they had got into our encampment, but being vigorously charged were soon repulsed and driven into the woods. After a severe conflict, which lasted above an hour, the enemy gave way in every quarter, and were obliged to relinquish the field, on which they left near three hundred of their dead; their wounded, amounting to three times that number, were chiefly carried off. Two brass six-pounders were taken, and some prisoners, among whom is Colonel Washington, slightly wounded. His corps of light horse is nearly annihilated. We learn that almost every officer in it is either killed or wounded. Colonel Campbell of the mountaineers, and Captain Devant, who conspicuously distinguished himself in leading the forlorn hope at the siege of Ninety-six, were killed; Colonel Henderson is dangerously wounded. The number of their officers of less note killed and wounded, is very considerable, especially of artillery.

"The loss sustained by us is chiefly the prisoners taken in the scouting party. Two officers and sixty privates were killed; thirteen officers and two hundred and eighty privates wounded—fifty of the latter, being the worst cases and impracticable to remove, were left at the Eutaws; one three-pounder fell into the hands of the enemy, by the falling back of our line at the commencement of the action.

"Our army remained two days on the field of battle, the numerous wounded incapacitating it from making a forward movement. General Greene requested a cessation of arms, which was refused by Colonel Stewart.

"The army, on the eleventh, fell back to Monk's Corner, from whence the

THE battle of Eutaw, which was fought yesterday, happened upon the same spot of ground on which, according to the tradition of the country, a memorable battle was fought about a century ago, between a party of speculating Europeans and the natives of the soil. In the first we are told six hundred men fell, and we find an Indian mound erected as a monument to perpetuate their glory. In the second, double that number were killed and wounded, but whether this Christian nation will give such an honorable testimony of the great worth of those who now sleep in the bed of honor, is a matter not to be expected. The American victory was complete, though the fate of the day mingled sorrows in the triumph.

Battle Field of Eutaw.

General Greene, who is one of the best and bravest soldiers himself, is highly satisfied with the behavior of the troops in general, but particularly with the Maryland brigade; he saw them make a charge with trailed arms through the hottest of the enemy's fire, and was so delighted with their firmness and vivacity, that he rode up to one of their officers, and complimented them on the field. He has also done it in general orders, and made the Virginians a compliment in the same style. They behaved with equal courage.

If any former misconduct or accident in war has left a stain upon the Maryland troops, their exemplary conduct upon this occasion should obliterate it forever. Around the monument which is mentioned above, four of the officers and many other brave soldiers fell. Let them rest in that ancient bed of honor; may their virtues only be remembered, and their spirits enjoy eternal glory![1]

SEPTEMBER 10.—LAST night, a fit time for the sons of Lucifer to perpetrate the deeds of darkness, one or more volunteers

wounded being sent to town, and the necessary refreshments and supplies received, it is now advancing in quest of the enemy, who, in consequence of so gallant and complete a repulse have retreated with precipitation."—*From a Charleston Paper; see Pennsylvania Packet*, January 5, 1782.

[1] Extract of a letter dated camp at Trout Springs, September 12, in the New Jersey Journal, October 31.

in the service of hell, broke into the State House in Philadelphia, and totally defaced the picture of his Excellency General Washington, and a curious engraving of the monument of the patriotic General Montgomery, done in France in the most elegant manner. Every generous bosom must swell with indignation at such atrocious proceedings. It is a matter of grief and sorrowful reflection that any of the human race can be so abandoned, as to offer such an insult to men who are and have been an honor to human nature, who venture and have ventured their lives for the liberties of their fellow-men. A being who carries such malice in his breast must be miserable beyond conception. We need wish him no other punishment than his own feelings.

Vandalism at Philadelphia.

> "The motions of his spirit are black as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus."[1]

SEPTEMBER 16.—THE rebels are evidently at their last gasp. Unable to vanquish the troops of Britain on equal ground, they have all taken to writing, and every rebel print is now sprouting rhymes and rhodomontades against the ablest and best of generals. In a late Jersey print,

Plain Truth to Cornwallis.

[1] Bailey's Freeman's Journal, (Philadelphia,) September 12; Rivington republished this account on the 22d September with the following remarks:—"We think the defacing of a picture, though it were of a man stained with the crimes of murder and rebellion, is a poor expression of scorn or resentment, which no man of a generous mind can justify. What then shall we say? What must be thought by the lovers of humanity and of the liberal arts, when it is remembered, that in the commencement of the American rebellion an elegant equestrian statue of our most gracious sovereign was openly profaned by the sacrilegious hands of traitors, set on by public orders of seditious leaders, who called themselves gentlemen; who had often in the most solemn manner appealed to heaven as a witness of their immaculate loyalty to that amiable prince, whom now they insult in pamphlets and printed speeches, with the title of 'Royal Brute;' that after shamefully mutilating the highest ornament of New York, they carried it about in scandalous procession, treating a noble image of the sacred Majesty of Britain with indignity most atrocious, most impious, and diabolical. Remember this, ye seditious *Upstarts*, and for shame be silent on the subject of indignities offered to the memory of a *deserter*, and to the character of one on whose guilty head the blood of Andre and of a train of loyal martyrs call aloud for vengeance, and whose name as a *traitor* is consigned to infamy by the indignant voice of truth and loyalty."

Cornwallis was devoured *intellectually*, breeches and all, by one of the runaway chiefs of South Carolina; and by a paper just brought into New York, we see that a mad Yankee who flatters his vanity with the sobriquet of PLAIN TRUTH, has been venting himself on the same fruitful subject.[1] His remarks are addressed to "Earl Cornwallis, or the British Cerberus," and are as follows:—

"*Know, O man, thou must die.*

"My Lord:—Your military manœuvres in the Southern States have been carried on with such a degree of voraciousness, that it is impossible to do justice to your abilities in refining upon the horrors of war. The inhabitants of the Tartarean dominions are at last eclipsed in hellish machination, by you and your associates. Hark! do not the vassals of great Pluto rejoice at having some respite from business, by the superiority of your talents in barbarity. But take care what you do; your reign in this world is almost at an end; and though the prince of darkness makes use of you as a cat's paw on earth, in the same manner as you employ the deluded Refugees, be assured such a haughty spirit will not allow of an equal in his gloomy territories, no more than your lordship could brook the thoughts of the traitor Arnold to partake of your great exploits in plundering and devastation. Therefore you may expect his loyal highness will, through envy, confine you to the lowermost of the infernal regions.

"Dare you to reflect one moment on your transactions for eighteen months past? Ruminate on the quantity of blood wantonly spilt, on those men you hung at Camden and other places, on the thirteen hanged and strangled with the bowstring by Brown at Augusta; on poor Cusack, near Pedee,[2] whose wife and four little children, with dishevelled hair, crying and wringing their hands, in a manner to rend a heart of stone, threw themselves on their knees before the commander of the party, Major Wymms, begging the life of a dear parent and husband, but all in vain; the obdurate-hearted wretch clapped

[1] Smythe's Journal, 212.

[2] See Gordon's American Revolution, vol. iv., pp. 27–29.

spurs to his horse, and swore he would ride over them if they did not get out of his way immediately. The hanging of Colonel Hayne is another instance of bloody-mindedness, which shows Colonel Balfour to be a true modern British officer, and does credit to the confidence you put in him. You are in part accountable for all those actions, so shocking to humanity, committed by officers under your direction. Do not you think that ample retaliation must take place? Will not you be answerable to that Being who gave you life, for all the innocent blood that may be shed?

"Your whole manner of carrying on the war, discovers such an unmanly, virulent spirit, that it will be impossible for time ever to wipe off the dishonor you have brought on yourself and the British arms. A Nero would stand amazed at your execrable murders, burning and desolation? Nay, your crimes are so heinous, that old Beelzebub himself would blush, if possible, and be ashamed to commit them! If your conscience is not seared and callous to all feeling, do you not at times conceive there are scorpions gnawing and tearing your soul to pieces? Be alarmed! you know not the moment when terrible vengeance from heaven may come hailing down upon your head! You must die! tremble at the thought of judgment!

"Can you look upon yourself as a friend to the king your master. Do you expect to conciliate the affections of men by such inhuman butcheries and barbarous proceedings? Will England obtain a single benefit by destroying Georgetown? What advantage has been gained by all your conflagrations heretofore? Know that it is in the power of two or three daring Americans, to lay your metropolis, London, in ashes. Surely never a set of men so erred in their judgment as the British; for had the Americans pointed out a mode for you to have pursued, they could not so effectually have served the glorious cause in which they are engaged, as your cruelties have done. And it is a truth beyond contradiction, that wherever you go, three-fourths of those whom you find friends, after a little acquaintance, become your most inveterate enemies. Can you deny any of the above charges, which

are known by hundreds to be stubborn facts, and *plain truth?*"

The Sufferings of the Refugees.

SEPTEMBER 26.—THE unavoidable calamities and distresses of a civil war, that attend even the innocent and inoffensive, are so great, that, unnecessarily and wantonly to add to them, denotes a most malignant and diabolical temper. These reflections are occasioned by a recent instance (of which there have been thousands) of the spirit reigning among the rebels. To set this in its proper light, it may be first necessary to give the character, conduct, and sufferings of the gentleman that has within these few days been the object of their malevolence, spite, and ill-nature. He is a refugee, or rather an exile, of the province of New York, whose character as to integrity and humanity, stands unimpeached even by the rebels themselves; but as this led him in the commencement of the present troubles to be opposed to all those measures which, in his opinion, had a tendency to bring on his country's ruin and destruction, he was in consequence thereof, early (even before the declaration of independence) closely confined in common gaols and prison ships, and after keeping him about two years a prisoner, and finding nothing to impeach him with but his barely differing with them in private sentiments, they passed a law, that unless he would take a most solemn oath that he believed, what he did nor could not believe, together with an oath of allegiance to the States, and abjuration of the king and crown of Great Britain, he should be banished from among them; and, accordingly, above three years ago he was banished, leaving behind him his wife and family, a good estate, and all the comforts of a domestic life, which he was peculiarly blessed with; and now follows the instance alluded to, of rebel wantonness, inhumanity, and cruelty. This gentleman's lady having in vain solicited leave for two years past to go to New York to see her husband, and to return, at length obtained a pass from a justice of the peace, to travel to Elizabethtown in New Jersey, hoping her husband might be permitted to meet her there. Upon

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, September 6.

notice of this he obtained a flag for that purpose, but when he arrived there, he was peremptorily refused admittance on shore, and with difficulty his wife got leave to go into the little flag boat. No sooner was she on board, while yet they were bathing each other's cheeks with tears that gushed out on the occasion, a mandate was sent on board ordering the flag to return immediately, and they were instantly torn from their tender embraces.

That such a course is as contrary to the conduct of the loyalists, as it is contrary to the dictates of humanity, the citizens of New York may declare, who daily see the connections of the most atrocious rebels admitted to town to visit their friends, and who traverse the streets week after week. Nay, the very rebels themselves that are taken in arms, seem to have little or no restraint put on them. Above twenty of these (being exchanged) were put on board this gentleman's flag, some of whom he had seen ranging through the town.[1]

SEPTEMBER 27.—THE American army and their allies, near Williamsburg, in Virginia, formed the line of battle to-day. To-morrow morning they expect to march to a position near York, to commence a siege. They make a brilliant appearance as to numbers, and are fifteen thousand strong, not including the Virginia militia. General Wayne was wounded in the thigh the 2d instant, by a sentinel, who conceived him to be an enemy, but has since recovered.

Siege of Yorktown, Va., commenced.

We congratulate our friends upon the prospect of reducing his lordship, and restoring peace and liberty to our country.[2]

SEPTEMBER 29.—LAST Wednesday afternoon his royal highness, Prince William Henry, arrived at New York, accompanied by the honorable Admiral Digby; he was received at landing by his Excellency the commander-in-chief, accompanied by the governor, the admiral, gen-

Prince William Henry at New York.

[1] Rivington's Gazette, September 26.

[2] Extract of a letter from camp, near Williamsburgh; in the New York Gazette, October 22.

erals, and other great officers of the crown, conducted to Commodore Affleck's, where his royal highness dined, and in the evening retired to apartments provided for his accommodation in Wall street.

Yesterday the militia and independent companies appeared under arms, and his royal highness was saluted by them en passant, to the house of his Excellency Lieutenant-General Robertson, where an elegant dinner was provided for him.

It is impossible to express the satisfaction felt (by persons of all ranks) from the ease, affability, and condescension shown by this most pleasing, manly youth, when he appears abroad amongst the happy and approved loyal subjects of the good and gracious king, our best and firmest friend, the majesty of England, his royal highness' sincerely beloved father.

Soon after his arrival, the governor, in the name of himself, his Majesty's council, and the inhabitants, presented him with the following address:—"May it please your royal highness to permit me, with the members of his Majesty's council, to hail your auspicious arrival on the American shore; at the same time suffer me to express the congratulations which all the inhabitants, by their chief magistrate, have commissioned me to convey to your royal highness.

"On the report of your coming, we felt our obligation to our gracious king for this new and signal proof of his regard. Your royal highness' appearance augments our gratitude by improving our idea of the extent of his goodness. Your presence animates every loyal breast. The glow in our own persuades us you are formed to win every heart. A rebellion that grew upon prejudice, should sink at the approach of so fair a representation of the royal virtues. But if a misled faction, not to be vanquished by goodness, persists in the war, every man of spirit will be proud to fight in a cause for which you expose your life.

"May your royal highness bring an accession of glory to that distinguished family from which you are descended, and who, as patrons of liberty, and the Protestant religion, have spread blessings amongst nations."

To which his royal highness was pleased to make the fol-

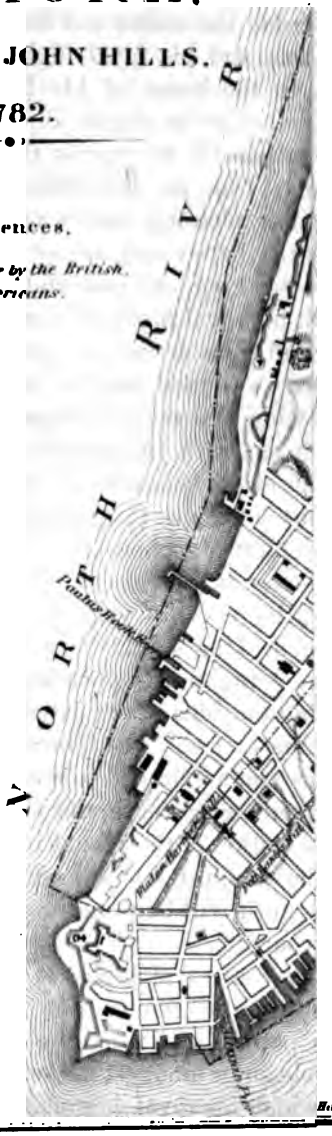
MAP
of
NEW YORK.

Surveyed by, JOHN HILLS.

1782.

References.

Fortifications made by the British.
Extended by the Americans.



lowing answer:—"Gentlemen: I beg you will receive my best thanks for your attention to me, and congratulations on my arrival in this country, which I shall certainly take the first opportunity of making known to his Majesty. I desire you will accept of my best wishes for the prosperity of America in general, and this province in particular."[1]

A GOLDEN calf was once the instrument of reducing the Israelites from their true interests and duty. They gave up that liberty wherewith God had made them free; they gave up their property, ear-rings of gold, to make the calf, and then fell down and worshipped him, crying out: *These are thy Gods O Israel!* And they ran into all this folly and wickedness because the Egyptians, their late cruel masters, worshipped a great beast called Apis, a bull.

The governor of the garrison of the city of New York, seems to think that the Americans will be led into the same extravagance; that we already long for the onions and fleshpots of our former task-masters and bloody persecutors; that we are prepared to return to our ancient idolatry, and that above all things in the wide world, we are ready to worship the offsprings of the royal Brute of Britain. He is mistaken, after this long and bloody contest for freedom and independence, which is now drawing to so happy a conclusion. After we have waded through seas of blood, in search of liberty, we are not to be led away from the glorious object by the idle pageantry of a son of a king, especially of such a king as degrades human nature beneath the rank of the adored bull of Egypt. Let slaves adore tyrants and the sons of tyrants; the Americans are free. It is our boast that we have no king, and if we should be again reconciled to royal government, which is hardly possible, we should even then, it is to be hoped, have virtue enough remaining to refuse any kind of subjection to the remotest lineage of our late abhorred tyrant. The boy William Henry Guelph, lately arrived at New York, will perhaps soon be in our power. In

The Offspring of the Royal Brute.

[1] Rivington's Gazette, September 29.

that event we shall not visit the sins of the father on the child, but send him home to his mother. It would not be quite so safe for his father to come amongst us. The blood he has so wantonly spilt, and all the cruelties he has used towards the people of this country, would very justly be remembered against him.[1]

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, October 6.

CHAPTER XI.

OCTOBER 1.—A GENTLEMAN who left the American army in Virginia, on the afternoon of the 30th of September, gives the following account of transactions in that quarter: —"On Friday, September 28th, the whole army marched from Williamsburg to within one mile of the enemy's works at York, and formed the first line of circumvallation without any loss. On the 29th the Americans had a few skirmishes with the enemy, but little damage done on either side. In the night the British evacuated Pigeon Quarter, and three other redoubts, which are so high as to be able to command the town. These were taken possession of on Sunday morning at sunrise, under a heavy cannonade from Yorktown. The enemy next fled from a stockade, when the French grenadiers had advanced within fifteen yards of it, and retreated under cover of their shipping with the loss of ten taken prisoners. It was expected our troops would break ground on the 1st instant. Cornwallis's forces in York are supposed to be six thousand troops, including refugees, besides one thousand armed negroes. He has possession of the river and Gloucester, strongly fortified and garrisoned by about one thousand men. These are hemmed in by General Weedon with fifteen hundred men, the Duke de Lauzun with his legion, and two thousand mariners from the fleet to prevent any escape that way. One ship of forty-four guns, two frigates, and a twenty-gun packet lie at Burwell's Landing, in James River; one of fifty, one of forty, two frigates and a storeship in the mouth of that river; five ships of the line off Cape Henry; thirty-two ships of the line and several frigates are drawn up across the mouth

Affairs in Virginia.

of York River, and three ships of considerable force are in that river below the town, which were to proceed onward with the first fair wind. General Washington sent in a flag to Lord Cornwallis, directing him not to destroy his shipping or warlike stores, as he would answer it at his peril. The easy capture of the outposts will greatly accelerate the future operations of our army. Lieutenant-Colonel John Conolly was taken near Yorktown, by two militia men, and is paroled to Hanover in Virginia.[1]

General Greene.

The late battle at the Eutaw Springs will stand as a monument of American valor, conduct, and intrepidity, that will astonish every attentive judicious reader down to the latest posterity, and show the tyrant of Britain the futility of persevering in the American war; posterity will scarce find faith sufficient to credit the glorious achievements of a Greene; but all encomiums upon this great man are dull! Let his own modest, candid, and fair recital of facts, be his own panegyric, and may Americans never forget to be as grateful as their heroes are brave.[2]

New York Records Restored.

October 3.—Rivington, in the Royal Gazette of to-day, congratulates the public, and especially the inhabitants of the province of New York, upon the king's gracious restoration of those important records, which General Tyron's care and vigilance secured on board of the ship Duchess of Gordon, in the month of November, 1775. The general, then governor, was apprised of the wicked design to seize that inestimable treasure in the Secretary's office, (for the loss of which no money could compensate,) and to convey it to New England. And that it was upon the point of being carried into execution, by a party of the mob, headed by Sears,[3] who has since profited so much by his plunders.

General Tryon caused such of the books to be selected as put it out of the power of almost every landholder without

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, October 9.

[2] New Jersey Journal, October 31.

[3] Isaac Sears.—See vol. i., p. 9.

recourse to them, to give evidence in a court of law of the title to his estate; and these were brought off in strong boxes under locks and seals. They were carried home to England, in 1778, and lately sent back in one of the king's ships to their ancient deposit.

The residue, or general mass of papers, are among the rebels, having been first conveyed by order of the provincial Congress to Kingston, in Ulster county. Mr. Bayard, the deputy secretary, was with them, and watched over them, till the violence of the times wrested them from his hands and consigned them to others above three years ago; since which, they have been exposed to a perilous transportation from one place to another in carts.

It is impossible to say where the mischiefs would have stopped, had Sears's project succeeded, or to describe the wild confusion in property, consequent upon the access of designing villains to these records, in which all the inhabitants of this colony may find the chief links in chain of titles to their lands. It must, therefore, be grateful to people of all ranks and classes, to know that these records are safe, and that due care will be taken to prevent their ever falling into the hands of the usurpers, who have already involved this country in so much misery.

OCTOBER 6.—A CARD:—The Monsieurs, Mynheers, Yankees and Dons, present their compliments to the My Lords, and being desirous of entertaining them in a manner suitable to their taste, are happy in making them the following invitations:—Monsieur has the honor to invite them to a grand concert on the water, when the power of music will be shown in a manner never heard of since the days of Timotheus and Alexander. They hope it will be such as to make the My Lords acknowledge his superiority in musical composition and performance. A Card to the British at Yorktown.

Yankee intends to present them with a grand firework, to be performed at London, or some other great seaport town in Great Britain or Ireland, but much superior to those which the My Lords pretended to exhibit at Norfolk, Kingston, New Lon-

don, &c. For the sake of those who are in this country and cannot transport themselves over to England, they will shortly be shown a new Bear Trap, wherein five thousand of those obnoxious animals are to be caught at once. This entertainment was exhibited to them about four years ago, and they were pleased to appear highly satisfied with it. The present one is on a new plan, in which friend Monsieur has had some share.

Mynheer and Don do not chose, as yet, to let them know what will be the nature of their entertainment, being desirous of affording them the pleasure of *surprise*.[1]

Yorktown Invested.

OCTOBER 9.—THE British in Yorktown and Gloucester, in Virginia, are now completely invested by land and water. The allied army, under his Excellency General Washington's command, commenced operations against the enemy in those towns, on Thursday, the 27th ultimo, and we are assured that the French and American batteries were playing successfully against the enemy, on that and the three following days.[2]

Doctor Nathaniel Scudder killed.

OCTOBER 17.—DAY before yesterday a party of refugees from Sandy Hook landed at Shrewsbury, in Monmouth county, New Jersey, and under cover of the night marched undiscovered to Colt's Neck, near fifteen miles from the place of their landing, when they took six of the inhabitants from their houses. The alarm reached the Court House between four and five o'clock yesterday morning, when a small number of the inhabitants who were in the village of Freehold and its vicinity, (accompanied by Doctor Nathaniel Scudder, accidentally in the place that night,) went immediately in pursuit of them, hoping either to relieve their friends who had been stolen into captivity, or to chastise the enemy for their temerity. They rode to Black Point, the place where the refugees had landed, with all possible speed, fell in with, attacked the rear of the refugee party, and drove them on board

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, October 6.

[2] Gaine's Mercury, October 22.

their boats; in which skirmishing, to the great grief of our party, Doctor Nathaniel Scudder, whilst he was bravely advancing on the enemy, received a wound from a musket ball passing through the head, of which he instantly expired. His remains were removed from the place of action to his own house, with all the decency and solemnity suitable to so mournful and melancholy an event. To-day a most excellent and affecting sermon was preached on the occasion of his funeral by the Rev. Mr. Woodhull, from the following words:—"And all Judea and Jerusalem mourned for Josiah;" 2 Chronicles xxxv., 24th and 25th verses. After which, his remains, attended by the most numerous and respectable concourse of people ever known on a similar occasion in this country, were interred at the Presbyterian Church in Freehold, with the honors of war.

Few men have fallen in this country who were so useful in life, and so generally mourned in death. He was a tender husband, an affectionate parent, a sympathetic, generous, real friend, a disinterested, determined patriot, and has, since the commencement of the war, devoted his time, his talents, and a large part of a comfortable estate, to the service of his country, and what will add a lustre to the whole, we trust he is a finished Christian.

Thus has this great and good man fallen in the prime of life, and in the midst of his usefulness, having left behind him an inconsolable widow, five amiable children, and a very numerous acquaintance to lament his fall.[1]

Celebration of Burgoyne's Surrender.

October 18.—Yesterday the anniversary of the surrender of General Burgoyne's army was celebrated at Peekskill, in New York, by the officers of the Third Massachusetts brigade, in a manner which would have given satisfaction to any gentlemen who are sensible of the important events of the day. Colonel commandant Greaton gave an elegant entertainment, at which were present Major-General Heath and suite, the officers of the brigade, and a number of other gentlemen.

[1] New Jersey Journal, October 31.

The recollection of the glorious victory which was completed on that day, and the prospect of events equally glorious, animated every breast with the most pleasing sensations, and diffused a lively joy on every countenance. An elegant concert of music attended the entertainment, and after dinner the following toasts were drank:—1. The ever memorable 17th of October, 1777; 2. The 19th of September, 1777; 3. The 7th of October, 1777; 4. The memory of those gallant officers and soldiers who fell in acquiring the glory of the day we now celebrate; 5. The United States of America, and Congress; 6. His most Christian Majesty; 7. General Washington; 8. Count de Grasse; 9. Count de Rochambeau;[1] 10. The fleet and the allied army, employed on the glorious expedition in Virginia; 11. General Greene, and the brave army under his command; 12. Our ambassadors at foreign courts; 13. May freedom, peace, and happiness be established in America, and extend throughout the world:—

While scenes of transport every breast inspire,
The muse too triumphs in her kindling fire;
Blest in this bliss, she lifts a bolder wing,
Aids every wish, and tunes the harp to sing,
To their glad concert wakes the accordant strain,
And mingles with the music of the plain.
"Joy to the bands!" her voice arose,
Who charmed that veteran host of foes;
Who bade Britain's glory fade,
And placed the wreath on fair Columbia's head.
Hail the day and mark it well,
When the scourge of freedom fell,
When your dawning glory shone;
Mark it, freemen! 'tis your own.

Now recount your toils with pleasure,
View the strife and sum the treasure,
Run the battles o'er again,
Sound the charge and sweep the plain.
Here behold the foe pursuing,
How he drives his headlong way,
Whelming towns and realms in ruin,
Sure to seize the distant prey.

[1] Commander of the French army.

Fear and faithless tribes adore him,
Join the shout and yield him room;
Now Albania! fall before him,
Now rebellion learn your doom;
But dread Bemis to the skies
Bade the opposing stand and rise,
And arms dispute the day,
On that proud height
You dared the fight,
Till welcome night
Concealed their flight,
And swept the war away.
Hail the day and mark it well,
When the scourge of freedom fell,
When your dawning glory shone;
Mark it, freemen, 'tis your own.

Again the well-known hill they try,
Again they fall, again they fly,
Again you sweep the field,
Till thundering batteries cease to roar,
They give the fancied conquest o'er,
And trembling thousands yield.
Hail the day and mark it well,
Then the pride of Britain fell,
Then your dawning glory shone;
Mark it, heroes, 'tis your own.

And soon the rival day shall shine,
The task, great Washington, be thine,
To give it equal fame;
Another vaunting host to thee,
Now swell their pride, now bend the knee,
To crown thy finish'd name.
Then every glad blessing thy country shall lend,
When her foes and her slaughter shall cease,
Shall arise to the hero who bade her ascend
To conquest, to glory, and peace.[1]

October 19.—Be it remembered, that on the seventeenth of October, 1781, Lieutenant-General Earl Cornwallis, with above five thousand British troops, surrendered prisoners of war to his Excellency General George Washington, commander-in-chief of the allied forces of France and America! *Laus Deo!*[2] Cornwallis's Surrender.

[1] New York Packet, October 25.

[2] Same, November 1.

Yesterday commissioners were appointed to adjust the etiquette of the capitulation; the Viscount de Noailles, and Lieutenant-Colonel Laurens, aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, on the part of the allied army, and Colonel Dundas and Major Ross, aide-de-camp to Lord Cornwallis, on that of the enemy. To-day, about one o'clock, the articles of capitulation were signed and interchanged, and about two o'clock, P.M., the British garrison of York, led on by General O'Hara, (Lord Cornwallis being *indisposed*,) were conducted by General Lincoln through the combined army, drawn up in two lines to a field, where, having grounded their arms, and stripped off their accoutrements, they were reconducted through the lines, and committed to the care of a guard. At the same time and in the same manner the garrison of Gloucester was surrendered to the command of the Duke de Lauzun. Previous to this, a detachment of French, and one of American troops, took possession of the British horn works, and planted on the epaulements the standards of the two nations. The brilliant appearance of the allied army, the joy which diffused itself from rank to rank, contrasted with the mortification, the despondence, and unsoldiery behavior of the British troops, formed one of the most pleasing prospects a patriot can behold, or even his fancy depict.[1]

Capitulation.

In justice to the brave, the unfortunate garrison of Charles-

[1] An officer of rank in the Jersey line, in a letter dated October 21, says:—"If I could communicate the pleasure felt on seeing the poor proud British ground their arms, it would give you new and inexpressible sensations.

"The allied army was drawn up in two straight lines, facing each other, leaving a space for the British column to pass. The commander-in-chief with his suite on the right of the American line; the Count de Rochambeau opposite, on the left of the French. Lord Cornwallis pleading indisposition, the British were led by General O'Hara, conducted by General Lincoln. Their colors *cased*, and they not allowed to beat a French or American march.

"The British officers in general behaved like boys who had been whipped at school; some bit their lips, some pouted, others cried; their round, broad-brimmed hats were well adapted to the occasion, hiding those faces they were ashamed to show. The foreign regiments made a much more military appearance, and the conduct of their officers was far more becoming men of fortitude."—*New Jersey Gazette*, November 7.

ton, the terms imposed on them were made the basis of the present capitulation, and on the worthy General Lincoln was conferred the supreme delight of giving laws to those men, who had treated him with the insolence of conquerors. The garrisons are prisoners of war, to be disposed of in America at our option, to march out with cased colors, and to play no French or American tune. All plundered property to be restored to its owners; private baggage secured to the officers, and private property to the British merchants and traders, the continent having the right of pre-emption.

No returns have been handed in, but from the accounts of the British officers, there are between five and six thousand prisoners, including sick and wounded. Their military stores are trifling; their commissary stores do not exceed six hundred barrels of pork, and about one thousand barrels of bread and flour. Near one hundred vessels, with their sailors and marines, have fallen into the hands of the French fleet under the capitulation. The British loss during the siege, they allow to be very considerable; the loss of the allied army does not exceed three hundred killed and wounded, a small portion of whom are officers.

Never was a plan more wisely concerted, or more happily and vigorously executed, than the present. The wisdom, perseverance, and military talents of our illustrious commander, shone with superior lustre on this occasion, and if possible, must increase the love and veneration of his countrymen. The well-concerted and animated support of the Count de Grasse, was essentially conducive to the completion of this glorious event, and deserves the warmest thanks of his own country, and the grateful plaudits of every American.

The exertions of the Count de Rochambeau, and all the officers and soldiers of the French army, can never be excelled, and only equalled by their American friends, who glowed with the laudable ambition of imitating the achievement of the finest body of men in the world. The only contention which subsisted during the siege between the troops of the two nations, was the glorious one of excelling each other in operations against the common enemy, and in doing justice to each others'

An army, thus cemented by affection, created by a of interests and the intercourse of good offices, and ed by an attachment to the rights of mankind, could of triumphing over a body of troops, enlisted under the s of despotism, and led on by the hopes of plunder; nade insolent by partial victories, gave loose to the t licentiousness and brutality that ever disgraced a dis- l corps. The expiring groans of thousands, who in vain Cornwallis for protection, and whom he inhumanly , have ascended to the throne of Almighty justice, and ring down vengeance on his guilty head. It is sincere- e wished, for the sake of humanity, that his lordship ade a more obstinate defence, that the allied army, to storm his works, might have offered up him and his s a sacrifice to the violated rights of humanity![1]

OBER 20.—GENERAL WASHINGTON in his after orders of thus congratulates the army on the glorious event of yesterday:—The generous proofs which his most Christian Majesty has given of his attachment to se of America, must force conviction in the minds of the eceived amongst the enemy, relatively to the decisive

ton's ations.

rate command, for the illustrious manner in which they have advanced the interest of the common cause.

He requests that Count de Rochambeau will be pleased to communicate to the army under his immediate command, the high sense he entertains of the distinguished merits of the officers and soldiers of every corps, and that he will present, in his name, to the regiments of Agenois and Deuxponts, the two pieces of brass ordnance captured by them, as a testimony of their gallantry in storming the enemy's redoubt on the night of the 14th instant, when officers and men so universally vied with each other in the exercise of every soldier-like virtue.

The general's thanks to each individual of merit, would comprehend the whole army; but he thinks himself bound, however, by affection, duty, and gratitude, to express his obligations to Major-Generals Lincoln, De la Fayette, and Steuben, for their dispositions in the trenches; to General du Portail, and Colonel Carney, for the vigor and knowledge which were conspicuous in their conduct of the attacks; and to General Knox, and Colonel de Aberville, for their great care, attention, and fatigue, in bringing forward the artillery and stores, and for their judicious and spirited management of them in the parallels.

He requests the gentlemen before mentioned to communicate his thanks to the officers and soldiers of their respective commands.

Ingratitude, which the general hopes never to be guilty of, would be conspicuous in him was he to omit thanking, in the warmest terms, his Excellency Governor Nelson, for the aid he has derived from him, and from the militia under his command, to whose activity, emulation, and courage, much applause is due. The greatness of the acquisition will be an ample compensation for the hardships and hazards which they encountered with so much patriotism and firmness.

In order to infuse the general joy through every breast, the general orders that those men belonging to the army who may now be in confinement, shall be pardoned, released, and join their respective corps.

Divine service is to be performed to-morrow in the several

brigades or divisions. The commander-in-chief earnestly recommends that the troops not on duty should universally attend, with that seriousness of deportment and gratitude of heart which the recognition of such reiterated and astonishing interposition of Providence, demands of us.[1]

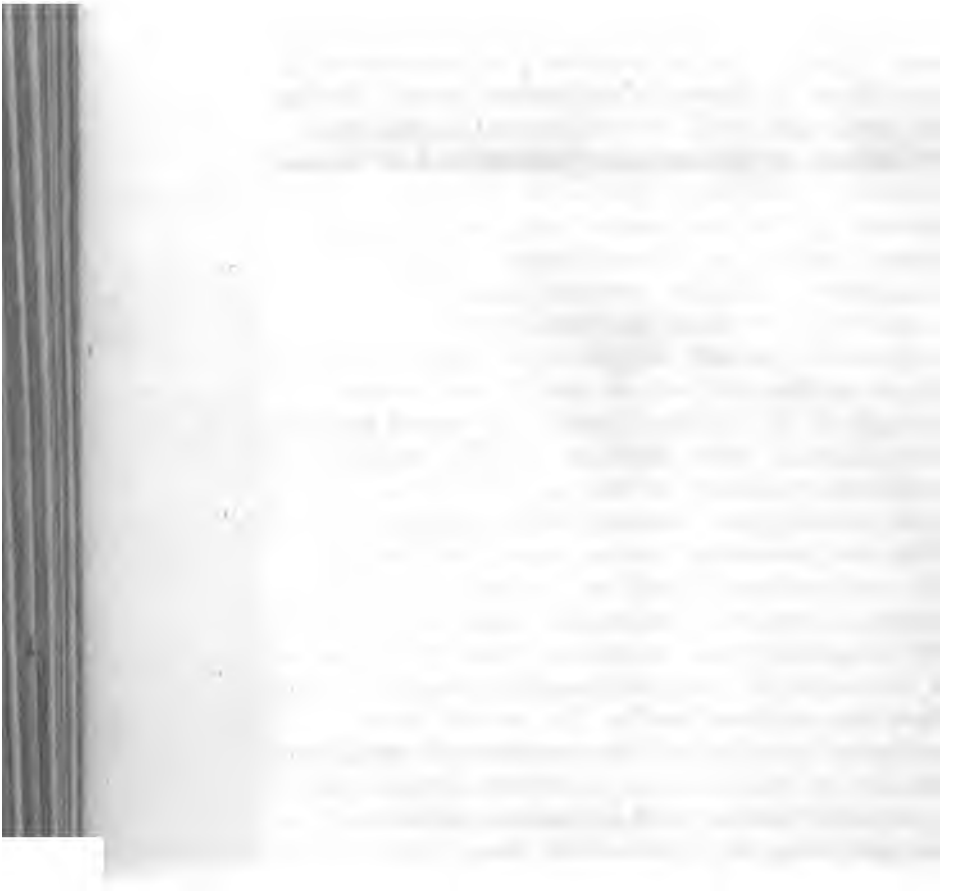
Cornwallis's Report of the Siege of Yorktown.

October 20.—This morning, Cornwallis, in a letter to Sir Henry Clinton, gives the following account of the siege, which terminated yesterday in his surrender to the allied forces of France and America:—"I never saw Yorktown in any favorable light, but when I found I was to be attacked in it in so unprepared a state, by so powerful an army and artillery, nothing but the hopes of relief would have induced me to attempt its defence, for I would either have endeavored to escape to New York, by rapid marches from the Gloucester side, immediately on the arrival of General Washington's troops at Williamsburg, or I would, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, have attacked them in the open field, where it might have been just possible that fortune would have favored the gallantry of the handful of troops under my command. But being assured by your Excellency's letters, that every possible means would be tried by the navy and army to relieve us, I could not think myself at liberty to venture on either of those desperate attempts. Therefore, after remaining two days in a strong position in front of this place, in hopes of being attacked, upon observing that the enemy were taking measures which could not fail of turning my left flank in a short time, and receiving on the second evening your letter of the 24th of September, informing me that the relief would sail about the 5th of October, I withdrew within the works on the night of the 29th of September, hoping, by the labor and firmness of the soldiers, to protract the defence until you could arrive. Every thing was to be expected from the spirit of the troops, but every disadvantage attended their labors, as the works were to be continued under the enemy's fire, and our stock of intrenching tools, which did not much

[1] New York Packet, November 15.

Yours most truly

Cornwallis



exceed four hundred when we began to work in the latter end of August, was now much diminished.

"The enemy broke ground on the 30th, and constructed on that night, and the two following days and nights, two redoubts, which, with some works that had belonged to our outward position, occupied a gorge between two creeks or ravines, which come from the river on each side of the town. On the night of the 6th of October they made their first parallel, extending from its right on the river to a deep ravine on the left, nearly opposite to the centre of this place, and embracing our whole left, at the distance of six hundred yards. Having perfected this parallel, their batteries opened on the evening of the 9th against our left, and other batteries fired at the same time against a redoubt advanced over the creek upon our left, and defended by about one hundred and twenty men of the 23d regiment, and marines, who maintained that post with uncommon gallantry. The fire continued incessant from heavy cannon, and from mortars and howitzers, throwing shells from eight to sixteen inches, until our guns on the left were silenced, our works much damaged, and our loss of men considerable. On the night of the 11th they began their second parallel, about three hundred yards nearer to us. The troops being much weakened by sickness, as well as by the fire of the besiegers, and observing that the enemy had not only secured their flanks, but were proceeding in every respect with the utmost regularity and caution, I could not venture so large sorties as to hope from them any considerable effect, but otherwise I did every thing in my power to interrupt their work, by opening new embrazures for guns, and keeping a constant fire with all the howitzers and small mortars that we could man.

"On the evening of the 14th they assaulted and carried two redoubts, that had been advanced about three hundred yards, for the purpose of delaying their approaches, and covering our left flank, and during the night included them in their second parallel, on which they continued to work with the utmost exertion. Being perfectly sensible that our works could not stand many hours after the opening of the batteries of that parallel, we not only continued a constant fire with all our

mortars, and every gun that could be brought to bear upon it, but a little before daybreak in the morning of the 16th, I ordered a sortie of about three hundred and fifty men, under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie, to attack two batteries which appeared to be in the greatest forwardness, and to spike the guns; a detachment of guards, with the 80th company of grenadiers, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lake, attacked the one, and one of light infantry under the command of Major Armstrong attacked the other, and both succeeded in forcing the redoubts that covered them, spiking eleven guns, and killing or wounding about one hundred of the French troops, who had the guard of that part of the trenches, and with little loss on our side.

"This action, though extremely honorable to the officers and soldiers who executed it, proved of little public advantage, for the cannon having been spiked in a hurry, were soon rendered fit for service again, and before dark the whole parallel and batteries appeared to be nearly complete.

"At this time we knew that there was no part of the whole front attacked in which we could show a single gun, and our shells were nearly expended; I had therefore only to choose between preparing to surrender next day, or endeavoring to get off with the greatest part of the troops, and I determined to attempt the latter, reflecting that though it should prove unsuccessful in its object, it might at least delay the enemy in the prosecution of further enterprises. Sixteen large boats were prepared, and upon other pretexts were ordered to be in readiness to receive troops precisely at ten o'clock; with those I hoped to pass the infantry during the night, abandoning our baggage, and leaving a detachment to capitulate for the town's people, and for the sick and wounded, on which subject a letter was ready to be delivered to General Washington. After making my arrangements with the utmost secrecy, the light infantry, the greatest part of the guards, and part of the 23d regiment, embarked at the hour appointed, and most of them landed at Gloucester, but at the critical moment, the weather from being moderate and calm, changed to a most violent storm of wind and rain, and drove all the boats, some of which had troops on board, down the river.

"It was soon evident that the intended passage was impracticable, and the absence of the boats rendered it equally impossible to bring back the troops that had passed, which I had ordered about two o'clock in the morning. In this situation, with my little force divided, the enemy's batteries opened at daybreak. The passage between this place and Gloucester was much exposed, but the boats having now returned, they were ordered to bring back the troops that had passed during the night, and they joined us in the forenoon without much loss. Our works in the mean time were going to ruin, and not having been able to strengthen them by abbatis, nor in any other manner than by a slight friezing, which the enemy's artillery were demolishing whenever they fired, my opinion entirely coincided with that of the engineer and the principal officers of the army, that they were in many places very assailable in the forenoon, and that by the continuance of the same fire for a few hours longer, they would be in such a state as to render it desperate with our numbers to maintain them. We at that time could not fire a single gun, only one eight-inch, and little more than one hundred cohorn-shells remained; a diversion by the French ships of war that lay at the mouth of York River was to be expected, our numbers had been diminished by the enemy's fire, but particularly by sickness, and the strength and spirits of those in the works were much exhausted by the fatigue of constant watching and unremitting duty.

"Under all these circumstances I thought it would have been wanton and inhuman to the last degree, to sacrifice the lives of this small body of gallant soldiers who had ever behaved with so much fidelity and courage, by exposing them to an assault, which, from the numbers and precautions of the enemy, could not fail to succeed. I therefore proposed to capitulate.

"I sincerely lament that better terms of capitulation could not be obtained, but I have neglected nothing to alleviate the misfortunes and distress of both officers and soldiers. The men are well clothed, and provided with necessaries, and I trust will be regularly supplied by the means of the officers that are permitted to remain with them. The treatment in general that

we have received from the enemy since our surrender, has been perfectly good and proper, but the kindness and attention that has been shown to us by the French officers in particular, their delicate sensibility of our situation, their generous and pressing offers of money both public and private to any amount, has really gone beyond what I can possibly describe, and will, I hope, make an impression on the breast of every British officer whenever the fortune of war should put any of them into our power.

"Although the event has been so unfortunate, the patience of the soldiers in bearing the greatest fatigues, and their firmness and intrepidity under a persevering fire of shot and shells, that I believe has not often been exceeded, deserves the highest commendation and praise; a successful defence, however, in our situation, was perhaps impossible, for the place could only be reckoned an intrenched camp, subject in many places to enfilades, and the ground in general so disadvantageous, that nothing but the necessity of fortifying it as a post to protect the navy, could have induced any person to erect works upon it. Our force diminished daily by sickness and other losses, and was reduced, when offered to capitulate, on this side to little more than three thousand two hundred rank and file, fit for duty, including officers, servants, and artificers, and at Gloucester, about six hundred, including cavalry. The enemy's army consisted of upwards of eight thousand French, nearly as many Continentals, and five thousand militia. They brought an immense train of heavy artillery, most amply furnished with ammunition, and perfectly well-manned.

"The constant and universal cheerfulness and spirit of the officers in all hardship and danger, deserve my warmest acknowledgments, and I have been particularly indebted to Brigadier-General O'Hara, and to Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie, the former commanding on the right, and the latter on the left, for their attention and exertion on every occasion. The detachment of the 23d regiment and marines in the redoubt on the right, commanded by Captain Apthorpe, and the subsequent detachments commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Johnston, deserve particular commendation; Captain Rock-

port who commanded the artillery, and indeed every officer and soldier of that distinguished corps, and Lieutenant Sutherland the commanding engineer, have merited in every respect my highest approbation, and I cannot sufficiently acknowledge my obligations to Captain Symmonds, who commanded his Majesty's ships, and the other officers and seamen of the navy, for their zealous and active co-operation."[1]

Cornwallis's Letter Criticized.

AFTER an attentive perusal of Lord Cornwallis's letter to Sir Henry Clinton, containing an account of the reduction of his post and army in Virginia, we think the following observations are equally just and natural:—

I. *That his lordship is no general.* This is evident:—1. From the nature of the posts he occupied; 2. From the structure of his works; 3. From his presuming it impracticable to escape to New York by land; 4. From his neglecting to obtain earlier intelligence of the approach of General Washington, at the head of the allied army.

II. *His lordship is no soldier.* This is evident:—1. From his neglecting to attack the Marquis De la Fayette and the French troops, before the arrival of General Washington; 2. From his evacuating his outposts at the approach of the French grenadiers; 3. From his not daring to make a sortie, by which he might have injured our works, and protracted the siege for several weeks.

III. *His lordship is no politician.* This is evident:—1. From his neglecting to take notice of the conduct of the German troops during the siege. This impolitic omission will probably be resented by large and immediate desertions from the German corps who are now in captivity among us. 2. From his accounts of the strength of the American army. The powers of Europe must soon see the impossibility of conquering America, when they perceive from Lord Cornwallis's letter that only one of our armies consisted, after a war of nearly six years, of eight thousand regulars and five thousand militiamen.

[1] Rivington's Gazette, November 24, 1781.

IV. *His lordship is no gentleman.* This is evident from his ungrateful silence as to the noble and generous conduct of General Washington and the American officers to him and his army after the capitulation.

The magnanimity, humanity, and politeness of the commander-in-chief of the American armies would have extorted expressions of gratitude and respect from an Indian savage, a Tartar, or a Turk. A British General and an English nobleman is the *only* human being that could have treated such superlative virtue with sullen disrespect.[1]

OCTOBER 27.—AN honest old German, a watchman of Philadelphia, having conducted the express rider from Yorktown, to the door of his Excellency the President of Congress, a few nights ago, continued the duties of his office, calling out: "Basht dree o'—glock, und Gornwal—lis isht da—ken."[2]

SCAMMEL IS DEAD:—When the good man, the just, the generous, and the brave, and one who has from a sense of duty, founded in the reflection of a virtuous and enlightened mind, and in defence of his country's freedom, faced death in all its forms, is suddenly snatched from the scenes of his life; the eye of liberty weeps a mournful tear, and the heart of virtue swells with a rending sigh.

Colonel Alexander Scammel.

In the late siege of Yorktown fell that accomplished soldier, and beloved citizen, Alexander Scammel, colonel of the first battalion of the New Hampshire line.[3] He was born at Mendon, in the State of Massachusetts, and educated at Harvard College, where at all times he had the approbation and applause of the governors, and the universal esteem of his fellow-students; after his education was completed, he was introduced to the world. Such was the softness of his manners, and the ease of his address, that all persons of politeness and sentiment, to whom he was introduced, coveted nothing more

[1] "A Subaltern," in the New York Packet, December 27.

[2] New York Packet, November 1.

[3] Colonel Scammell was wounded while reconnoitring a redoubt, on the morning of the 30th of September, and died on the 6th of October.

than his intimate acquaintance. So sincere was he in his friendship, that those to whom he professed it, engaged him with the most unreserved confidence; he breathed the sentiments of civil liberty at so early a period of his life, that it might be easily foreseen he was peculiarly formed for the most important and honorable purposes. He took an early and decided part in his country's cause, and readily flew to her aid on the first commencement of hostilities; he served as brigade-major to General Sullivan, and afterwards as aid to the same general, and to General Lee, and was afterwards appointed a colonel in the New Hampshire line; but that place not giving sufficient scope to his extraordinary abilities, he was made adjutant-general of the American army, thereby becoming one of General Washington's family. He was so happy as to obtain the approbation of the greatest character now in the world; he had the general's entire confidence, and was highly honored by being ranked among his peculiar friends, a situation at the same time coveted and envied by some of the greatest characters in Europe and America. With this berth he became dissatisfied, because it often excused him in time of action from those dangers to which others were exposed; he therefore, prompted by a peculiar generosity of sentiment, again joined his battalion, and in the late expedition was honored with the command of the light infantry; but early in the siege, as he was reconnoitring the enemy's position, he received a shot, which put an end to his useful and well-improved life.

Though no bust or sculptured stone shall dash his memory on the traveller's curious mind, his patriot virtues shall live in the memory of his grateful country, while freedom dwells on earth, and his distinguished character shall furnish the history of this glorious war with many a brilliant page; our independence shall often point to all his many wounds, and be a lasting monument of all his fame.[1]

October 28.—Yesterday the great and important event of

[1] Pennsylvania Packet, November 29.

the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and his whole army, to the combined forces commanded by his Excellency GENERAL WASHINGTON, was celebrated at Trenton, in New Jersey, with every mark of joy and festivity. The day was ushered in with the beating of drums, and the American colors were displayed in various parts of the town. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon, his Excellency the governor, the Honorable the Council and Assembly, with the inhabitants of the town and vicinity, attended divine service at the Presbyterian church, where a discourse adapted to the occasion was delivered by the Reverend Mr. Spencer.

Cornwallis's Surrender celebrated at Trenton.

At noon a proper discharge of cannon was fired by the corps of artillery belonging to the town, in the presence of the governor, General Dickinson, the members of the Legislature, and the gentlemen of the town and neighborhood, assembled on the common.

At three in the afternoon the company repaired to an elegant entertainment, at which the following toasts were drank, and severally accompanied with a discharge of artillery:—

1. The United States of America; 2. The Congress; 3. The king of France; 4. General Washington and the American army; 5. The Count de Rochambeau and the French army; 6. The Count de Grasse and the French fleet; 7. General Greene and the Southern army; 8. The friends of liberty throughout the world; 9. The memory of Generals Warren, Montgomery, and all the other heroes who have fallen in the defence of the liberties of America; 10. Peace on honorable terms, or war forever; 11. The great and heroic Hyder Ali, raised up by Providence to avenge the numberless cruelties perpetrated by the English on his unoffending countrymen, and to check the insolence and reduce the power of Britain in the East Indies;[1] 12. The governor and State of New Jersey; 13. The glorious 19th of October, 1781. At seven in the evening the company retired, and the rejoicings were concluded by a

[1] The accounts of the success of Hyder Ali in the East Indies, arrived in America on the 23d of August, 1781.

brilliant illumination. Every thing was conducted with the greatest good order and propriety, and we mention it with pleasure, that not the least disturbance or irregularity happened during the whole festivity. What greatly added also to the joy inspired by this glorious event, was the pleasing recollection of the advantages already reaped from our alliance with that magnanimous Prince, whose troops have had so great a share in executing the important enterprise, an alliance now more firmly cemented by the united effusion of French and American blood, in a conquest the more agreeable to both nations, for being obtained by their combined efforts as fellow-soldiers and fellow-victors in the same triumphant cause.[1]

October 30.—An American soldier, in the Maryland Gazette, thus addresses the unfortunate Cornwallis:—

Address to Cornwallis.

"My Lord:—A general who possesses that dignity of soul, which exalts the conqueror above the insolence of a triumph, and elevates the vanquished above meanness and despondence, will ever find the generous among his enemies, ready to applaud his merit, and to drop a tear to his misfortunes, whilst the officer who wages a savage warfare, and sullies his victories by insults and inhumanity, will not have a friend among the virtuous, even in the zenith of his success, nor one of all mankind to sympathize with him on a reverse of fortune. The philanthropy of America would be highly gratified in paying your lordship the tribute due an enlightened and humane soldier, did your conduct deserve such treatment; but as her justice obliges her to view you in the odious light of a cruel leader and an unprincipled plunderer, it would be impious in her to treat you with generosity or delicacy. As an American soldier I consider it a virtue to imbitter your captivity, by recalling to your remembrance the follies which have led to your present catastrophe, and to hold you up as an object of universal detestation, by surrounding you with an assemblage of your crimes; but the implacable resent-

[1] New Jersey Gazette, October 31. The celebration of this event took place at Princeton, New Jersey, October 23; at Albany, New York, November 3; and at Paxton, Pennsylvania, October 27.

ment I feel, when I reflect on your lordship's cruelties, shall not hurry me beyond the bounds of candor and truth, or bribe me to cloud your reputation with one undeserved shade.

"Considering your lordship as one of the principal actors in the military drama, I have taken some pains to acquire a knowledge of your principles and abilities, and I sincerely wish the result of my inquiries was less degrading to human nature. As a politician, I have found you devoid of stability and integrity; as a soldier, deficient in every amiable and leading characteristic of your profession.

"When the present contest was merely a political question, we observe your lordship engaged in a warm opposition to the ministry, and, if parliamentary records are to be relied on, not hesitating to declare, that should an armed force be called in to the aid of their unconstitutional laws, resistance on the part of America would become a duty they owed to themselves and their posterity. These sentiments, my lord, were truly dignified, and had you made them the unerring rule of your conduct, must have insured you the gratitude of America, and the esteem of the virtuous of every nation; but how opposite were your professions and principles! In a few months, regardless of your solemn declarations, you prepare to embark for America, and to enforce in a military character the very measures which, as a senator, you had reprobated as unjust and oppressive. This is a fact, my lord, which your warmest partisans have not the effrontery to deny, and which no act or eloquence can palliate! Had you displayed in your operations the sublime of military talents, and been crowned with every trophy ambition fights for, this one act would damn you to eternal infamy! From the moment you consented to draw your sword against her liberties, America ought to have viewed you as a monster; yet she formed a favorable idea of your character, and gave you credit for virtues you never possessed, even in contemplation. This erroneous opinion with respect to your lordship must have flowed from your situation, which prevented both your head and heart from having a fair trial. Sir William Howe, whilst you acted under his immediate command, put you almost above the reach of fortune. At the

head of the British grenadiers and light infantry, opposed to raw and undisciplined troops, and of far inferior numbers, an officer of the lowest rate abilities could not fail of acquiring eclat, and it is very uncommon for crimes to be imputed to the hero of a triumph. The smiles of prosperity cover a multitude of sins in private life, but a fortunate general is immaculate in the eyes of a misjudging world.

"An unbounded ambition is the source of all your lordship's misfortunes. Flattered with the fond idea of outstripping *your good friend* Sir Henry Clinton in military fame, and becoming commander-in-chief, you used all your influence to obtain a separate command, and the Southern States were fixed on as the theatre of your achievements. Like Phæton, you imprudently engaged in an undertaking beyond your abilities, gave the rein to your enterprise, and left reason and humanity behind to lament your follies and cruelties, and like that rash adventurer, you have not only wrought your own ruin, but have involved thousands in unmerited calamity.

"The battle of Camden was the first memorable event that marked your lordship's operations, which, though it afforded you the momentary exultation of a dear bought victory, and gave you an opportunity of figuring in the gazettes at the expense of candor, proved disgraceful to you in its consequences. Instead of improving the advantages of this success, you suffered your army to relax their discipline, in a state of inactivity, whilst your enemy was recovering from the shock of the defeat. After dreaming away some months, you marched into North Carolina and took possession of Charlotte; but finding the *rude* Whigs of Mecklenburgh very troublesome, and hearing a small body of continentals and militia were moving towards you, your lordship made a precipitate retreat to the strongholds of Winsborough, and suffered a part of your baggage to come into our hands, within sight of your army. In the mean time, Colonel Ferguson, being unsupported by your lordship, fell a sacrifice to his partisan spirit, and several of your other detachments were defeated by the militia. The Tories, who, encouraged by your superior force and fortune, were arming in your cause, gave over the design, and lay still

at home. All these events flowed from your lordship's amazing inactivity. Although the American forces did not amount to half the number you could have brought into the field, I verily believe your lordship would have slept away the winter in a southern climate, the season for active operations, had not General Morgan's detachment aroused you from your lethargy, and alarmed you for your outposts; but even then you acted like a man stupefied with opiates. When you might have subjected Morgan to the operations of your whole force, you opposed to him a detachment, not much superior in number to his command, and, contrary to the maxims of good policy, left that doubtful which you might have made certain. Was it just to judge from events, the folly of this measure would receive additional proofs from its unfortunate issue. Your darling Tarleton met with a complete defeat, and in return for your lordship's unwarranted partiality in his favor, threw you into a delirium by the tale of his misfortunes. In a paroxysm of grief and rage, you made a burnt offering of your baggage, and became rash, bold, and enterprising. You conceived the daring idea of recovering your captivated troops, and of tearing the laurel wreath from the brow of the illustrious Morgan; and had this triumph affected him as the success at Camden did your lordship, you would most certainly have effected it; but he was too great an officer to consider himself victorious, until he had secured the fruits of his victory. The historian who delineates the character of the hero of the Cowpens, will be at a loss to determine whether he deserves greater applause for his gallantry and address in obtaining the victory, or for his great exertion of abilities in securing and improving the advantages resulting from it.

"Disappointed in this attempt, and General Greene's army and Morgan's detachment having formed a junction, a new object attracted your lordship's attention, and a new field was open for the display of great talents. Every advantage an officer could wish, who longed for a brilliant name, was on your lordship's side. Your army was greatly superior, both in numbers and discipline, to that of your enemy, and you was in the midst of your friends. It was your interest to bring on

an immediate and decisive action, and consequently General Greene's to avoid it. Here, then, was a trial of skill; Greene's address prevailed, and gave him the palm; he retired over the Dan and Stanton Rivers in the face of your lordship's army, in good order and without loss, and by amazing exertions gained such an accession of force, as rendered it prudent and advisable for him to meet your lordship in the field. He knew that a defeat would be certain ruin to you, and could only be a partial evil to him. Guilford was the scene of action; the contest was obstinate and bloody; and although fortune gave your lordship the field, it terminated honorably for the American arms, and was attended with most of the good consequences of a victory. This is not the suggestion of fancy or prejudice; it is an assertion established by the most undeniable facts. A few days after your boasted success, we find your lordship making a precipitate retreat, leaving your wounded to our mercy, and your Tory friends to the justice of their country. Previous to your retreat, you issued a pompous proclamation, emblazoning your success, and inviting these infatuated men to fly to the royal standard for protection for their property and persons, and then basely deserted them. I defy your lordship to defend this conduct, either upon the principles of policy, justice, or humanity. To destroy the confidence the Tories had placed in the promises of government and her officers, was surely impolitic; to deny them that protection you promised them, unjust; and to delude them into a conduct which must subject them to punishment, the extreme of cruelty!

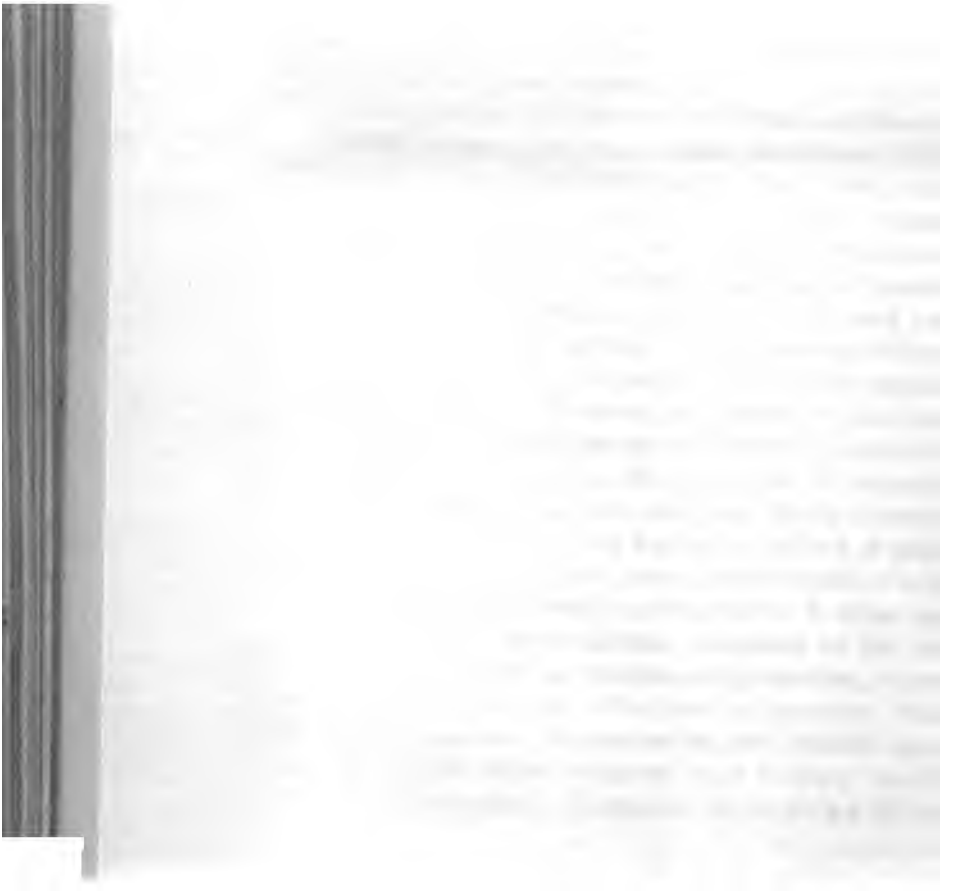
"With a victorious army you retired to Wilmington, and took shelter under the guns of your shipping, leaving your posts in South Carolina and Georgia, which you had wasted much time and spilt much blood in establishing, open to the vigilance of General Greene, who instantly took advantage of your lordship's error, made a rapid march into those States, and in a few months, by the most consummate address and unwearied perseverance, reduced all your posts, except Charleston, Savannah, and Ninety-Six, and made their garrisons prisoners of war. Ninety-Six was on the point of surrendering, and although relieved by the unexpected arrival of troops

from Europe, was soon after abandoned. I ask your lordship what advantages you promised yourself, equal to such certain and important losses? Surely you were not so ignorant as to suppose that your marching through Virginia would compensate for your posts and garrisons sacrificed in Carolina and Georgia. Deluded by the splendor of the enterprise, you lost sight of every other consideration, and rested your justification on the event, which, had it been as brilliant as it is unfortunate, such is the disposition of your countrymen, that they would not only have acquitted you of rashness and folly, but have decreed you a triumph!

"You have put all your trust in fortune, and she has jilted you in the moment you most needed her favors. Despairing of nothing yourself, you have taught your royal master and his ministry to hope for every thing. Whilst warmed with the prospect of the possession of the Southern States, and cherishing a fond hope of an entire subjection of America, they will receive the sad recital of your misfortunes, and your lordship will be sacrificed to their disappointed ambition, and to appease the clamors of the people. How truly pitiable your lordship's situation! Deserted and abused by your own countrymen, for your want of success and military talents; despised and execrated by America, for your want of humanity, you must bid an eternal adieu to temporal felicity; the suffrages of the world will deny you a good name, and a guilty conscience rob you of inward peace and domestic tranquillity! Your lot, my lord, is really severe, but it is what you have richly merited! Your inhuman treatment of the wretched slaves who fled to you for freedom and protection, is more than sufficient to entitle you to the heaviest calamity. Callous to the tender emotions of compassion, and steeled against the miseries of your fellow creatures, your lordship can have no claim on the sympathy of mankind, or the smiles of heaven."[1]

October 30.—Yesterday the account of the surrender of the British army, under the command of Lord Cornwallis, was

[1] New York Packet, November 22.



received at Poughkeepsie, New York; soon after which, his Excellency the governor, with the members of the Senate and Assembly, repaired to the Reformed Protestant Dutch church in that town, to return their grateful acknowledgments to the Almighty Ruler of the Universe for the signal success with which he has been graciously pleased to crown the operations of the allied army. Dr. Livingston officiated on the occasion. This tribute paid, the members of the Legislature waited on his Excellency the governor, at his house, to congratulate him on the happy event. Cannon were fired, bonfires and illuminations exhibited in the evening, and every decent demonstration closed the commemoration of a day, which ought ever to be remembered with the warmest emotions of gratitude to the sovereign disposer of all events, by every person interested in the welfare of the United American States.[1]

Celebration at Poughkeepsie, New York.

During the day, a scouting party being on their return to camp, heard the firing, and soon after met another party, sent out as a relief. A negro belonging to the first, calling to one in the latter, said: "Cuffee, whas all dat firing we hear to-day?" The other replied: "O my dear soul, noffin 'tall only General Burgoyne hab a brodder born to-day."[1]

October 31.—When the British were making rapid strides towards the reduction of the State of Georgia, when all was dark and gloomy around us, both in the political and natural atmosphere, when a series of misfortunes to the southward had blackened our annals, we darted an eye through the cloud, and by secret impulse, ventured to

The Success of the Americans.

[1] At Fishkill, New York, the glorious victory was observed with exuberant joy and festivity. A roasted ox and plenty of liquor formed the repast; a number of toasts were drank on the occasion. French and American colors were displayed, cannon fired, and in the evening, illuminations, bonfires, rockets, and squibs, gave agreeable amusement to the numerous spectators.

At Newburgh the occasion was observed in the same joyous manner, and to enliven the entertainment, they hanged and burnt in effigy the traitor Arnold. In New Windsor, Fredericksburg, and other towns, the same brilliant occasion was observed with demonstrations of gratitude and joy.—*New York Packet*, November 1.

[1] New Jersey Journal, January 9, 1782.

predict "that good would come out of evil, and that the successes of the enemy were only harbingers to their final overthrow." This political speculation, with ecstatic joy, we now have the pleasure of seeing fully verified in the capture of Cornwallis and his whole army, by that honor to human nature and reproach to royalty, our illustrious Washington, who, like the meridian sun, has dispelled those nocturnal vapors that hung around us, and put the most pleasing aspect upon our political affairs, that any era of the present war has ever beheld.[1]

[1] New Jersey Journal, October 31.

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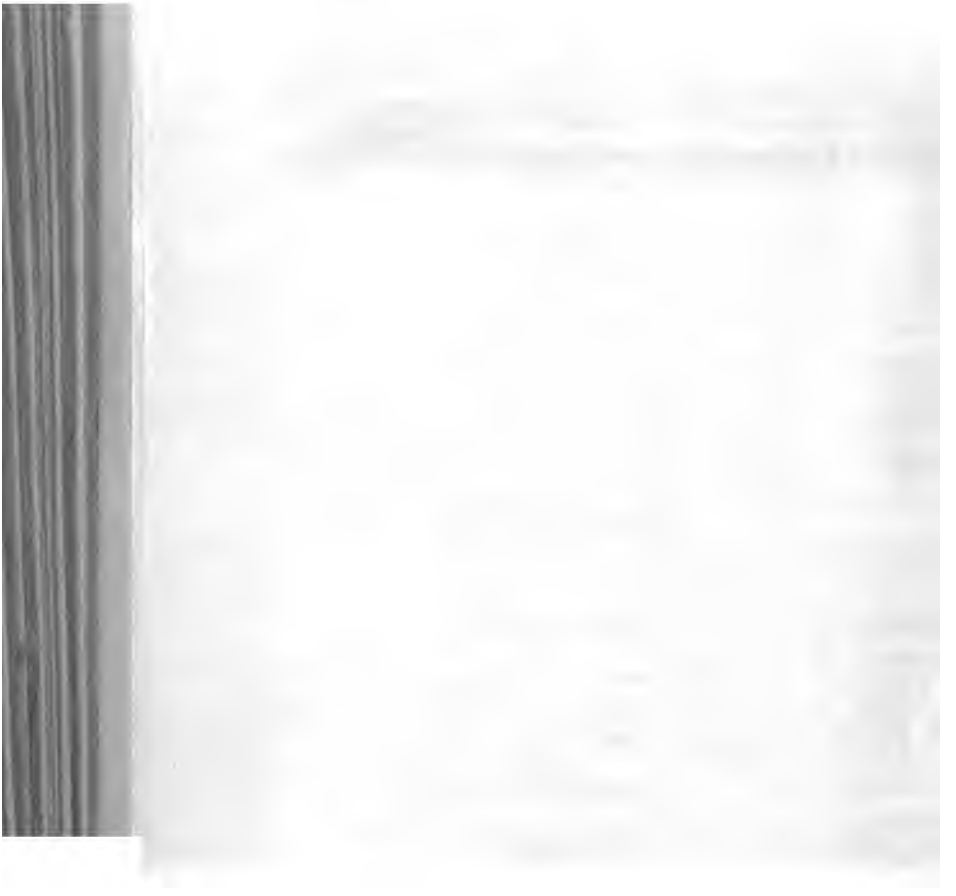

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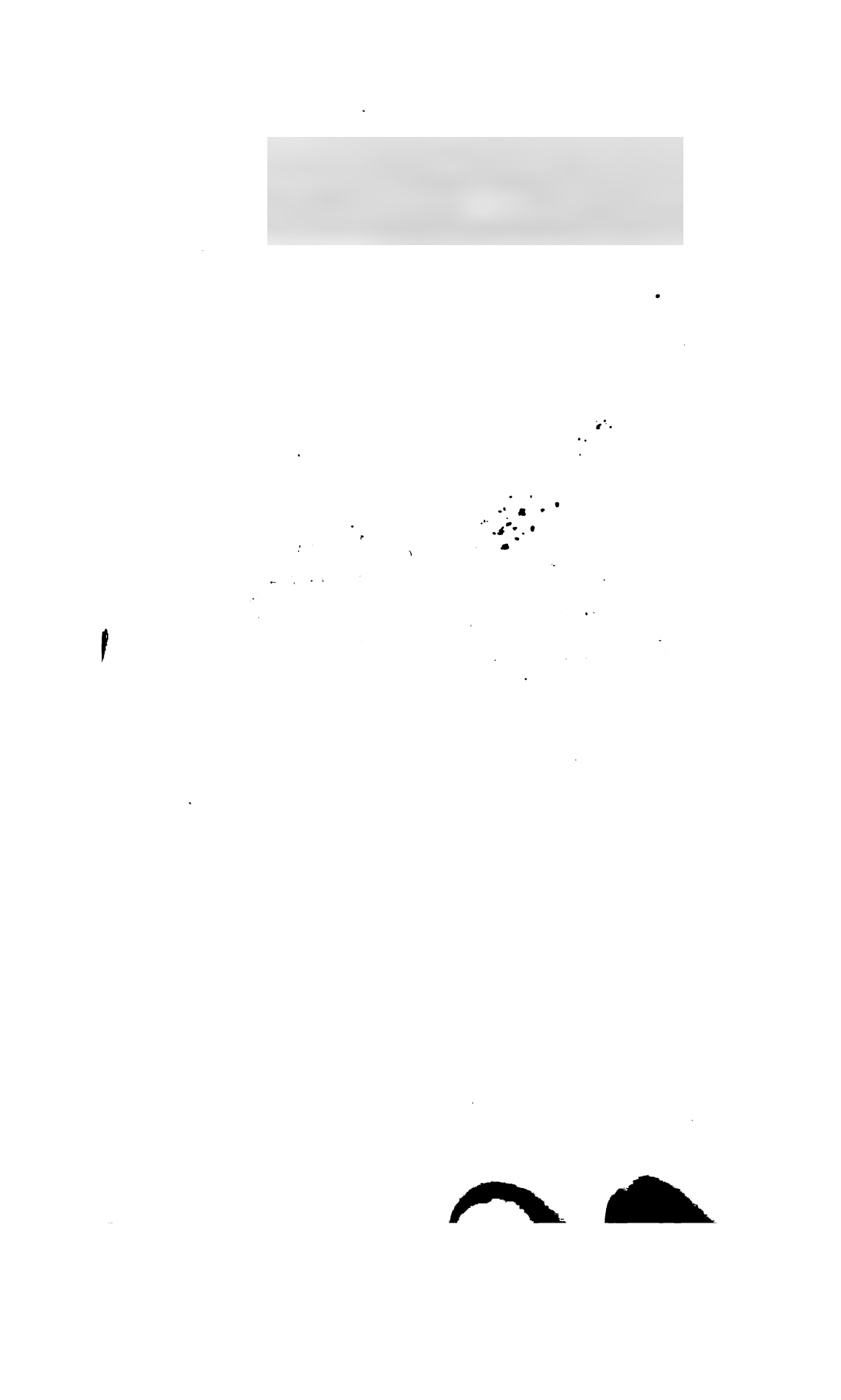

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